The Saturday Evening
POST
February 4, 1961 – 15¢

THIEVES I HAVE KNOWN
By a Department-Store Detective

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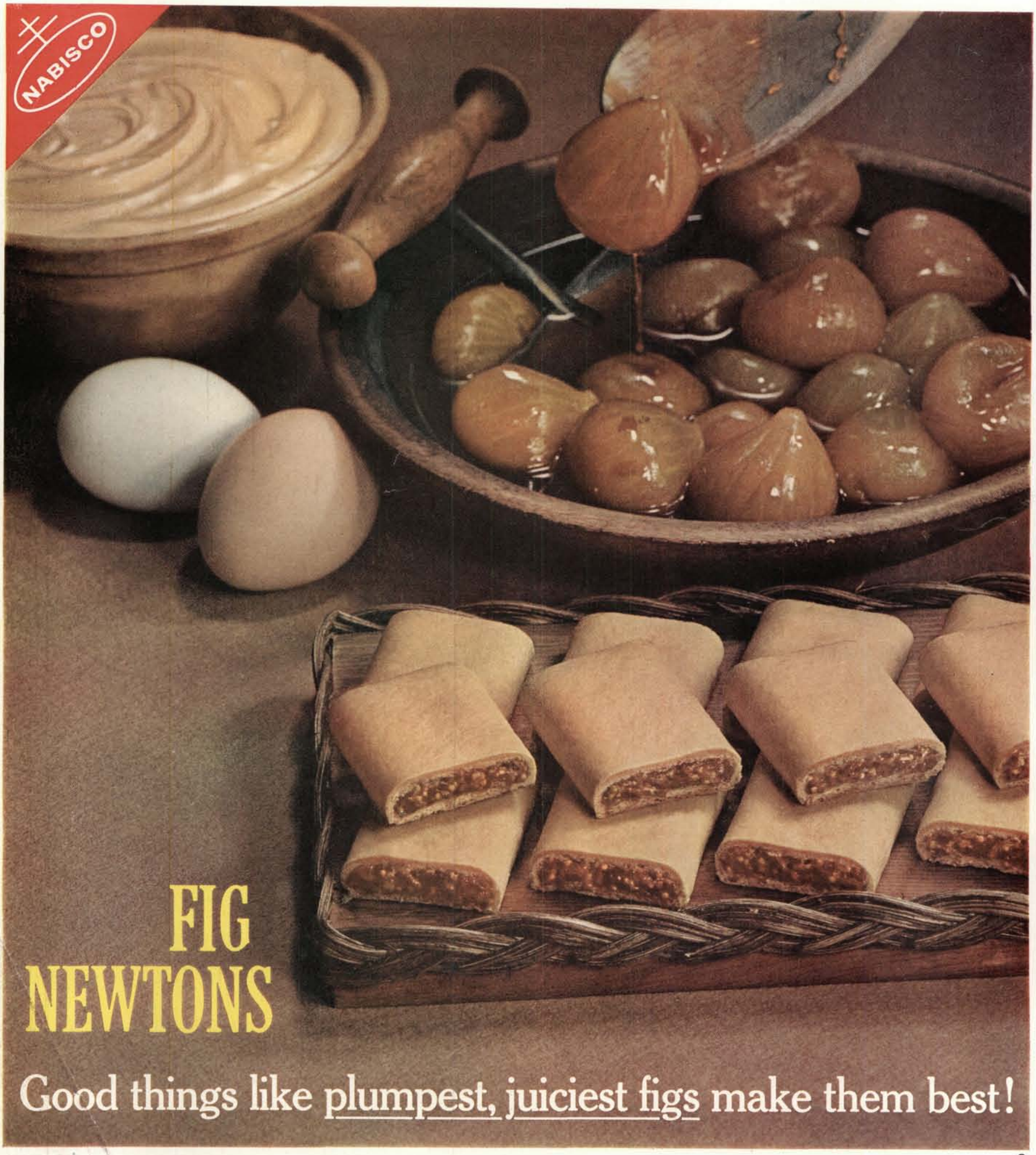

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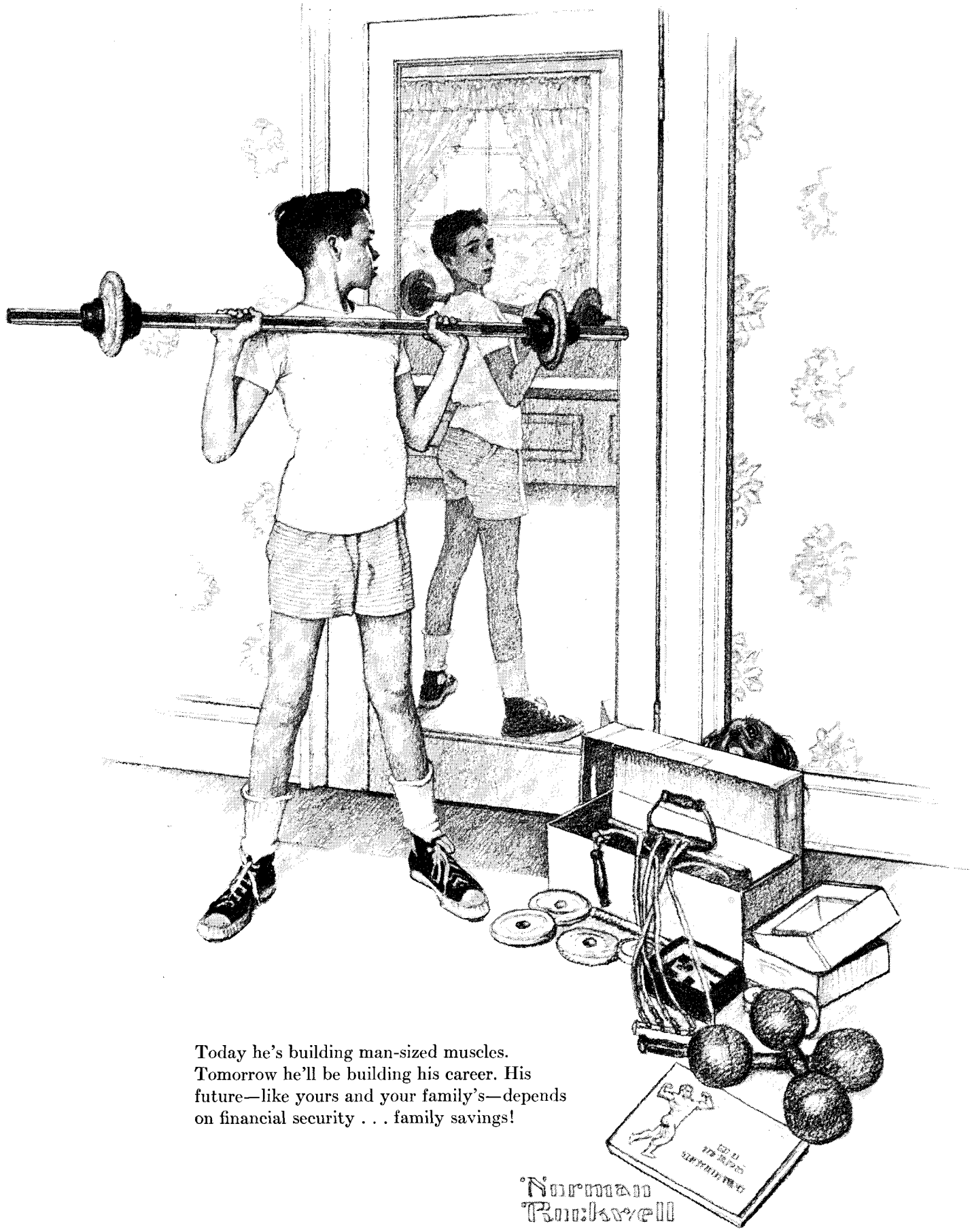

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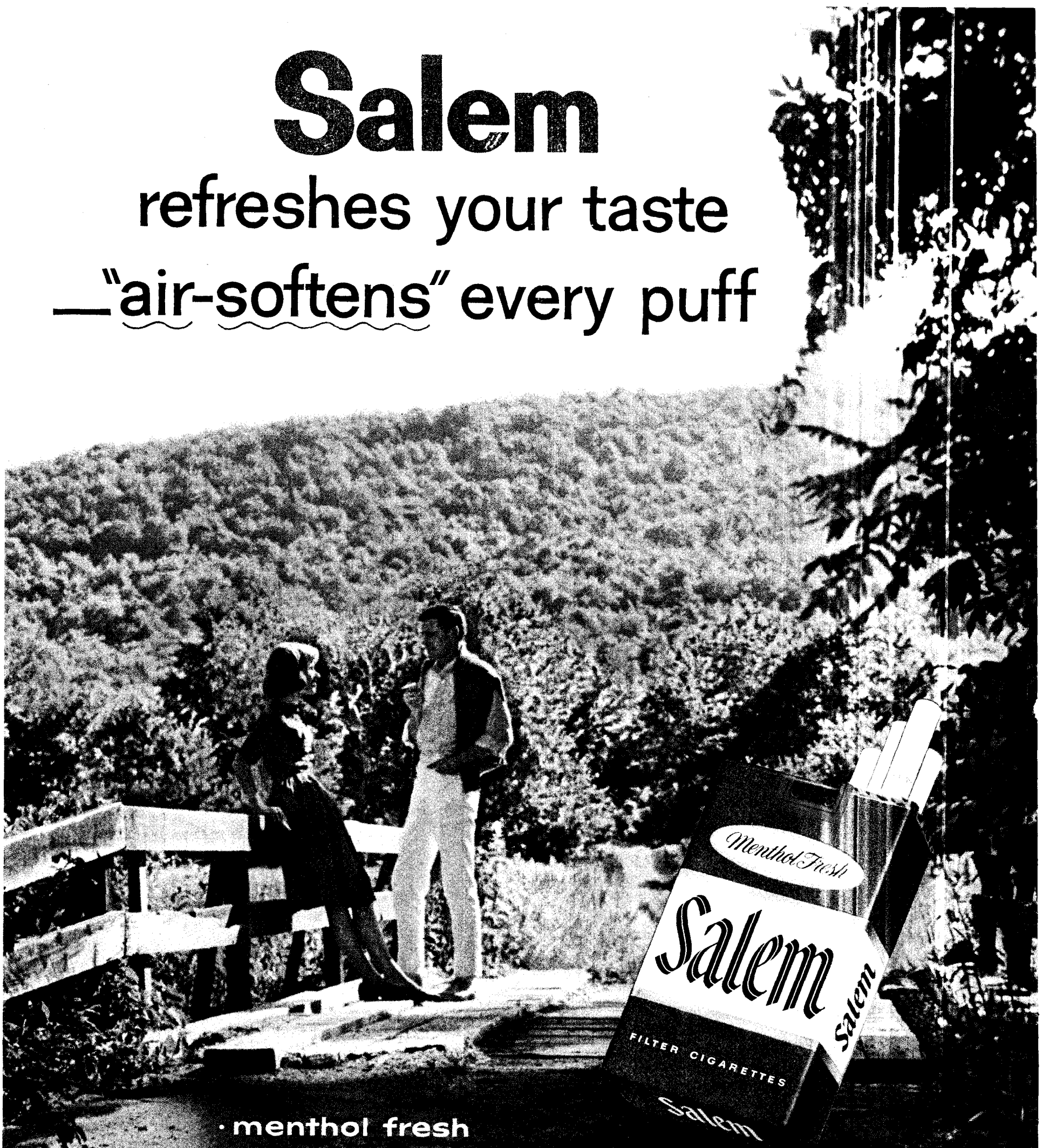

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THE COVER

Gloucester, Massachusetts, was settled by fishermen in 1623, and a fisherman's town she has remained. Nowadays, however, her population is swelled by summer tourists, who find the picturesque streets and inlets irresistible. Of course, to the man and boy in John Clymer's nippy scene the smell of salt air and cod signifies not quaintness but a vocation which is challenging and compelling—and has taken the lives of 10,000 men of Gloucester. Here live the counterparts of the hearties who sailed in Kipling's *Captains Courageous* and Longfellow's *The Wreck of the Hesperus*. "Some day, lad," the captain on our cover may be saying, "I'll tell you of the valiant skipper of the *Hesperus*, who lashed his daughter to a mast one stormy winter's night off Gloucester, when 'the snow fell hissing in the brine.'"

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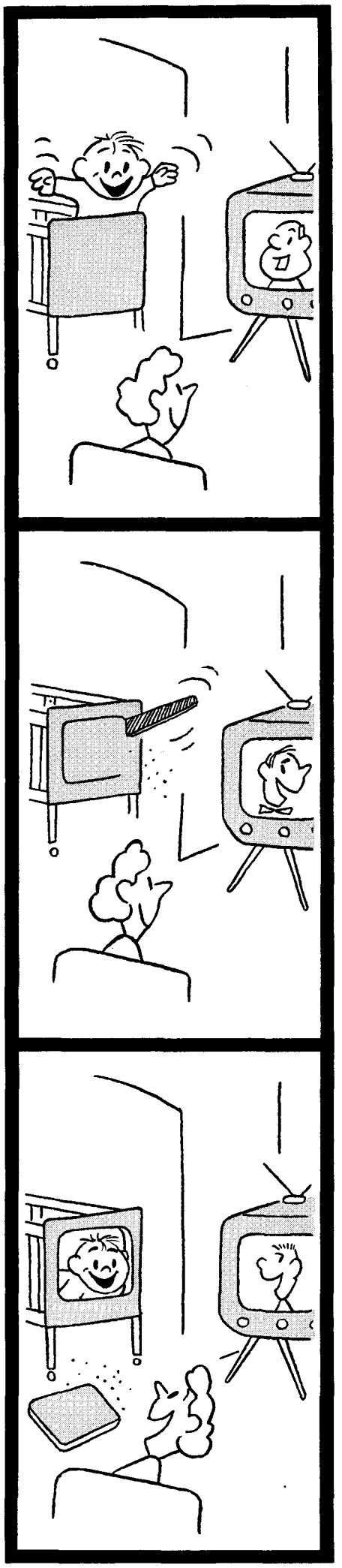

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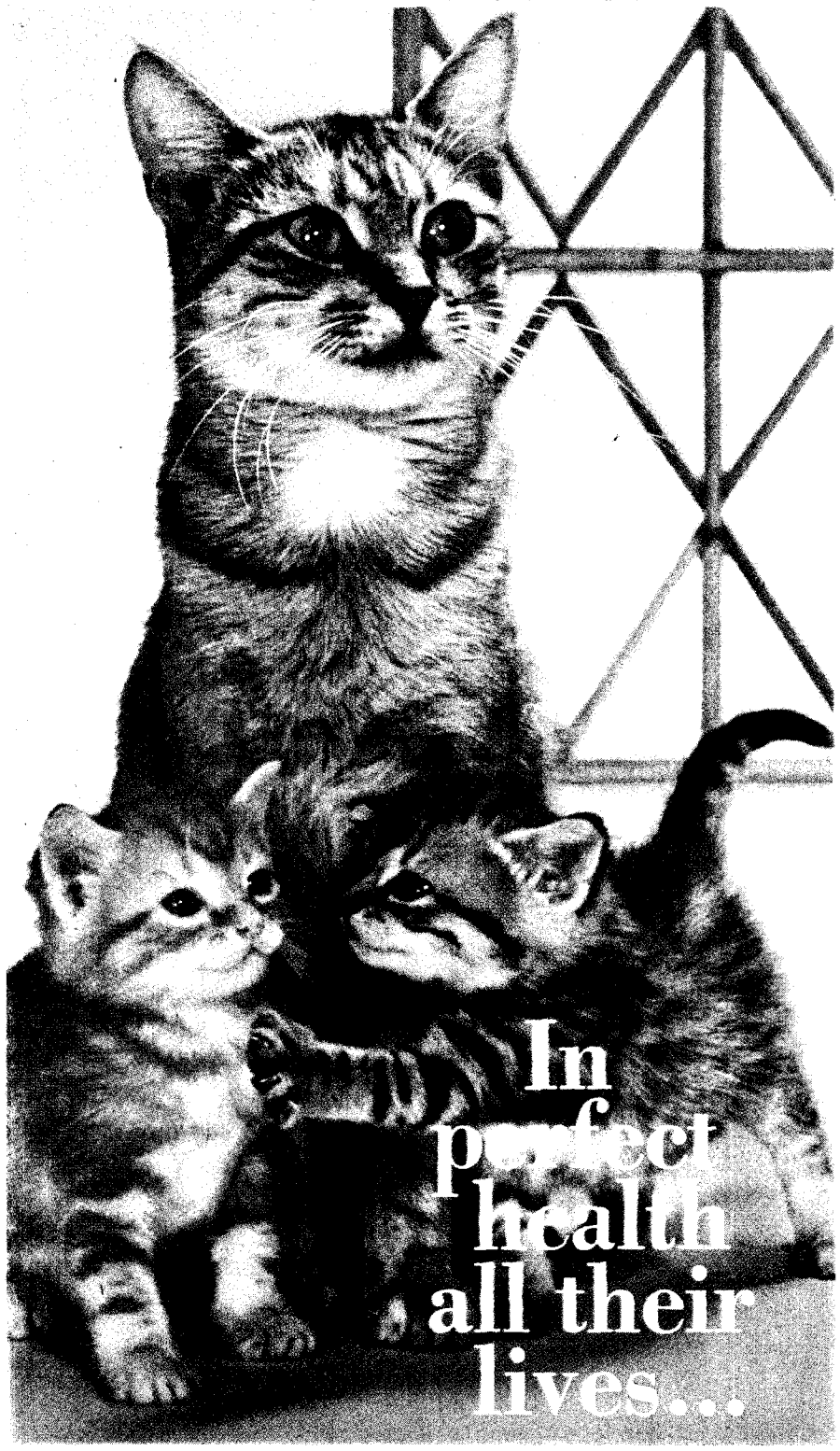

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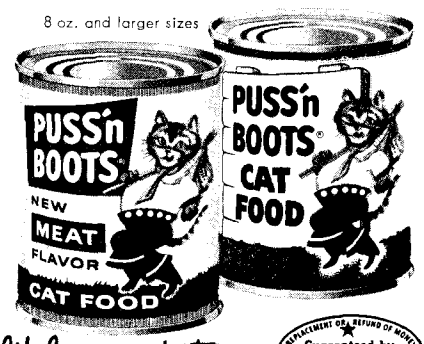

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Letters

Nose Trouble

Dear Sirs:

One negative aspect of the conglomerate American character is its lack of a national system of gestures. Now, bless you and Stewart Alsop, we are offered a clear picture, complete with profound text, of French gestures [How to Speak French Without Saying a Word, Dec. 24–31]. . . .

I have spent several hours practicing Polite Skepticism, A Feeling of Admiration and Let's Get the Hell Out of Here in front of my mirror. There is, however, one problem which I am having with Profound Disgust 1. Alsop says to place "the right hand upon the outstretched nose," but I am having some trouble in getting my nose outstretched. . . .

I am left with my repertoire of French gestures incomplete. Can the outstretched nose be learned?

DON BLACK
Concord, Calif.

● *Below, author Alsop warms up for Profound Disgust 1. "Nose-stretching," he says, "is an art in which the equipment is most important. The thing cannot be done correctly—and thus should not be attempted at all—*

Alsop.

by persons unendowed with a nose of sufficiently commanding aspect. Assuming that Mr. Black is adequately provided in this respect, it will then only be necessary for him to imagine himself an underfed giraffe reaching for some nourishing titbit on an uppermost branch. The outstretching of the nose automatically follows."

—ED.

Dear Sirs:

Writers should be read and not seen.

ETHEL A. HARRISON
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Printing this article was entirely up to you, but you might have spared your readers a sentence or three of this type: "Let's get the hell out of here." . . .

If I didn't have better manners I would make a gesture of Profound Disgust at an editor who would publish something like this.

CONNIE FRICKER
Cornwells Heights, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Alsop overlooked a most useful and popular substitute for spoken French. I learned this one in 1949 in Paris. When a taxi driver ran out of words (oh, well then, when he ran out of breath) or when your chauffeur thought the driver who passed him at razor-width distance was not a lip reader, the subject could be covered with an expressive movement of the flat hand, as if rubbing the face without touching it. It also suggests a conviction regarding the other's essential sanity. It is quite effective.

There is one more, but it defies photography. It also requires practice before the mirror. It consists of only the *slightest* curling of the lips, the least possible lowering of the lids and an expression of the eyes which is a cross between those of a codfish and of General de Gaulle. I find it difficult to describe to you. Once mastered, it is devastating. I have used it, successfully always, to convince a clerk that I do not believe all seats are sold for a certain flight, or that all rooms *avec bain* are *réservées*, or even to reduce a headwaiter to putty, by indicating with this expression alone that I do not consider a metal screw a proper ingredient of spaghetti. I recommend it only to those who are willing to strive for perfection.

JOHN PHILLIPS
Banning, Calif.

Of Mice and Owls

Dear Sirs:

With considerable trepidation I read on through the Adventures of the Mind in your Dec. 24–31 issue by Dr. Frank A. Brown Jr., Life's Mysterious Clocks. I fully expected that, before its conclusion, Doctor Brown would gravely assert the old-timers were right who argued "potatoes and root plants must go into the ground in the dark of the moon" and "planting must be done when the sign is right." . . . Is science going to clarify "let them be for signs" (Genesis 1:14.)?

RUTH E. RILEY
Rolling Hills, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for your significant and instructive article Life's Mysterious Clocks. The statement that "a mouse's rhythm of light sensitivity is set so that its activity and its running occur at night" would appear to have pertinence for the behavior of the owl in the excellent fantasy in the same issue, The Owl That Asked Why (by Don Tracy), who finally made his adjustment from day to night flying. Question: Did you have Don Tracy preview Brown's article?

EDWARD E. CHIPMAN
Omaha, Nebr.

Dear Sirs:

Thanks for that hilarious story about that offbeat character, The Owl That Asked Why. Mr. Tracy demonstrates an amazing knowledge of the workings of an adolescent owl's mixed-up little mind. . . . with such literature available, why waste good white paper on . . . the facial contortions of *Post* editor Alsop, handsome and brainy fellow though he be?

CLEO S. WENDORPH
Lathrup Village, Mich.

Letter From a Friend

Dear Sirs:

Read your article Guantánamo: Ours or Castro's? [by Hanson W. Baldwin] in your Sept. 24 *Post*.

I am a Guatemalan and have no dislike at all for North Americans; instead I rather like them. But from time to time I

(Continued on Page 6)

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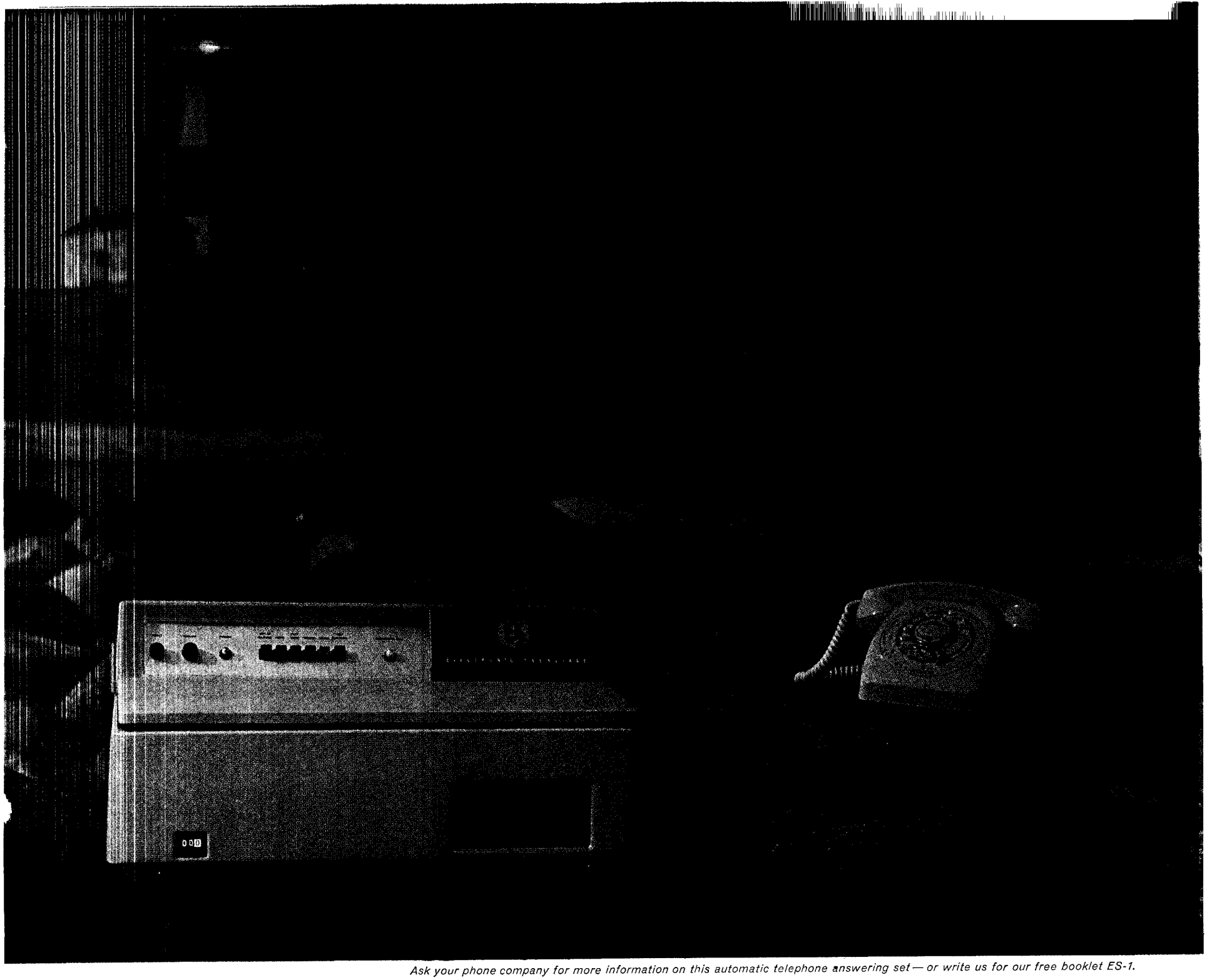

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

find you doing things which destroy the idea you try to give of yourselves. I quote from your article: "But imagine the Hammer and Sickle waving over Gitmo: Such a Russian foothold in the Western Hemisphere would be a bald military challenge to the Monroe Doctrine and a threat to our security."

I can understand your not wanting the Russians in Guantánamo, for I wouldn't like to see them there either. But you talk about the Monroe Doctrine; it seems to me you make an issue of it only when it could benefit the United States. As the United States uses the Doctrine it doesn't seem to say "America for Americans" but "America for United States citizens and interests."

There are several territories in America held by foreign powers and the United States has done nothing about it. Of special interest to me is the once Guatemalan territory of Belize [British Honduras] which is now held, and has been for quite a time, under Britain's power.

I don't think you have a right to talk about the Monroe Doctrine unless you enforce it all the time, not only in your benefit but in the benefit of all Americans.

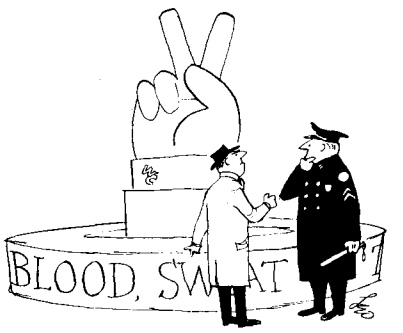
ENRIQUE GODOY AGUILAR (aged 16)
Guatemala City, Guatemala

What's Vulgar? (cont'd)

Dear Sirs:

In your Dec. 24–31 LETTERS James A. G. Campbell Jr., wrote that "one or some of you editors are vulgar, uneducated and totally unpolished" because you permitted the word "sweat" to be used. I beg leave to disagree with him.

Sir Winston Churchill, in one of his most famous speeches, said "blood, sweat and tears." He did not say "blood, perspiration and tears." Does Mr. Campbell



think Sir Winston is vulgar, uneducated and totally unpolished?

EMERSON ROMERO
Farmingdale, N.Y.

● *For the record, what Sir Winston actually said was "blood, toil, tears and sweat." —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

To James Campbell Jr., tell me, Junior, do you speak of a "tummy"? I am very much afraid that you do. Another thing. Do you separate the male authors from the female on your bookshelves? About one hundred years ago this was considered the proper thing to do—by the squeamish.

GEORGE E. MINER
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

It is unfortunate that our language is losing its virility because of those who only perspire. . . .

For me the height of this absurd delicacy was reached recently when I heard a woman ask for a stallion chicken.

E. W. CUMMINGS
Winston-Salem, N.C.

A Matter of Difference

Dear Sirs:

THE MISCHIEF-MAKER FROM MOSCOW [by Otto Friedrich, Dec. 24–31] ends with "between our two countries" (Russia and America) "there is really not so much difference."

Do you feel no compunctions at printing silly fiction that is trying to sell that line? Are you not aware that this Cold War is a propaganda war and that Mr. K. is betting on us Americans being fooled into believing just that very statement—"between our two countries there is really not so much difference"?

I hope that neither you nor I have to find out from firsthand experience what the differences are. Meantime let us do something to ensure that we won't.

MRS. PETE HILL
Miles City, Mont.

Will Boxing Go Underground?

Dear Sirs:

So professional boxing has hit the skids [THE TWILIGHT OF BOXING, by W. C. Heinz, Jan. 7]. Perhaps it will join other obsolescent but similar forms of entertainment, such as cockfighting and bearbaiting, which have been illegal in this country for years.

THOMAS E. COATES
Rochester, N.Y.

The Precocious Heifer

Dear Sirs:

Being an old farm hand . . . I enjoyed reading SUBSTITUTE SON by Prentiss Combs [Dec. 24–31] until he had Joe milking a heifer. The first time you run onto Prentiss tell him one does not milk a heifer until after she has her first calf. Then she is no longer a heifer. She's a milch cow.

D. L. WHITEHURST
Orlando, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

The Combs novelette is exquisitely done, poignant, more meaningful than many a psychology course.

FRANCES SLEETH
Longmont, Colo.

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Reading across pages, then down:

4–Ollie Atkins. • 21–John Bickel. • 22, 23–Brookhaven National Laboratory. • 24, 25–Ray Prohaska. • 26, 27–George Burns. • 28, 29–Don DeMauro. • 30, 31–Ira Spring. 32–Lynn Buckham. • 33–Camera Press-Pix. • 34–United Press International; three from Wide World. • 35–Wide World. • 36, 37–James Lewicki. • 38–Wide World; Werner Bischof (Magnum). • 39–Robert McCall. • 40, 41–Larry Fried. • 44, 45–James Bingham. 78–San Francisco Examiner. • 98–Jean Hollyman; Columbia Pictures; 20th Century-Fox; Harold Von Schmidt; Columbia Pictures; ABC-TV.

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Why continue feeling tired and run-down . . . beaten by fatigue and strain? If these symptoms result from an easily corrected vitamin-mineral deficiency, you may make them worse by neglect. You owe it to yourself and your loved ones to see how much better you can feel and act once you start to take DOLLAVIM Capsules.

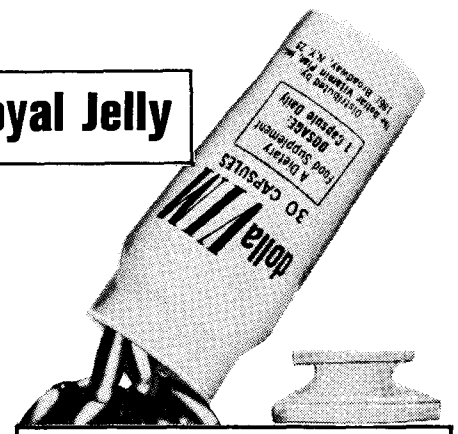
HOW THE DOLLAVIM PLAN OPERATES

By enrolling in the Dollar Vitamin Plan now *you are never under any obligation!* When you have received your first 30-day trial supply, simply take one DOLLAVIM Capsule every day to prove that this formula can help you as it is helping so many others. But you are the judge! If you are not completely satisfied, and do not wish to receive any additional vitamins, simply let us know in writing before the next month's shipment – or use the handy card provided. No future shipments will be sent and you'll OWE US NOTHING!

But if you are delighted – as so many others are – you don't do a thing! We'll bill you only $1.00 (plus a few cents shipping) for your first month's supply and see that you get a fresh, additional shipment of a full two months' supply of DOLLAVIM Capsules every other month automatically and on time – for as long as you wish.

This convenient Plan keeps you supplied with Capsules at our special direct-to-you low rate of only $1.00 (plus a few cents shipping) per 30-day supply – a saving of many dollars under their retail value.

You take no risk whatsoever – you may drop out of this Plan any time you wish without spending an extra penny by just notifying us of your decision a few days before your next bi-monthly shipment. Take advantage of our generous offer. Mail the postcard now!



EACH DAILY DOLLAVIM CAPSULE FOR MEN CONTAINS:

Vitamin A	5,000 USP Units	Calcium Pantothenate	1 mg.
Vitamin B1	1.6 mg.	Folic Acid	0.1 mg.
Vitamin B2	1.3 mg.	Calcium	37 mg.
Vitamin B6	0.1 mg.	Phosphorus	30 mg.
Vitamin B12	1 mcg.	Iron	15 mg.
Vitamin C	35 mg.	Copper	0.5 mg.
Vit. D	450 USP Units	Manganese	0.1 mg.
Royal Jelly	1500 mcg.	Sulfur	8 mg.
Niacinamide	14 mg.	Zinc	0.1 mg.
		Magnesium	1 mg.

We invite you to compare the richness of this formula with any other vitamin and mineral preparation.
Under the plan for women, dosages are slightly changed and Vitamins E, K and desiccated liver are added. CHECK POSTCARD IF DESIRED.

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1861 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.
IN CANADA: 485 Perth Ave., Toronto 9, Ont.

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All cargoes are carried more carefully in a Wide-Track Pontiac Safari

(more beautifully too)

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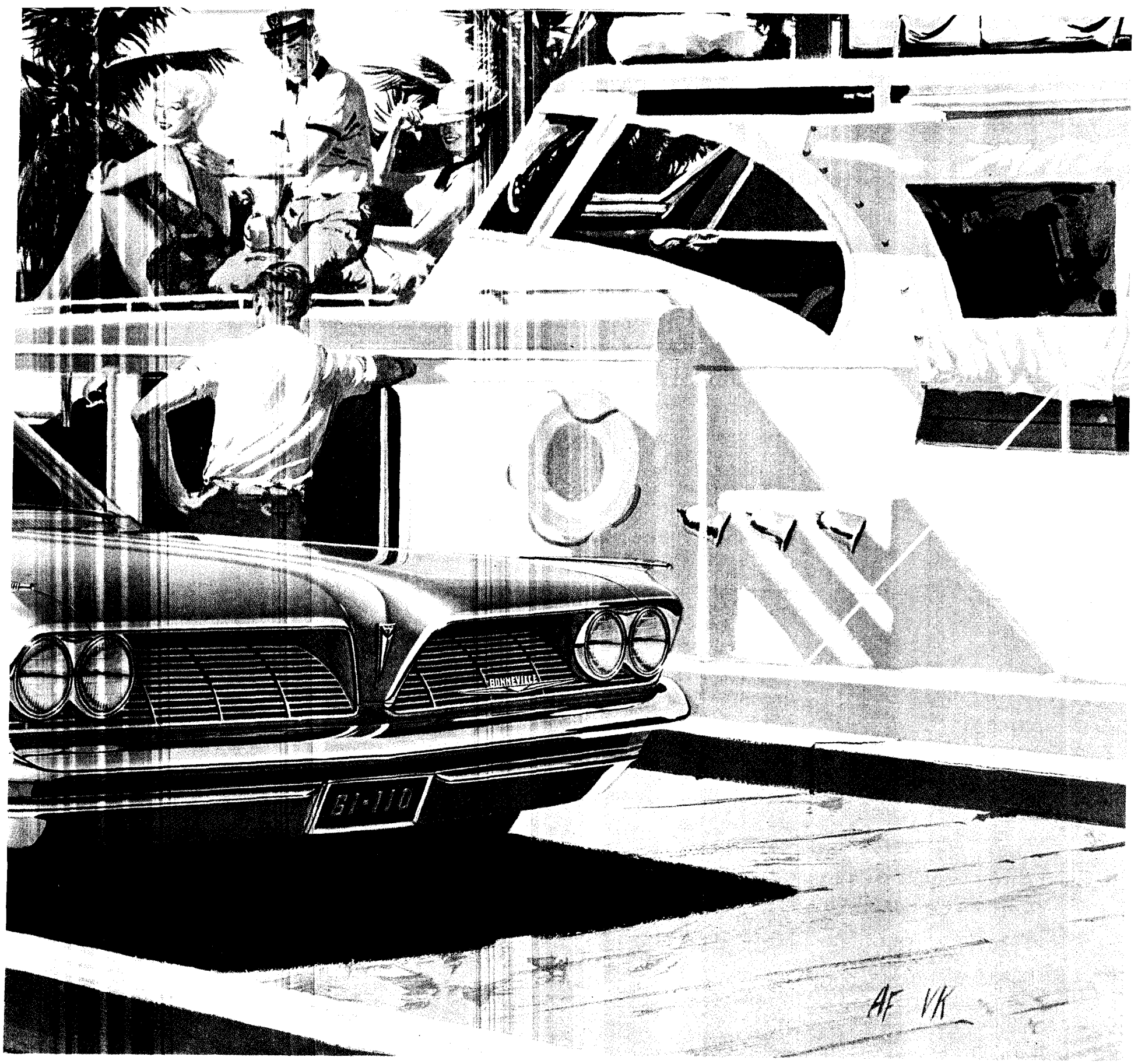


THE BONNEVILLE SAFARI FOR 1961

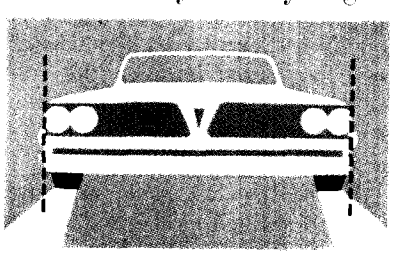
There are wagons of one kind and wagons of another. But there is no station wagon like a Safari, built the Wide-Track way by Pontiac.

In a station wagon, Wide-Track really gets a chance to show the stable stuff it's made of. Load up a Safari. It's quite a load . . . because Pontiac has the widest loading deck of any wagon. Know where most of the weight goes? Between Pontiac's Wide-Track wheels. Right where it will stay in balance best, even when the going gets rough.

The Safari takes care of your valuables, too. A concealed luggage locker beneath the rear compartment floor is standard on all models. (Almost 8 cubic feet of space in two-seat Safaris.)

When the work's all done and it's time for fun, the Safari lets you step out with that "full dress" feeling. Whether you choose the smart Catalina or the luxurious Bonneville, you'll always be proud to be seen in a Safari . . . anywhere you go!

Want more than just another station wagon? Then see your fine Pontiac dealer soon and evaluate the Pontiac Safari . . . the only wagon with Wide-Track wheels!



THE ONLY WIDE-TRACK CAR

Pontiac has the widest track of any car. Body width trimmed to reduce side overhang. More weight balanced between the wheels for sure-footed driving stability.

IT'S ALL PONTIAC! ON A NEW WIDE-TRACK

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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Editorials

A Red Cuba Challenges Us on Our Home Grounds

Fidel Castro, who but for State Department blundering and journalistic naïveté would probably have remained a local nuisance, has plunged his suffering country into a genuine international crisis. Whatever the motives of the Cuban dictator and his Soviet sponsors may be, they have managed to force the hand of a reluctant United States and to make it plain to the most bemused "liberal" that the purpose of the Castro revolution is not to better the lot of Cubans—nearly 40,000 of whom have fled Fidel's paradise to this country—but to act as the advance guard for a Communist effort to take over the Caribbean.

The reluctance of many Americans to accept this obvious conclusion was illustrated pointedly by a statement in an article last fall in *The New York Times* by Max Frankel, writing from Havana. The statement began: "The leaders of Cuba's Communist movement are confident that they have won the battle for Fidel Castro's mind . . ."

In view of the probability that Castro has been a Soviet agent for some twelve years, the battle for his mind must have been a pushover. According to Nathaniel Wehl in his new book, *Red Star Over Cuba*, Devin-Adair, Castro was identified as a Cuban Communist by the security police of Colombia after the Communist uprising in Bogotá in 1948, a bloody event in which Castro played a key role.

"Bogotá," writes Mr. Wehl, "provided massive circumstantial evidence of Fidel Castro's early affiliation with international Communism. Security chief Nino referred to 'the known Communists, Fidel Castro and Rafael del Pino.' . . . The distinguished Colombian reporter, Fandino Silva, also named Castro as one of the Communist agents who prepared and helped direct the rising."

The files of Cuba's BRAC—equivalent of our FBI—were available to American officials and, according to Lieutenant Hernandez of the Cuban National Police, testifying before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, they showed that as early as 1948 Fidel Castro had received from the Soviet embassy "instructions on the form and manner of creating disturbances in the American continent."

The new Administration inherits the Cuban crisis and will need plenty of diplomatic skill and intestinal fortitude to deal with it. The Administration's problem is complicated by the fact that during the early stages of the Castro *Putsch* American officials and journalists set up a barrage of misinformation and sentimentality which obscured the real nature of the "Movement of July Twenty-sixth" and its Communist support.

Two former United States ambassadors to Cuba—Arthur Gardner and Earl E. T. Smith—told Senators Eastland and Dodd of the Senate's Subcommittee on Internal Security that they had repeatedly warned the State Department of Castro's record and connections. Mr. Gardner told the subcommittee that, when he attempted to enlighten the State Department on Castro's connections, the departmental personages with whom he talked were not interested unless he could show that Fidel carried a party card! When Mr. Smith took over, he needed only a few weeks to discover that the Robin Hood of the Antilles was at least a crypto-Communist. He resumed the thankless task of conveying these views to the State Department. No response.

"Our actions in the United States," said Mr. Smith, "were responsible for the rise to power of Castro."

During the campaign President Kennedy suggested that this country should encourage anti-Castro groups in Cuba to work for the dictator's overthrow. In the present situation it is certainly important to support anti-Castro groups in Cuba, of which there are many. But the job cannot end there. Unless we can, with or without the co-operation of the Organization of American States, eliminate Communism from the Caribbean, this country will be in peril. The Kremlin intends that we shall be.

Millennial Note: The Army Wants GI's to Enjoy Their Meals!

It should come as no surprise to even the least knowing mess sergeant that the contemporary soldier no more cares for Army beans and slumgullion than did his father in World War I or his grandfather in the Spanish American set-to. Even in this age of mechanization and push-button wizardry, an army still "travels" on its stomach. And since it's his stomach they're talking about, today's footslogger holds some fairly definite ideas about what food he likes best.

With a great show of awareness that nothing concerning the Army is more derisively sung about, talked about and griped about than food, the military recently set out to learn just what items pamper the soldier's palate the most—and the least. Some 30,000 GI's were queried on the subject. The results of the survey are now in. The Army's best-liked food is milk. The dairy industry should like that. However, because it has been trying to get across that none of us ever outgrows the need for milk, the industry may not like an Army spokesman's explanation that "We have a very young Army these days."

Milk rated 8.6 on a scale that had 9 as tops. And what items would the soldier like to wash down with that beverage? Make it grilled steak (8.31), fried chicken (8.24) or roast turkey (8.13) and, while you're at it, pass the hot rolls (8.4) or the hot biscuits (8.33), please. When it comes to vegetables, the soldier is willing to skimp. Only one, French-fried potatoes (8.17), shows up on his list of ten most-liked foods. To round out the meal, you couldn't please the GI more if you served strawberry shortcake (8.32), ice cream (8.26) or a sundae (8.24). Incidentally, if the entree can't be a meat dish, then he'll settle for spaghetti with meat sauce (7.30) or macaroni with cheese (6.65).

Sophisticated diners may consider broccoli, asparagus and cauliflower almost in the category of delicacies, but not so the Army man. Nine of the ten food items he least prefers are vegetables. Cauliflower with cheese sauce didn't fare much better, and neither did cabbage baked with cheese.

We foresee difficult moments for anyone who attempts to rewrite the lyrics of the West Point football song that goes: "Sons of slum and gravy/ Will you let the Navy/ Take from us a victory?" Somehow "Sons of milk and fried chicken" doesn't seem to have the same lilt.

The "Churk" Is Here, But You Won't Find it in Your Supermarket

Well, we've done it again! American scientific know-how has chalked up another milestone, broken through another frontier, achieved another first!

This triumph is the first successful cross between a chicken and a turkey. It is called a "churk" by the Department of Agriculture scientists who developed the new hybrid at their Beltsville, Maryland, experimental station.

Unfortunately for science, the "churks" didn't turn out quite right. The poor, forlorn little creatures, three of which are now being raised at Beltsville, have the long, scrawny neck and the white skin of their turkey mothers, and scraggly dark feathers, with the markings of their Cornish chicken fathers. They have crooked beaks and feet, and are rated at about half the intelligence of their parent stock, which certainly isn't saying much. Although they are all males, they have neither snoods nor wattles and, like the hybrid mule, cannot reproduce. If they had any sense, they would suffer from terrible inferiority complexes, because they can neither gobble like a turkey nor crow like a rooster.

Lest our scientists be accused of sinister intentions in creating the unfortunate "churk," it should be pointed out that they were the unexpected results of research on artificially induced embryonic growth in turkey eggs. Well, nice try anyway, Department of Agriculture!

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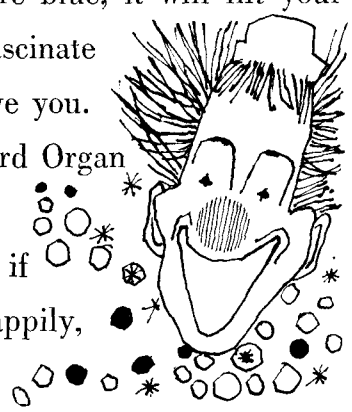
The Hammond Chord Organ, the original easy-to-play organ. In walnut, $975, F.O.B. Chicago. Other Hammond models from $895.

Sit down here and play your troubles away!

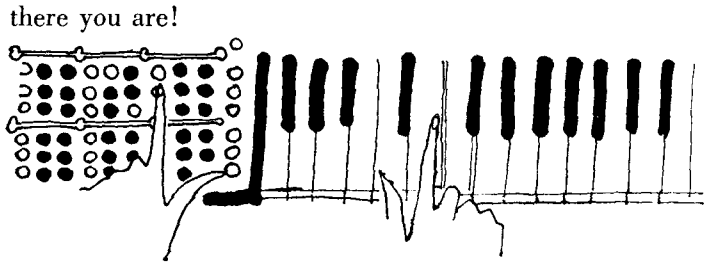
(with just two fingers on the Hammond Chord Organ)

IF YOU'RE TENSE, the Hammond Chord Organ will calm you down. If you're blue, it will lift your spirits. Bored? It will fascinate you. Tired? It will revive you. Now the Hammond Chord Organ couldn't do these things for you and your family if it were hard to play. Happily, it isn't. In fact, it's so easy you'll play it the first time you sit down to it!



MAKE BELIEVE YOU'RE PLAYING—RIGHT NOW!

Just extend two fingers—the first finger of your right hand, and the first one of your left. With the right finger you'll play the melody. With the left finger you'll play the accompaniment, just by pressing buttons. You'll follow the tune with Hammond's *Picture* Music. (No notes to read.) And there you are!



GO AS FAR AS YOU LIKE

You'll soon find your skill growing. Then you'll enjoy all these *exclusive* musical resources of the Hammond Chord Organ. AUTOMATIC BASS TONES—just rest your foot on a pedal. (Or play with two pedals for extra bass rhythms.) RHYTHM BAR—gives your music the right beat. As easy as drumming your fingers on the table. TOUCH-RESPONSE PERCUSSION—lets you bring in percussion effects like the banjo, bells, marimba—by just a slight change of touch on the keys. You'll have *23* different percussion effects on the Hammond Chord Organ!

PLUS . . . All the voices of the orchestra—like the violin, flute, trumpet, clarinet, bass fiddle, and the good old trombone. 20 Tone Tablets bring you all these exciting tones with the greatest of ease.

Music's Greatest Compact

A tremendous music maker, wouldn't you say? Yet the Hammond Chord Organ is a snug little instrument. Fits nicely into a small apartment, because it takes only the floor space of three newspaper pages. It's handsome, too. Hammond lavishes the same care on its styling and finish as on the biggest, most expensive Hammond models. You can have it in walnut (or for $50 extra), provincial, blond, or ebony.

NOT A TOY

You can see now why the Hammond Chord Organ is so different from other chord organs, many of them little more than toys. They may amuse you briefly. The Hammond Chord Organ you'll enjoy for life.

FREE HOME DEMONSTRATION!

Your Hammond dealer will arrange to bring the Chord right out to your home for a *free* demonstration. Just phone him (his name is in the Yellow Pages under "Organs"). No obligation—except to enjoy yourself! Then you can *keep* the Hammond Chord Organ for only $25 down, with low monthly payments. How about it?

HAMMOND ORGAN COMPANY
4232 W. Diversey Avenue, Chicago 39, Ill.

☐ Send free color booklet on Chord Organ.
☐ Send details on how to get free LP record.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ County_____ State_____

© 1961, HAMMOND ORGAN COMPANY 2-61

Hammond Organ

...music's most glorious voice

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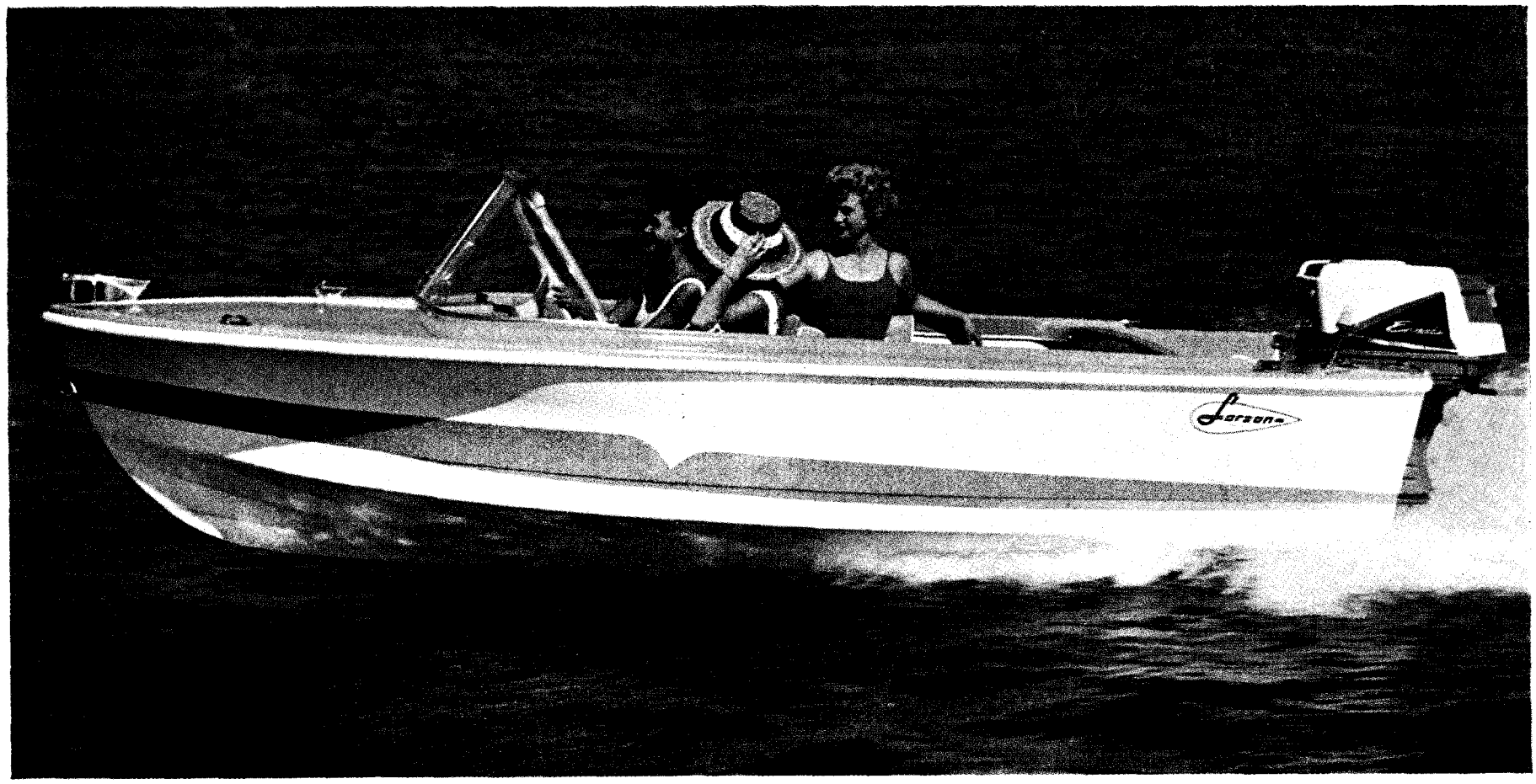
Glide in carefree comfort with . . .
Larson's Million-Bubble Ride



All-American 155

What makes Larson America's best boat for all-family fun?

PLEXIGLASS WINDSHIELD is tall and strong. Center ventilating section is optional.

"RIDE GUIDE" STEERING provides sure, mechanical control through a single, sheathed, push-pull cable.

SEATS CONVERT TO SUNBATHER BUNKS in seconds for comfortable sunbathing or sitting.

FLAT FLOOR AND SIDE PANELING are standard in most Larson Boats.

FULL, SELF-BAILING MOTOR WELL enables a Larson to take big motors safely and provides storage.

COMPLETE TOP SET of heavy weather-proof vinyl is standard. Side weather windows and stern cover are included.

17′ ALL-AMERICAN 176 (at right) is equipped as listed above. Centerline length—16′7″. Boat price range $1495-$1570* including access.

**The higher price applies West of Continental Divide. Prices higher in Canada.*

CLOTHES BY JANTZEN

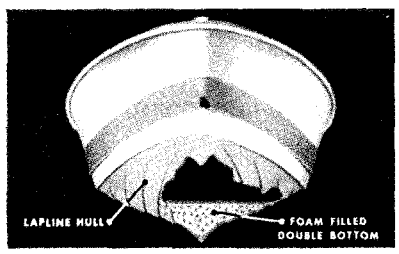
Exclusive lapline design cuts spank . . . adds speed and stability

Open the throttle and move smoothly into a fast, flat plane as laplines trap air to form millions of tiny bubbles beneath you. Laplines in the fibreglass hull of every Larson boat break waves into a cushioning air-water mixture. You feel the crisp response to the wheel as they bite in to hold speed and prevent slipping in clean, banked turns. And now, another new exclusive—foam in the sealed double bottom—increases the pleasure of the million-bubble ride. Foam absorbs vibration and sound while it adds extra flotation safety.

Larson Boats are designed by Paul Larson . . . master builder for 45 years. They range from the 14′ Playmate ($695-$780*) to the 19′ Surfmaster Cruiser ($2195-$2305*), including the popular 16′ All-American ($1095-$1255*).

HERE'S A FISH-EYE VIEW of a Larson lapline hull...an exclusive feature in Larson Boats. Bubbles stream from the laplines to soften your ride and add speed. Increases stability and maneuverability.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT SILVER SPRINGS, FLA.



Notice the difference in Larson

Brunswick Boats, a division of Brunswick Corporation, Little Falls, Minn. and Alliance, Ohio/Nashville, Ga. Dallas, Texas/Upland, Calif. Manufactured exclusively in Canada by Courtaulds Moulded Products, Ltd. of Cornwall, Canada.

A Product of Brunswick World Leader in Recreation

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argus RED RIBBON PROJECTOR sale

LIMITED TIME ONLY! Most Argus dealers are offering a free tripod projection screen with any one of these fine Argus movie and slide projectors. See your color slides and movies full size in natural color. Pick out your favorite projector here, pick it up with the free screen at your dealer. *And if you're not completely satisfied, return them within 10 days for a full refund.*

SPECIAL #1

Argus Showmaster 750AVZ—750 watts bright, automatic threading, variable speed . . . FABULOUS ZOOM LENS! Plus forward, reverse and still, work light, film splicer and 400-foot (half-hour long) reel capacity. PLUS 40″ x 40″ screen . . . for the price of the projector alone!

SPECIAL #2

Argus Showmaster 750AV—Same fine projector as above without zoom lens, and you still get the free screen.

SPECIAL #3

Argus Showmaster 500A—Puts 500-watt sparkle in your home movies. Threads itself. Single-lever control for forward, still and reverse projection. 400-foot (half-hour) reel capacity. Complete with screen.

SPECIAL #4

Argus Electromatic Remote Projector—500 watts bright, 36-slide magazine. Remote-control focusing for remote or fully automatic operation. With 40″ x 40″ screen at no extra cost!

SPECIAL #5

Argus Automatic Projector—Gives you 500-watt brilliance and easy push-pull changer. Short focal length lens fills the screen in small rooms . . . and the screen costs you nothing extra!

Look for these and other Red Ribbon Specials at your Argus Dealer. Hurry!

argus®
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS
Argus Cameras, Inc., Subsidiary of Sylvania Electric Products Inc.

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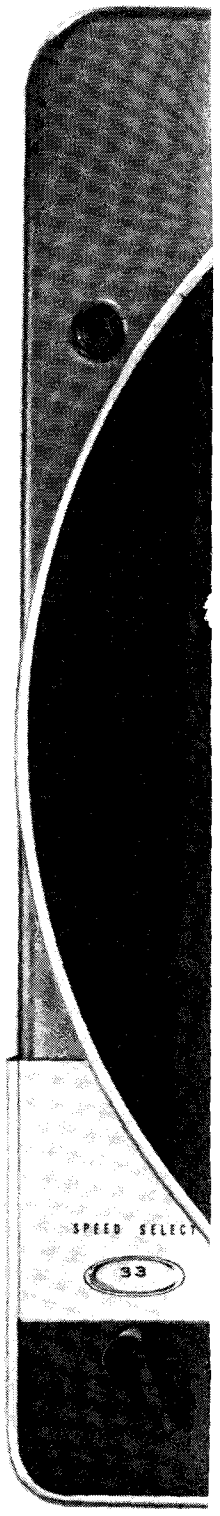
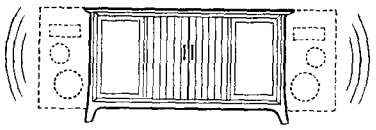
ANNOUNCING THE ZENITH

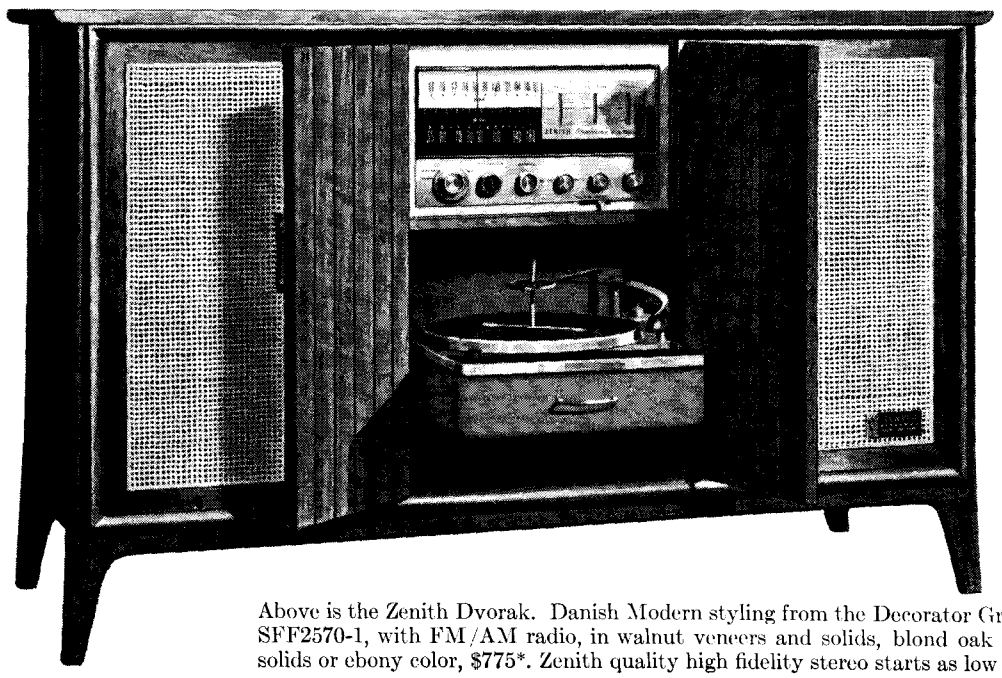
Now – a precision home-console changer especially



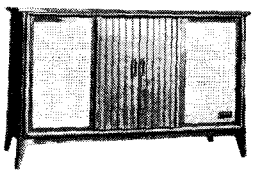
World's finest record changer brings out stereo's double beauty—filters out stereo's double trouble! Now you can enjoy the brilliant beauty of *pure stereo sound* just as it was *meant* to sound. For Zenith's revolutionary new "Stereo Professional" is a new kind of automatic record changer, precision-designed to eliminate the *noise* that other record changers *add* to the sound of your records. Distortions produced by the motor are virtually eliminated, for every component is floated on rubber to end troublesome "rumble". The new massive, oversize turntable irons out speed variations that cause "wow" and "flutter". The new Custom Cobra® tone arm is ultra-long, "tangent-tracking"—picks up all the stereo there is on the record. The new Precision Fidelity Cartridge responds to every recorded signal—is even capable of sound reproduction *beyond* normal recording fidelity. And what the new "Stereo Professional" does for *stereo* reproduction, it does for *all* your records—monaural LP's, 45's, 16⅔'s, and old 78's, too!



Zenith Extended Reverberation creates a whole new sound dimension! Zenith's famous Extended Stereo now gives you Extended Reverberation—the newest, most dramatic dimension in the world of sound. A single variable control makes possible continuous shadings of depth and resonance! Not only do *stereo* records take on a concert hall quality, but *all* your records come alive. So does FM/AM radio! Moreover, Zenith custom-fits speakers to cabinet size and shape. These magnificent fine furniture cabinets, in decorator designs and a variety of finishes, are acoustically designed, sound tested. It is this care, this skill, this devotion to quality and detail, that make Zenith the world's finest high fidelity stereo.



Custom control your sound! Zenith's all-new control panel lets you tailor the sound to your liking. Includes new reverberation control, new visual response indicators, slide rule dial for FM/AM radio.



Above is the Zenith Dvorak. Danish Modern styling from the Decorator Group. Model SFF2570-1, with FM/AM radio, in walnut veneers and solids, blond oak veneers and solids or ebony color, $775*. Zenith quality high fidelity stereo starts as low as $179.95*.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS. IN CANADA: ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO, ONT. The Royalty of television stereophonic high fidelity instruments, phonographs, radios and hearing aids. 42 years of leadership in radionics exclusively.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Slightly higher in the Southwest and West Coast. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.*

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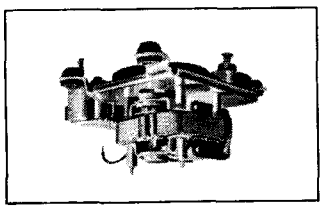
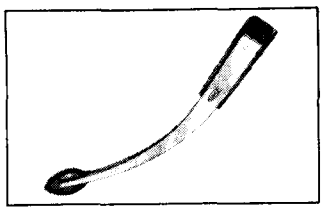
STEREO PROFESSIONAL"

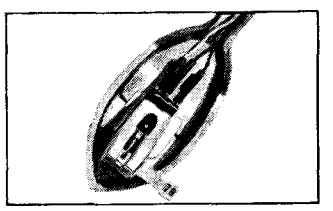
esigned for stereophonic records!



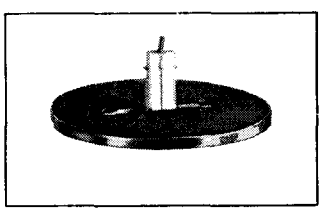
Precision engineered motor is fully isolated in rubber, shielded to prevent magnetic disturbance. Precision belt drive—mark of the finely designed turntable—further eliminates "rumble".



Precision tone arm is longer than all others (8-9/16")! New exclusive Custom Cobra® arm keeps stylus in position for best "pick-up" on both sound tracks in the stereo groove.



Precision Fidelity Dual Stylus Cartridge with diamond stereo/LP stylus. Response: 30-15,000 cps. Plays records with greater fidelity, less "rumble". Sensitive action protects record life.



Precision designed turntable assures constant speed! Massive wheel irons out "wow" and "flutter". Bigger size (11¾") supports LP's without overhang. Exclusive "pop-up" 45 spindle recessed in turntable instantly pops up to hold 45 rpm records.

ZENITH®

The quality goes in before the name goes on

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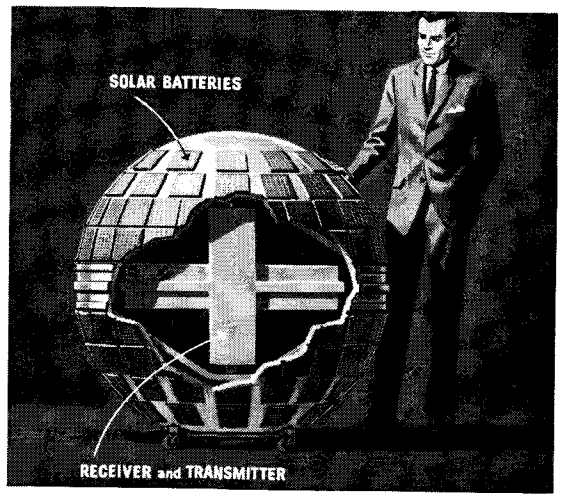
Where was the Bell Telephone System

ON FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1960?

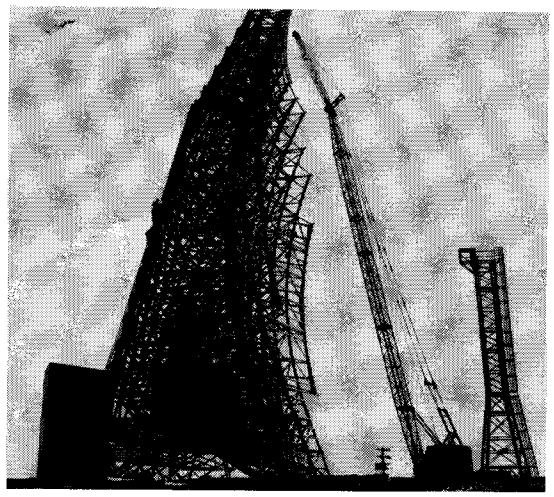
It was handling some 210,000,000 local and long distance conversations, plus about 5000 overseas calls.

It was guiding Echo I into near-perfect orbit so Bell System scientists could make the world's first telephone call via satellite.

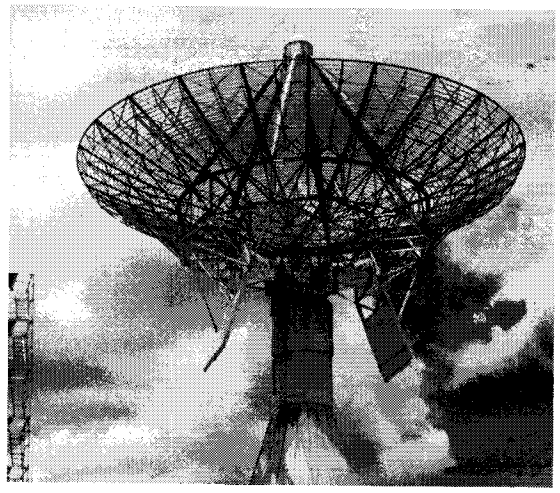


It was developing a world-wide communications system using satellites powered by the Solar Battery, a Bell System invention.

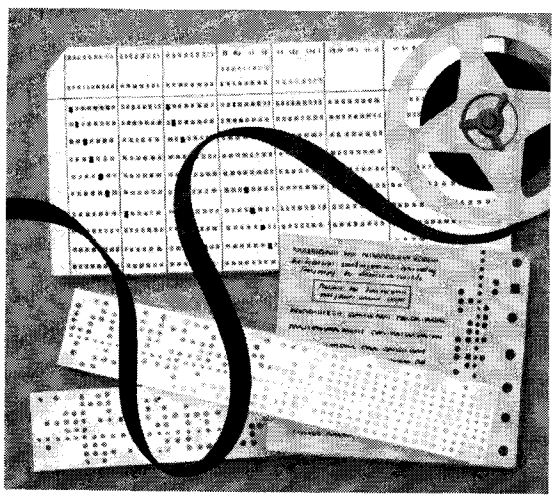
It was offering Bellboy personal signaling to more and more people. Device uses tiny Transistors, another Bell System invention.



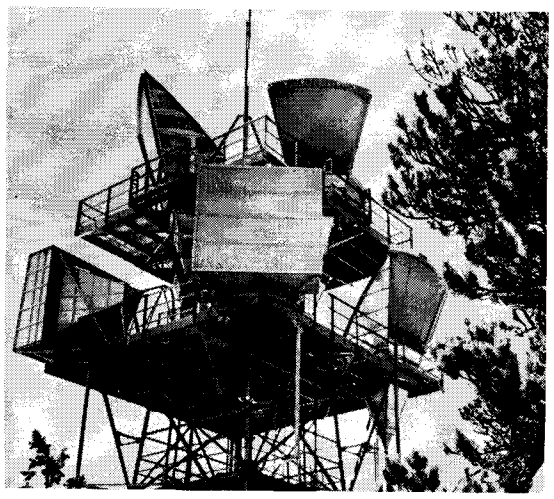
It was building fast, reliable communications for BMEWS—the nation's Ballistic Missile Early Warning System.



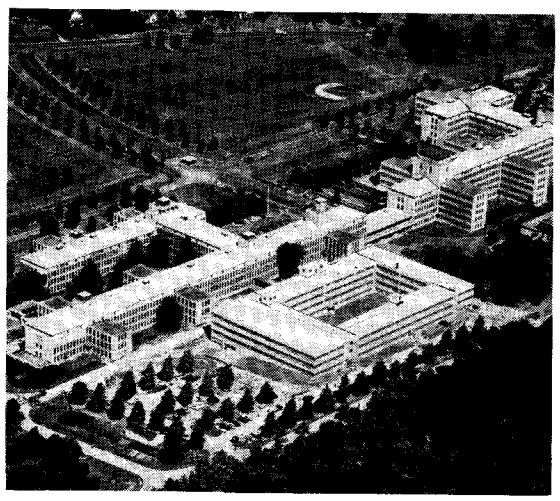
It was constructing a 'round-the-world communications system for America's first man (or woman) into orbit.



It was providing circuits for speedy transmission of mountains of data for business and government.



It was providing thousands of miles of high-quality circuits for the country's local and network television programs.



It was delving into innumerable fields of scientific inquiry at the world's largest industrial laboratories.

It was at the scene of every major communications activity that day, as it is every day. And for them all—communications on the ground, under the oceans, through the air, around the world—Bell Telephone people "wrote the book that everybody else uses." How come? Because it's our job to be expert in universal communications. You have a right to the best service in the world. *And you get it!*

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM *Pioneering in outer space to improve communications on earth*

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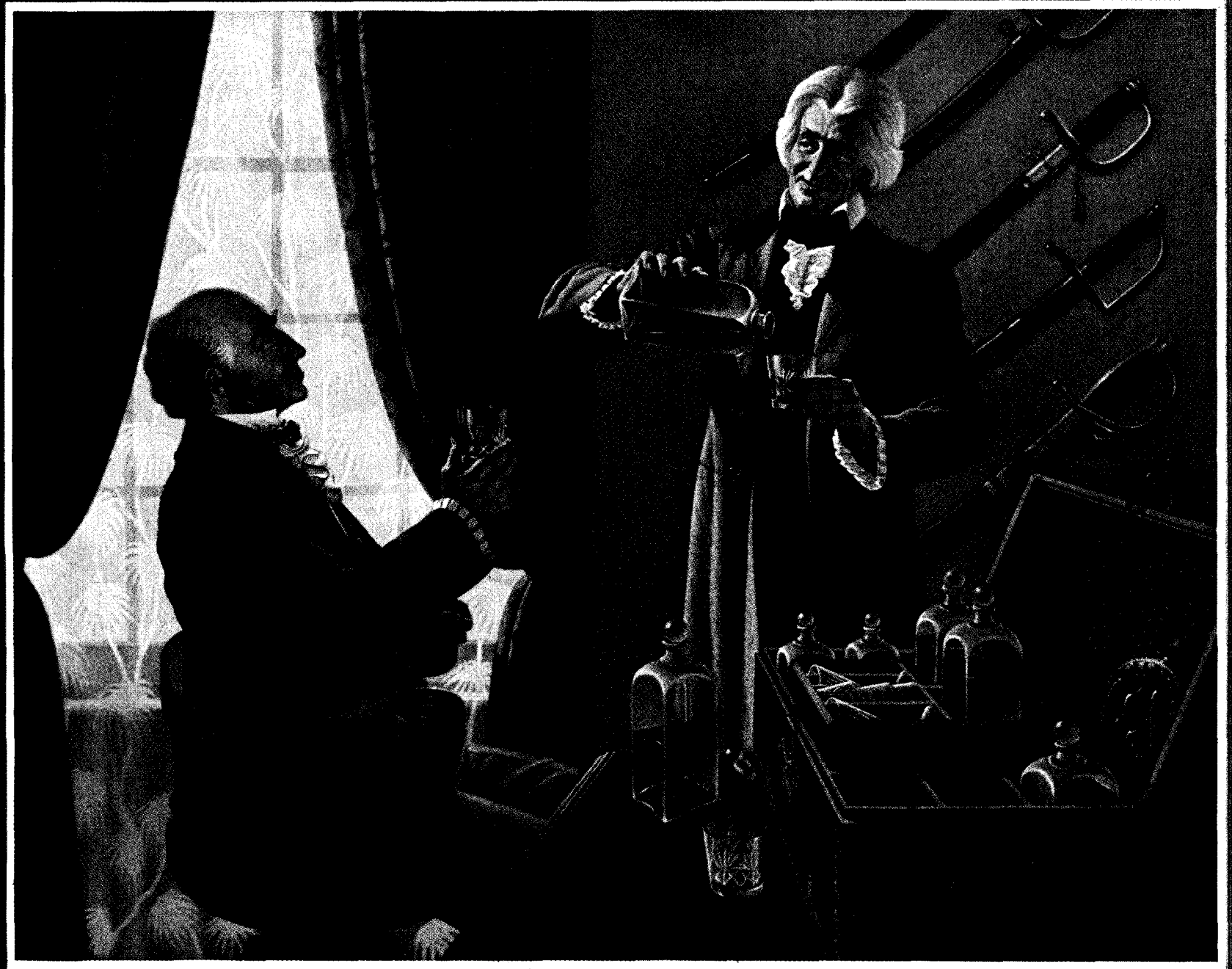

Andrew Jackson entertains his friend Martin Van Buren

Andrew Jackson, the great "Hero of the Plain People" enjoyed the pleasant ways of life. To distinguished guests like Martin Van Buren, he proudly displayed his personal liquor chest. Jackson's decided preference for Old Crow is reported in a 19th Century newspaper.

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PREFERRED BOURBON

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The day James Crow branded his name on the first barrel of Old Crow 126 years ago, his Kentucky bourbon was marked for greatness. Old Crow has received the acclaim of great men in every generation. Today it is America's most preferred bourbon. The reason is in every glass.

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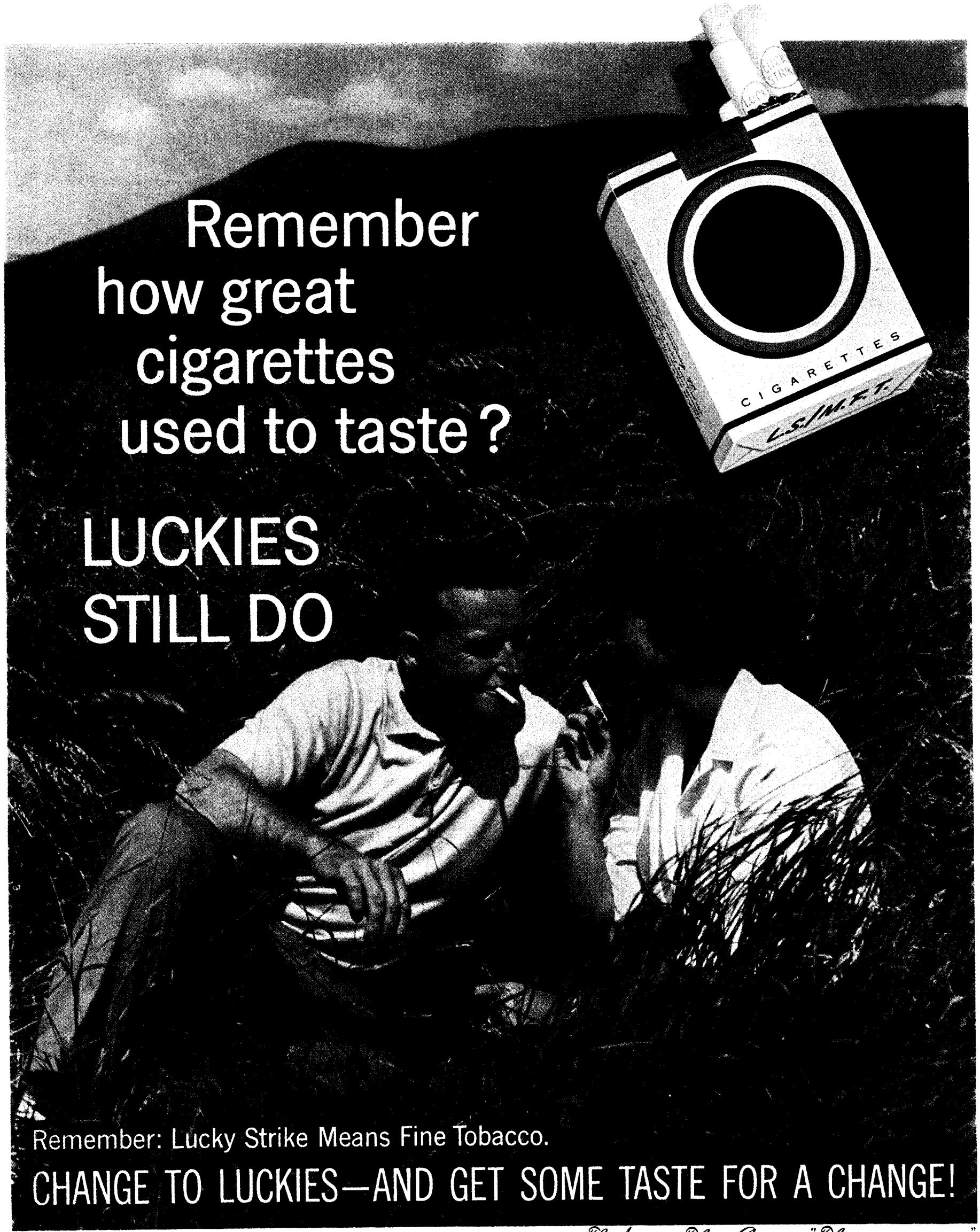

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

A department-store plainclotheswoman tells of her violent encounters with amateur and professional shoplifters.

Thieves I Have Known

The author (left) on the job. Dressed as a shopper herself, she watches for light-fingered customers. After fifteen years as a detective she says, "I trust no one."

By DOROTHY CROWE
as told to Dean Jennings

It was nine-thirty in the morning, the beginning of another strange and perhaps violent day for me. I had a hunch it would be one of those days because a drizzle was washing the gray skies in San Francisco, and from my window I could see there were few people on Market Street. It was not the kind of day that brings customers to a downtown department store, but the quiet days always meant trouble.

I took a last appraising look in my mirror to make sure I looked like the average housewife. I was wearing a tailored suit, and there was a pert little hat on my head. I picked up my gloves and a raincoat and a handbag. I opened the bag to see if I had forgotten anything. The gun was there. So were the handcuffs. My special police badge shimmered in the light from the ceiling of my office.

I told myself I didn't look like a detective or a cop. And I don't.

I am just over five feet tall, and I weigh 110 pounds. I have small hands and feet, and I am not particularly strong. But I am a judo expert, as more than one ex-con has painfully learned. I remember arresting one tough woman, and throwing her with an arm lock. I turned her over to a uniformed policeman, and I can still see the incredulous look on her face. "You mean you didn't see Dorothy tailing you around the store?" the policeman asked. "Hell, no!" she snapped, glaring at me. "I thought she was some lil ol' schoolgirl." It was one of the most satisfying compliments I ever had.

Nine-forty. Time to go. I walked downstairs to the blouse department.

My eyes swept across the room, and I saw two salesgirls arranging their merchandise. One of them spotted me, but gave no sign of recognition. The other was new on the floor and did not know who I was. There were three or four customers strolling around, looking at the counters or idly fingering blouses hanging on racks. I watched their hands first, and I appraised them to see whether they were nervous or ill at ease. I noted that one of them, an attractive, well-dressed woman about forty, had picked up a blouse with one hand. That's a bad sign. It isn't normal for most women to examine such things with one hand. I walked past her for a closer look. She was not a pro. I know most of the professional thieves, and I never forget their faces.

The clerk left the counter and suddenly, with a swift stabbing motion, the woman stuffed a blouse inside her coat. She turned and walked away quickly, and I followed. When she got to the sidewalk, I got in step beside her. "Madam," I said softly, letting her see my badge, "you are under arrest."

She froze, and the blood left her face. Then she swayed, and I hoped she wouldn't faint. I led her upstairs to my office, gently removed the stolen blouse from an inside pocket of her coat and asked her to sit down. Her hands were trembling, and there were tears in her eyes. (Continued on Page 78)

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ADVENTURES
of the MIND

The Elusive Neutron

By DONALD J. HUGHES

How this most versatile of atomic particles behaves and what it tells about the nature of matter.

Since the beginning of the present century man has gradually come to know of the world of inner space, a strange world of the very small, where the "ultimate particles" of matter behave in ways completely alien to our everyday experience. Throughout the last several decades the dramatic revelation of this new world of matter has been dominated by a most remarkable subatomic particle—the neutron. The neutron's elusive nature and its many roles as a research tool have illuminated a few of the universe's most awesome mysteries and inspired some of man's greatest intellectual achievements.

The discovery of the neutron by Sir James Chadwick in 1932 marked a great step forward in understanding the basic nature of matter. More than twenty centuries ago the Greeks speculated that in spite of the wide diversity of matter it was all composed of minute particles which they called atoms to suggest their basic, individual character. Today, based not on speculation but on ingenious, indirect experiments, we know that atoms exist; we even know their sizes and shapes with accuracy, although they are invisibly small. The atomic scale of measurement staggers the imagination—100,000,000 atoms in a row would constitute a line only one inch long. Yet this realization is only the beginning, for we also know that the volume of each atom is practically empty, a void crisscrossed by electrons, eternally speeding about a small, heavy, central speck of matter—the nucleus. Though it is difficult to visualize an *CONTINUED ON PAGE 75*

About the Author

Donald J. Hughes, senior physicist at Brookhaven National Laboratory, former director of the nuclear physics division of Argonne National Laboratory and internationally recognized leader in neutron research, died on April 12, 1960, at the age of forty-five of a heart attack shortly after submitting the manuscript of this article. Active as a teacher and author of a number of scientific books and reports on neutron research, Doctor Hughes had profound social convictions on the proper use of atomic energy and capped his work with the Manhattan Project by signing the famous Franck report, which stated the scientists' case against the use of the first atomic bomb.

The editors wish to acknowledge the assistance of Dr. Harry Palevsky, friend and Brookhaven associate of Doctor Hughes, in the final editorial preparation of THE ELUSIVE NEUTRON.

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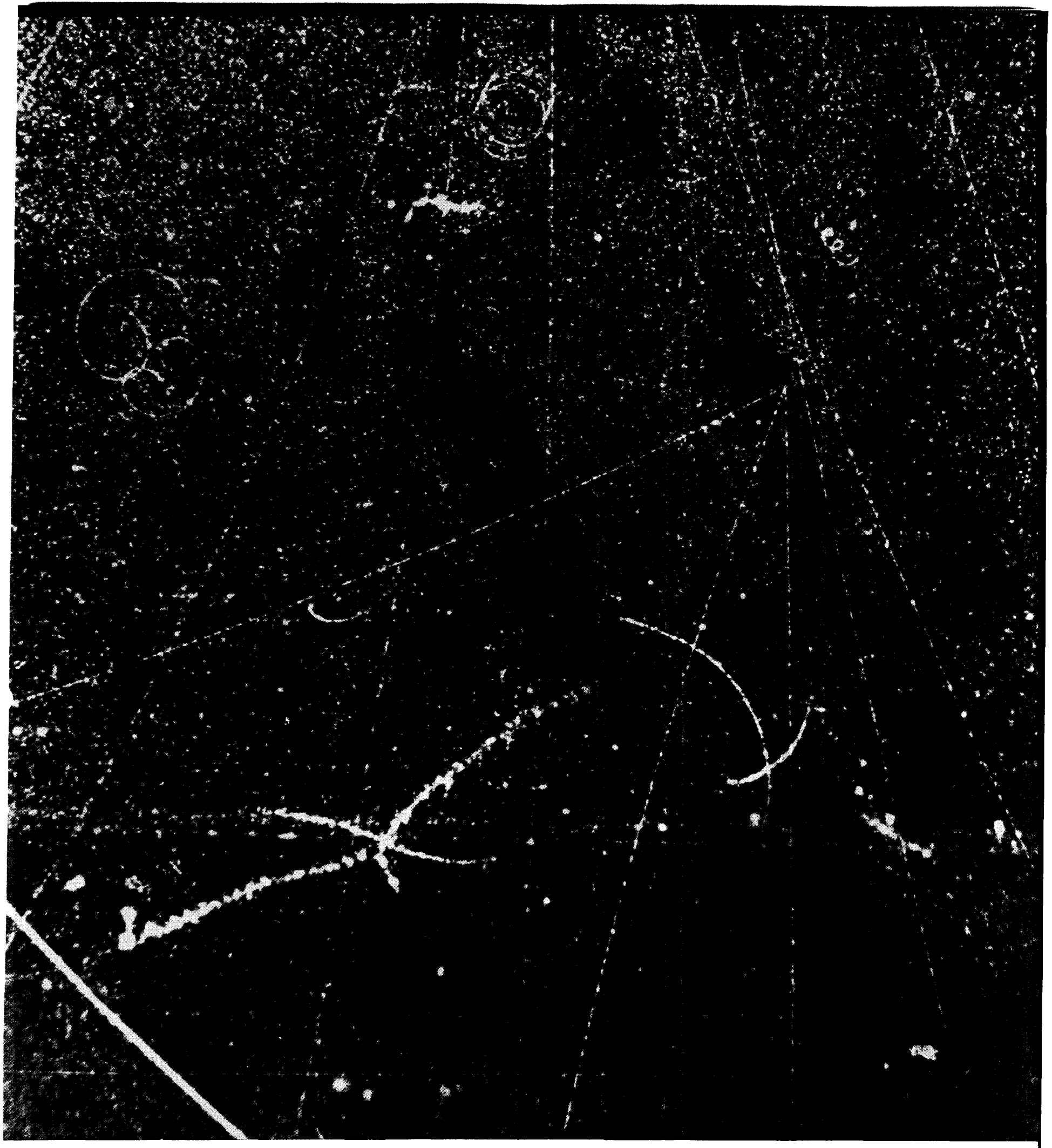

Portrait of a Subatomic Event

Neutron-proton collision in a cloud chamber at the Brookhaven National Laboratory. The diverging tracks (arrow) show the impact of a highly accelerated neutron upon a proton, or nucleus of a hydrogen atom. While the neutron—invisible because it does not leave a path through the water vapor of the chamber—ricochets off its target, the proton shoots straight down toward the bottom of the photograph, and two pi mesons, particles with a life of only a millionth of a second, rebound at angles to the left. The other tracks in the picture represent particles not involved in the collision.

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Five men and a girl were stranded in the snow-swept wilderness—and a fortune awaited the one who could outwit the rest.

Captives of the STORM

First of two parts by JOHN REESE

It was snowing hard when Prof. Michael Eddy, with eight geology seniors and six pack horses, got back to the main camp in Northwestern British Columbia. Just before starting this field trip, they had moved camp thirty miles across a low mountain range, packing part of it on horses, the rest by helicopter. The three big tents looked strange in their new location, but snug and cheerful nonetheless.

On the desk in his office tent, the professor found a note that made him frown thoughtfully:

Dear Prof: Mr. Talley came in & wanted to see the Wainwright formation. Back in 3 or 4 days. DON

Don Cloyd, the ninth senior, was supposed to be resting after a solitary, ten-day exploration of the rough country to the northeast. His note was not dated. "Doggone him, days of the week just don't mean a thing to that kid!" the professor grumbled.

He did not worry, despite the weather. Don was not the most brilliant student he had ever taught, but he was dependable, strong as an ox and a good woodsman. Mr. Jerome Talley, the elderly millionaire Texas oilman who had financed this field survey, was in excellent hands.

The professor lighted a lantern, although it was only noon, and began working on his reports.

Jerome Talley

Sir Joseph Farrand

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Illustrated by Ray Prohaska

Michael Eddy—"Prof" to his students—was a thin, shy man of fifty, and a fine geologist, although his college, a small one near San Francisco, was not well known. For his students, this survey was better than classroom training. For the sake of the college, Professor Eddy had hoped it would turn out to be a success.

By that he meant he hoped to find enough surface promise to justify returning next year to take seismic soundings and test cores. That was how small colleges got big grants of oil money. Don Cloyd thought he had found, in a canyon northeast of here, structures like the ones where the big Alberta strike had been made. The professor hoped it was true, but he doubted that Don would know a Wainwright formation if it came up and bit him.

One of the students looked in. "Hey, Prof," he said, "Don's pack horse just came in, with all of his gear on it, but there's no sign of Don."

"He'll be along, and so will Mr. Talley," said Professor Eddy. "He's with Don. They probably let the horse run ahead. Don does that all the time."

"He's been loose a long time," the student said. "He's been trying to roll his pack off, and the bedrolls and everything are on it—even the grub and Don's rifle and specimen kit." (Continued on Page 53)

Edith Santana

Don Cloyd

O. David Palmer

George Kriptetarchos

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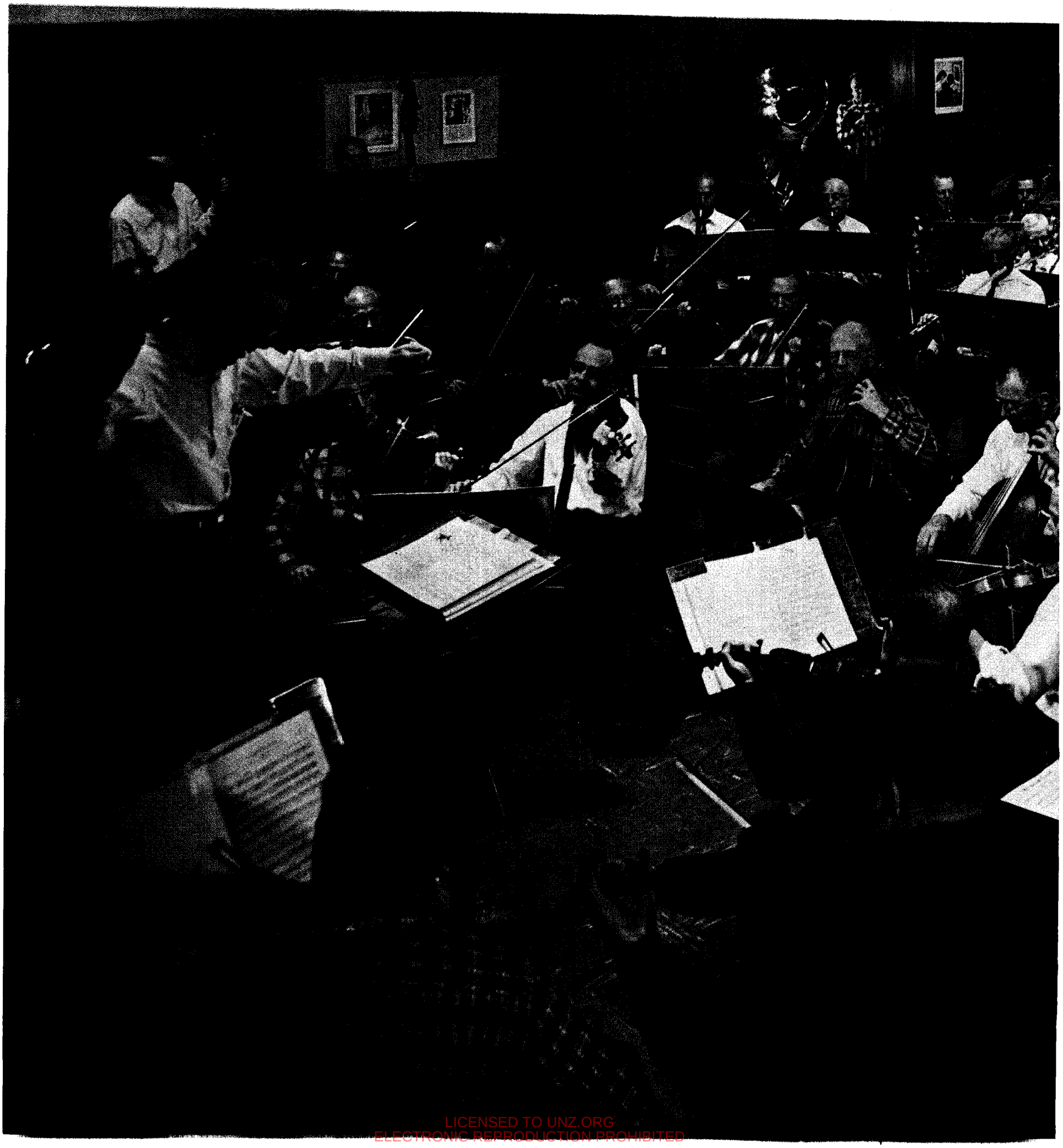
The Face of AMERICA

Amateurs All



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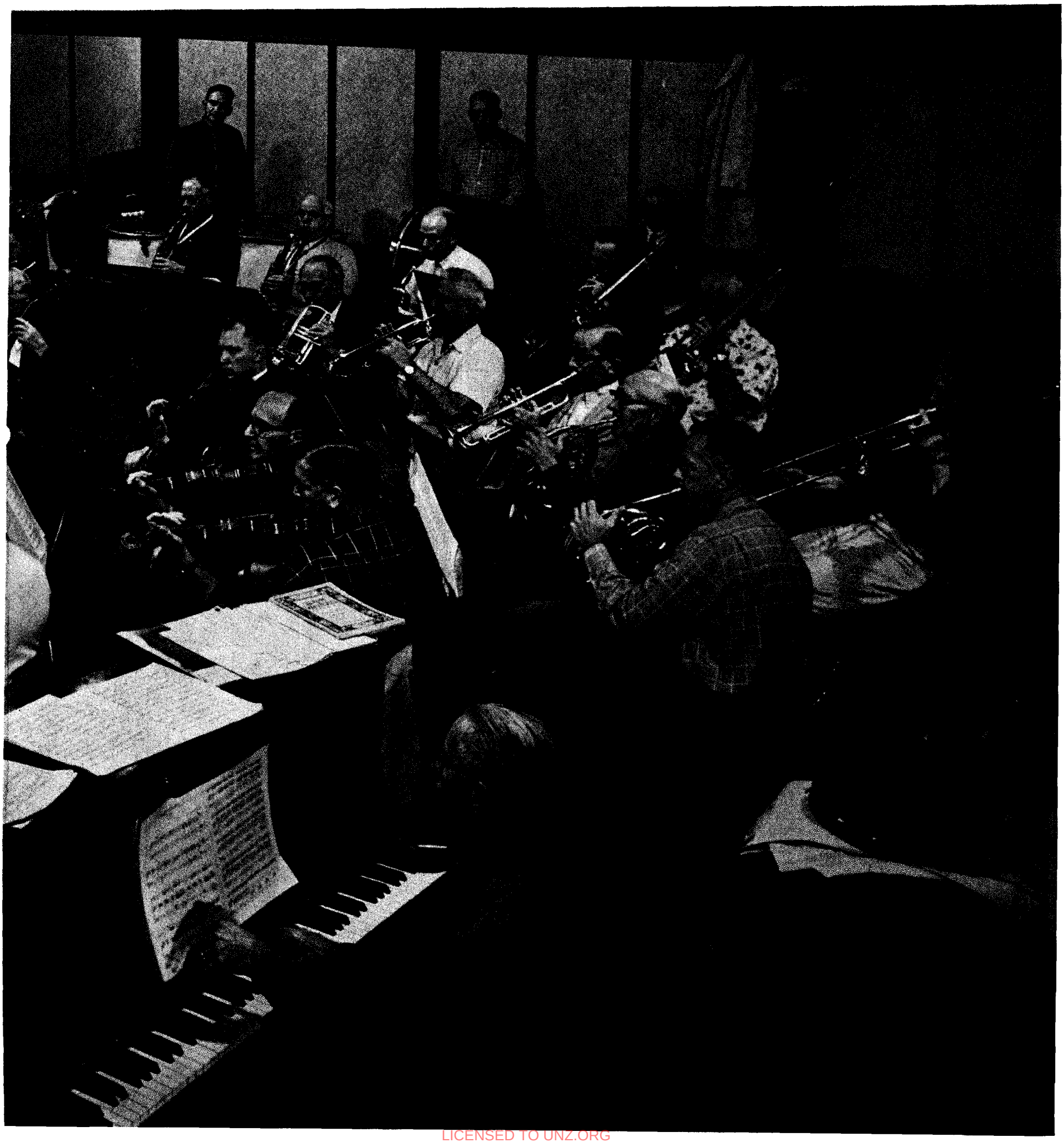
By day the gentlemen below, residents of Albany, New York, and environs, are farmers, doctors, lawyers, businessmen and clerks. But on Monday nights they pool their secondary talents to make music in a church-building basement. The Delmar Men's Orchestra, an unpaid, unsponsored group, began twenty years ago when seven music enthusiasts decided to gather from time to time in one another's homes to play for their own enjoyment. Three of the founders are still active in the orchestra, whose members now number about fifty-five and range from thirty to eighty-five years old. The only professional musician among them is conductor Rolland Truitt, music supervisor of the local school system, who donates his services. In addition to their two-hour Monday sessions, the men concertize for church, club and civic functions, offering a gay repertoire of light classics, waltzes and show tunes. To these amateur symphonists, this is hi-fi of the grandest sort—alive and homemade. ● Photograph by George Burns



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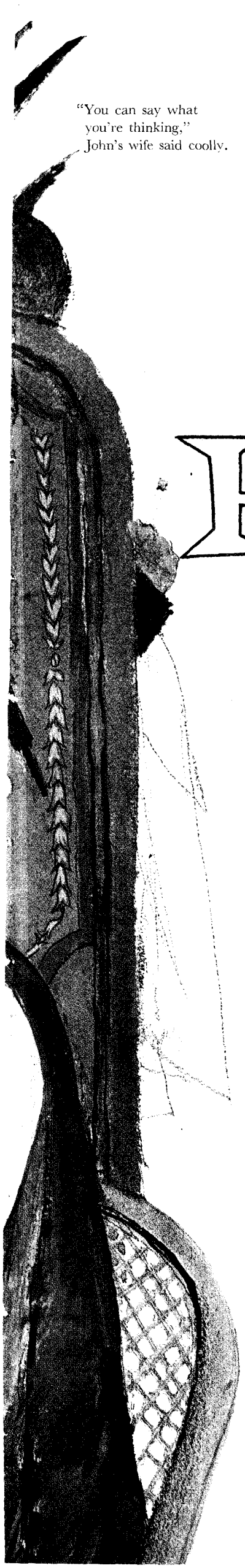

"You can say what you're thinking," John's wife said coolly.

She thought it would be easy to snare the town's most attractive male . . . in spite of the fact that he was married.

THE HUNTRESS

By AL HINE

When Bobbie Evans smashed up his car, the Jaguar his wife Linda had given him for his last birthday, and himself quite thoroughly with it, driving back from an afternoon's golf at Oakmont, it seemed to mark the end of a long, miswritten chapter in the social life of the community. Linda looked remote yet lovely in black, and everyone held his or her breath.

Not that Linda was heartless, not that she would do anything prematurely or in bad taste any more than John Cooper would. Hadn't Linda been a perfect wife to Bobbie, who was the least bit of a disappointment all these years?

Wasn't John Cooper even more attractive at forty-seven than he had been twenty-five years earlier? And wasn't John's wife, Edythe, even more appalling, if possible? Didn't John Cooper, after all this time, deserve something better of life? Wasn't it adult and realistic to look at it that way? And romantic?

Everybody knew that John Cooper had married Edythe on the rebound. It was the kind of thing that could ruin a man's life, and it was a tribute to John's strength of character and very real business ability that it hadn't ruined his. "Of course, there was nothing you could do, but you still ought to be ashamed of yourself for letting it happen," Mousie Chandler said to Linda Stuart. "Poor John!" Linda accepted the reproach, which was something she did rarely in all her life and most rarely in that summer of 1936 when she was by all odds the prettiest and brightest young woman west of the Allegheny Mountains, and John was surely one of the handsomer and brighter young men around Pittsburgh.

For it had been John and Linda ever since she had come out two seasons before at the Golf Club to the goggle-eyed admiration not only of the stag line but even of her fellow debs. John had claimed her from the stag line, a young man a year out of Dartmouth with skiing crinkles still around his eyes.

You saw them always together those years. You talked about John-and-Linda as an entity. John-and-Linda were at Longue Vue last night; John-and-Linda drove to Conneaut in three and a half hours. Then there was a spat over something, as there had been lovers' spats before; only this one didn't heal.

You still said "John-and-Linda," but as if you were speaking of a national catastrophe such as the depression or Dillinger. It got worse instead of better. First, it came out after Mr. Cooper's will was settled—he had died the year before—that John and his mother weren't rich any more. And then there was Linda's engagement to Bobbie Evans.

There was no connection between the two events, because Bobbie wasn't rich, either, though he was more aggressive than John. He was a bright and handsome young man from New York, who worked for the same steel company as John did.

Some people said Linda had just announced the engagement to jolt John into some action, but when John came home from a business trip to Cleveland with Edythe, with Edythe his bride, it could no (Continued on Page 84)

Illustrated by Don De Mauro

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A POST PICTURE STORY

OUR YEAR OF ESCAPE

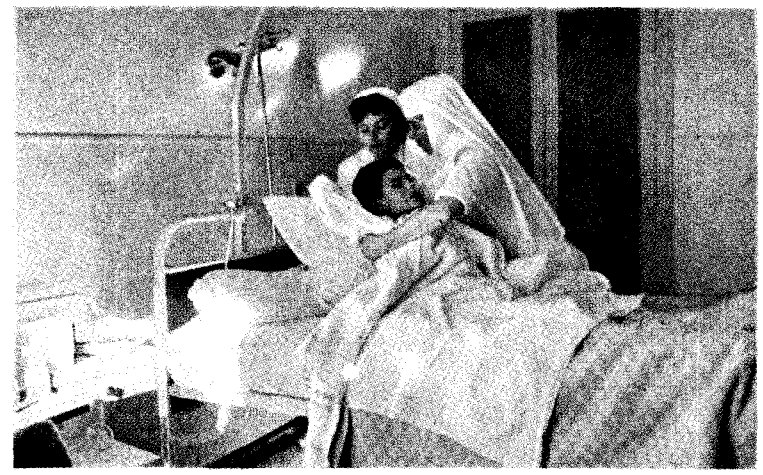
Photographs by Ira Spring
Text by Patricia Spring

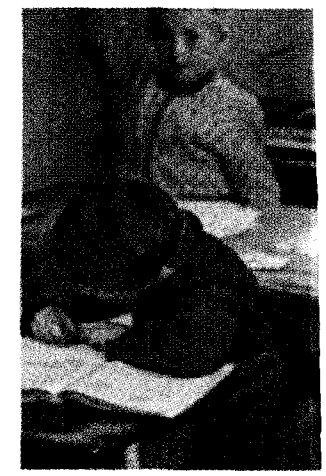
My husband, Ira, and I have always loved mountains. From the time we were married we had a dream of spending a whole year in the Alps. A year ago last September we finally made the dream come true—for us and our two children, eight-year-old John and six-year-old Victoria. All our planning and budgeting paid off when we left our home town of Edmonds, Washington, flew to Europe and rented a chalet in the French village of Les Praz, just two miles from the famous Alpine resort, Chamonix.

The dream-come-true did not disappoint us. We found ourselves in a world of sparkling snow, ice-bright peaks, blue glaciers and green foothills dotted with gingerbread chalets like our own. My husband, a professional photographer, set about preserving all this beauty on film, and the best of his pictures are reproduced on these pages.

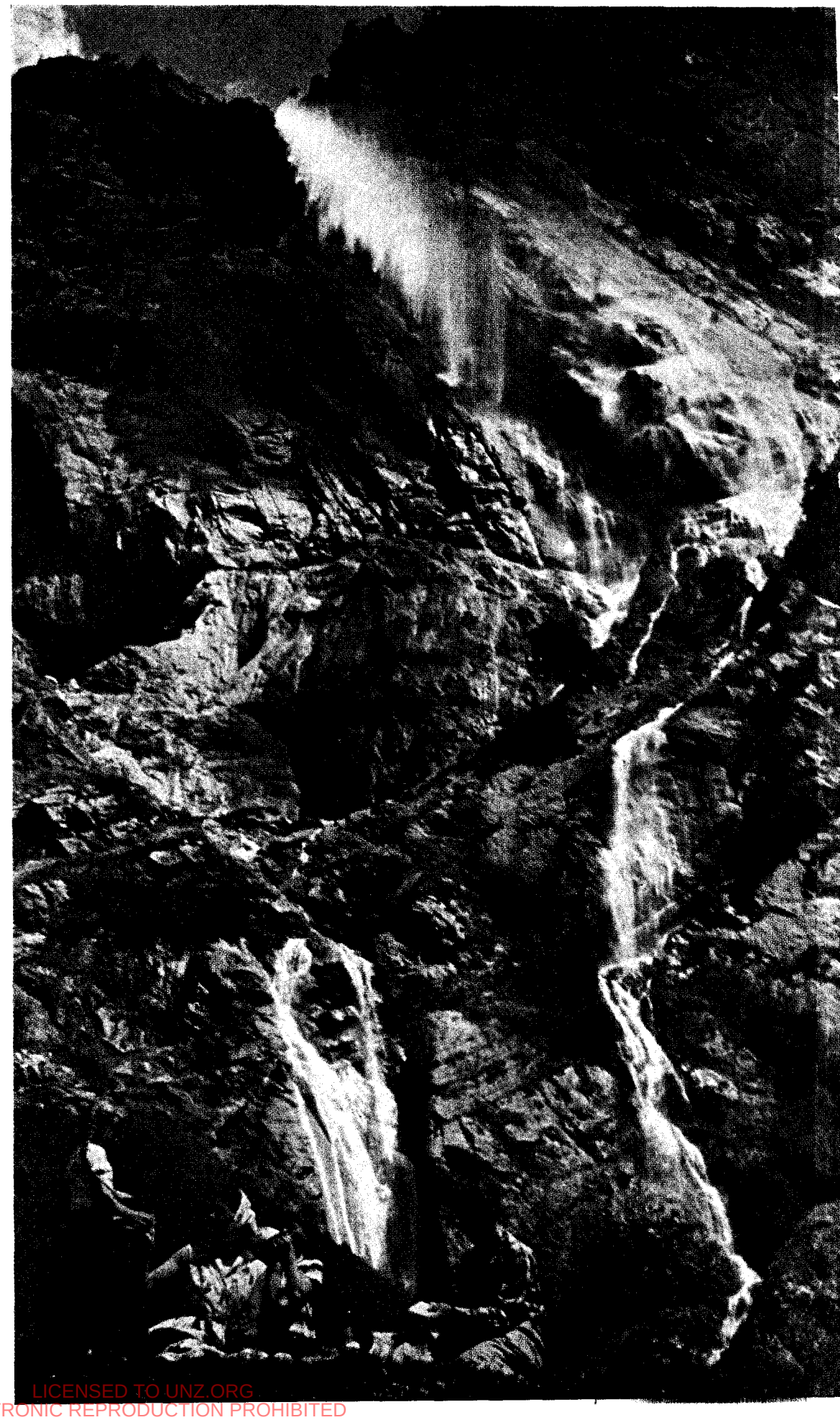
We enrolled our children in the thirty-student, one-room school of Les Praz. Neither their teacher, Mademoiselle Gruaz, nor any of their schoolmates spoke a word of English. Learning French proved a long and frustrating process for John and Vicky. Shortly after the first of the year, however, by some miracle of linguistic osmosis, they both began speaking fluent, if childish, French—and with a much better accent than their parents ever achieved.

Our chalet cost us only eighty dollars a month during the winter, or off-season. When summer came, the rent tripled, so we moved into a rough mountain cabin and spent the



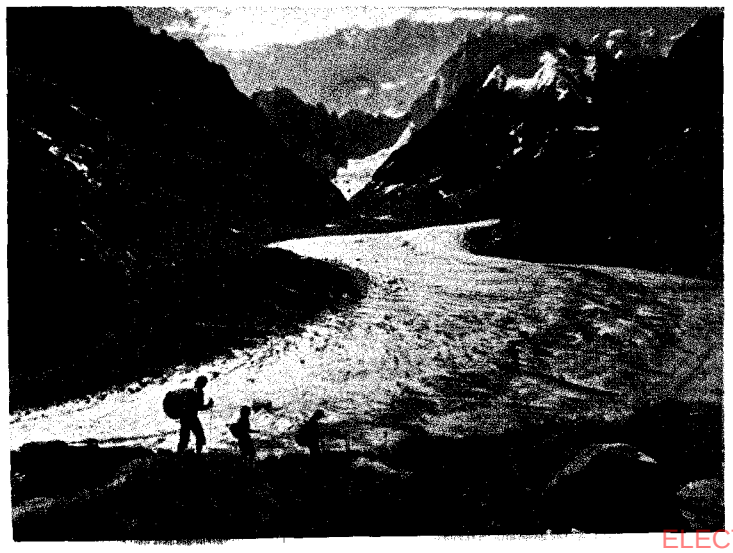


Nurse Paulette and Sister Gasparine took loving care of John, eight, in the hospital at Chamonix, where he was operated on for acute appendicitis.



Right: One of the joys of our Alpine life was the chance to picnic in such magnificent surroundings as these, near Cascade d'Arperaz.

Below: The children with me at the start of a climb up Mer de Glace, a live glacier that terminated near our chalet.



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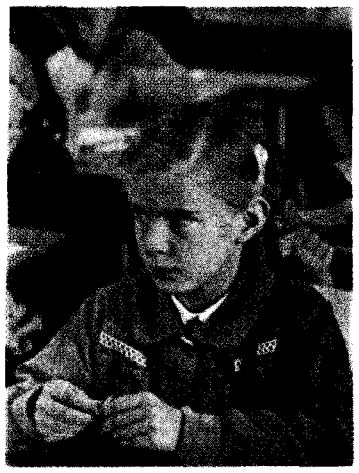


Vicky, foreground, wearing her red smock at the village school.

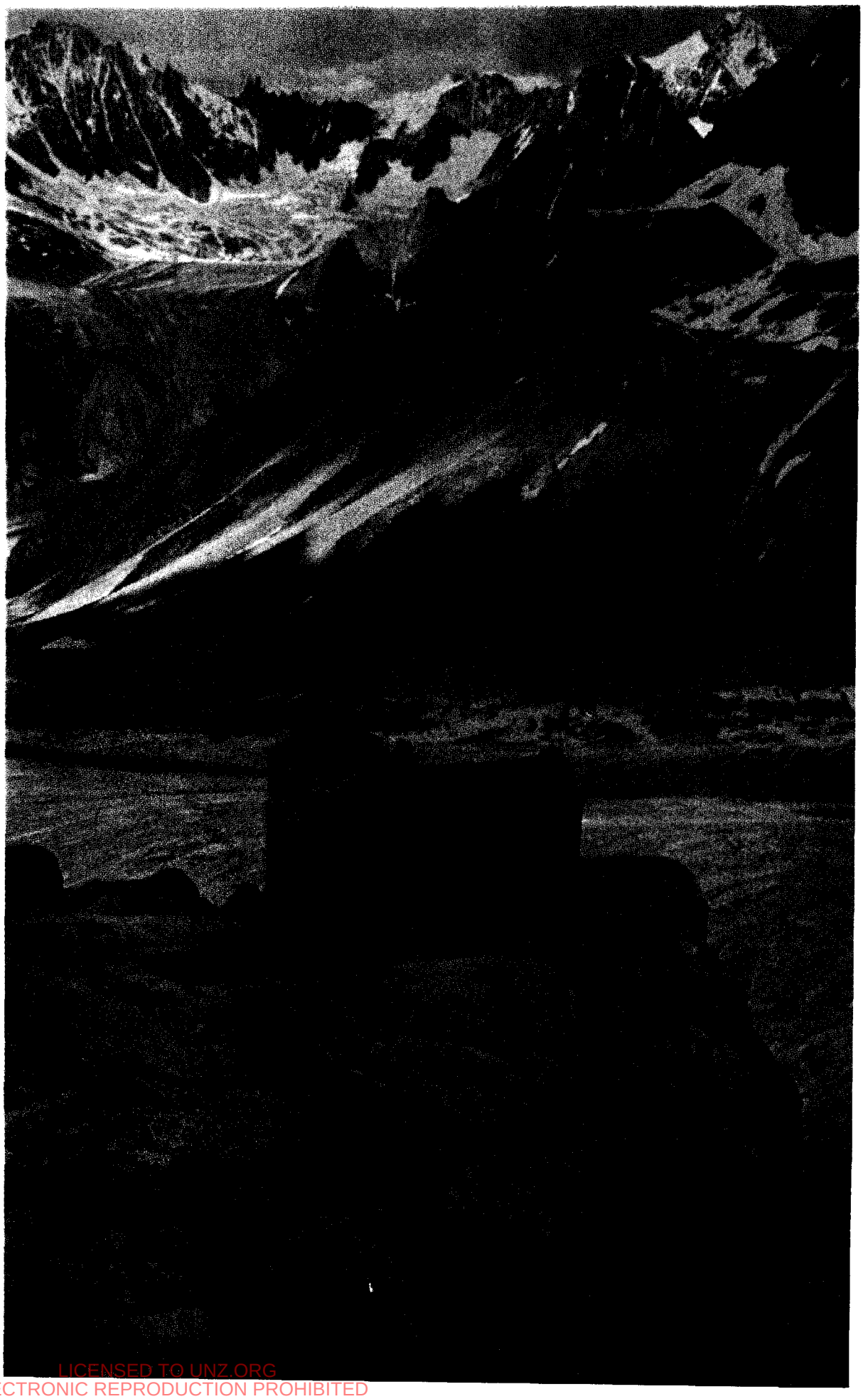
Vicky and John at the patisserie, where wonderful French pastries were offered. This shop had the greatest "eye appeal" in all Chamonix.

The bathing facilities were primitive in the mountain cabin we occupied during the tourist season.

warm months hiking and climbing. The chalet had been quite modern—with two bathrooms, a gas cooking stove and electric hot-water heater—although without a telephone, refrigerator or automatic washing machine. I did the laundry in a bathtub and, as long as it was cold enough, stored perishable foods out of doors. My single biggest problem was the daily ordeal of shopping. For years I had been accustomed to picking up prepackaged foods in self-service, all-in-one supermarkets. In Les Praz I discovered that even familiar items looked strange—if they were to be found at all—and that my own high-school French seldom seemed intelligible to the local merchants.

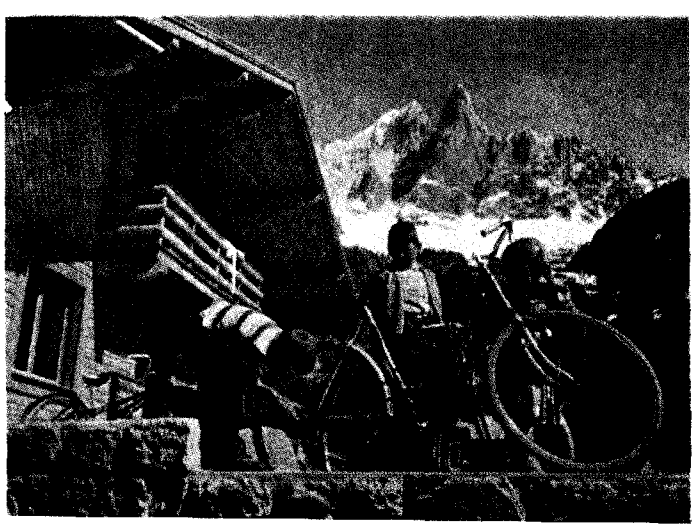
There was only one time when the language barrier proved really agonizing. In November John suffered an acute attack of appendicitis, and when he was operated on at the little hospital in Chamonix, Ira and I were unable to discuss his condition with the doctors or nurses. All the surgeon could tell us was that our son was "bad, very bad," quickly adding, "but not terrible." Nonetheless, peritonitis set in, and John stayed twenty-four days in the hospital. There he became a favorite of the nuns and nurses. He recovered in time to go skiing with the rest of us during the Christmas holidays.

We came home in time for the opening of school last fall—home to our own beloved American mountains, supermarkets and old friends. But equally beloved to Ira and me—and to John and Vicky—are the beautiful French Alps, the quaint shops of Les Praz and the new friends we made during our year of escape. THE END



Right: Refuge du Requin is one of several hundred small inns maintained in the Alps for the benefit of mountain climbers. Below it is Mer de Glace glacier.

Below: Our children with a French friend (center) on the terrace of the chalet we rented for nine months.



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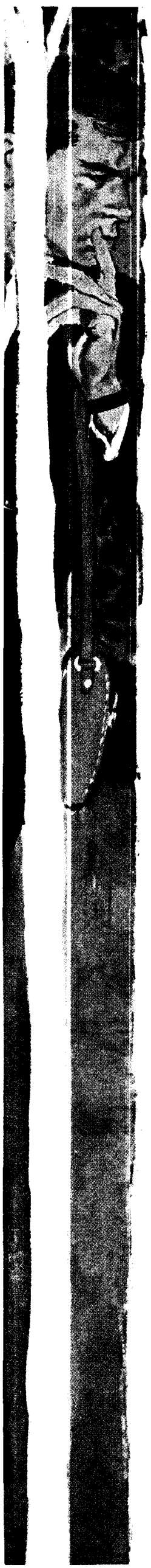

"For heaven's sake, *hush*," he said. "Do you want to scare the birds away?"

THE NIGHTINGALES IN CENTRAL PARK

By ROBERT A. KNOWLTON

As far as she was concerned, romance was *not* on the menu.

All over the city, at the hour when afternoon fades into evening, pretty girls are waiting for their men; but because pretty girls are New York's only surplus commodity, nobody ever notices them. They wait discreetly in hotel lobbies, self-consciously in cafés, impatiently in restaurants, wondering what office crisis has delayed him this time; and when he finally arrives, out of breath and filled with rueful apologies, the girls smile brightly and say they just that moment got there themselves. Pride is thereby assuaged and contact made, and the blessing is that no one has noticed their solitary ordeal, no one at all.

Laura Averill realized she could sit indefinitely in this comfortable white-leather-and chrome chair without attracting anybody's attention but the waiter's. In a way the knowledge was a comfort, but in another way it was depressing. She was well brought up and reasonably modest, and therefore happy to be inconspicuous. On the other hand, she knew without conceit that she was looking her best; and her trim, blond best, when wrapped in a genuine Mainbocher copy, was very good indeed.

She studied the mirror from her handbag, glancing up quickly each time the door opened. Other girls' men entered and hurried to other tables, but still no Brian; and this, she told herself, was a pity, because she had plans for Brian that went far beyond the dinner and theater he had promised. There was nothing specific about these plans, except their purpose. They were (Continued on Page 69)

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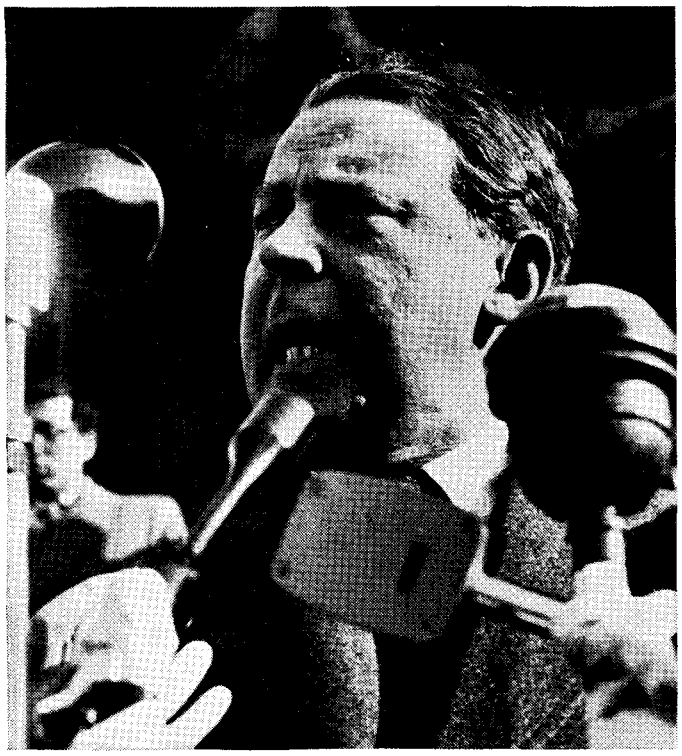

Hugh Gaitskell, pro-American leader of the Labor Party. Over his protest, the party voted to support unilateral disarmament.

London: Laborite rally against nuclear testing. Although the antibomb faction is in the minority, the Communists have succeeded in making disarmament an official policy of the Labor Party.

England's Confusion on the Left

Is the British Labor Party devouring itself in a Communist-backed "civil war"? A *Post* editor reports.

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

LONDON.

The rumblings set off in Great Britain by the announcement last November that a United States Polaris submarine base would be established in this country were not confined to the lunatic fringe. Coming from an important segment of the British public, these protests underscored the fact that Britain's whole approach to the cold war—based on her membership in NATO, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization—has recently come under sharp attack.

During the last few months a Communist-sponsored conspiracy to take Great Britain out of the Western alliance has made considerable headway here. Already the British Labor Party—Her Majesty's loyal opposition—is split from top to bottom on the issue of defense. To be or not to be protected by a nuclear deterrent is the question. Although the party's able chief, Hugh Gaitskell, was recently re-elected as party leader with 166 votes to 81 by the Labor Party members of the House of Commons, this does not mean that his pro-NATO policy has won the day. It means only that the party now speaks with two voices, each claiming to be the official one. For Labor's supreme body, the annual party conference, in its October, 1960, session adopted the principle of unilateral disarmament—calling for Britain's voluntary scrapping of her nuclear defenses and, by implication, her withdrawal from NATO.

Thus Britain's second-largest party, which, in the 1959 elections, polled an impressive 12,200,000 votes—or 43.8 per cent of the total—now stands with one foot in the neutral camp.

When I called on Mr. Gaitskell in his office in the House of (Continued on Page 67)

The 1960 Aldermaston March, a four-day demonstration by the C.N.D. (Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament.) Among the marchers was Canon John Collins (left), a crusading Anglican clergyman and a founder of the organization.

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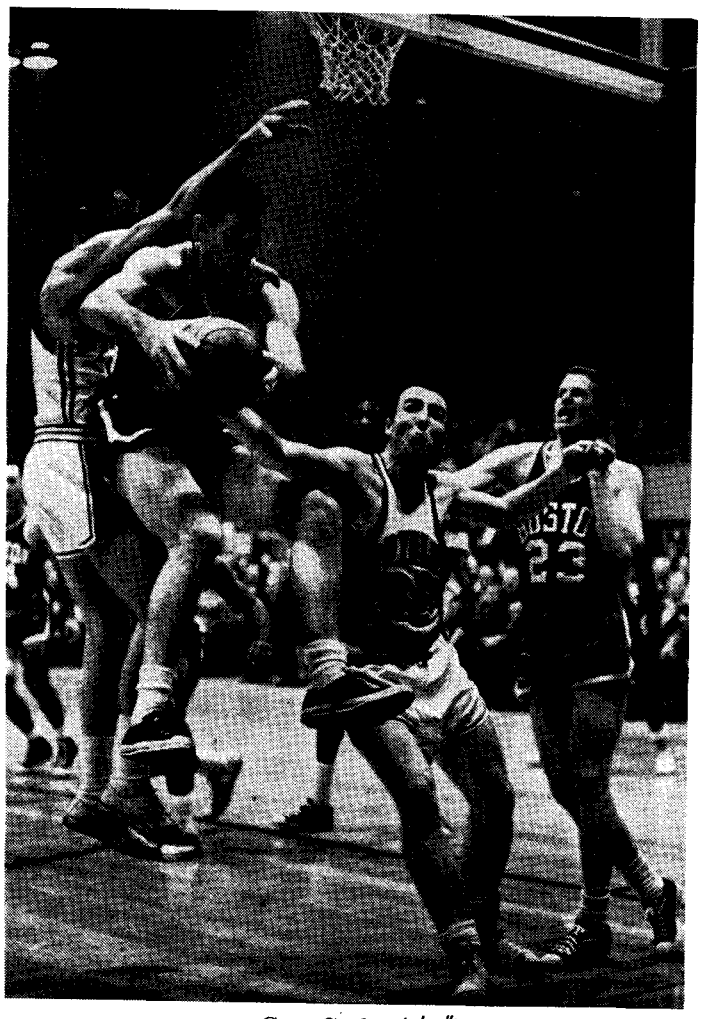
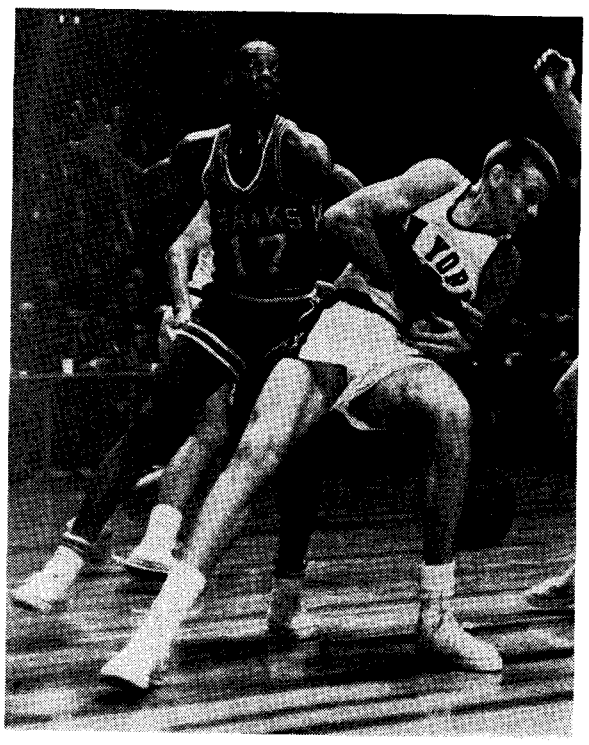
BATTLES UNDER THE BASKET



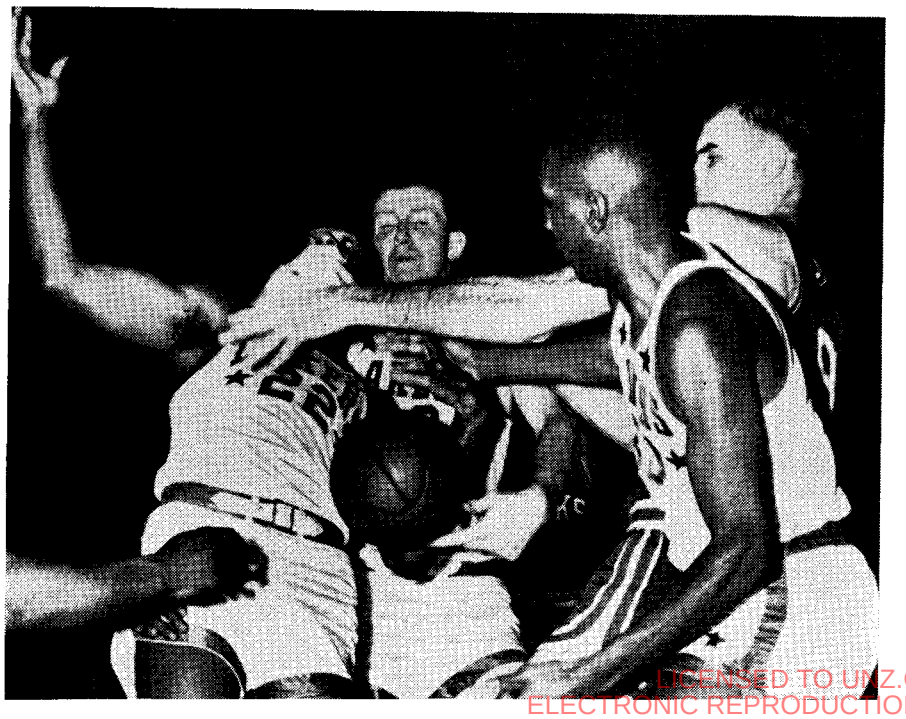
Gene Conley (6′ 8″) of the Boston Celtics, snaring a rebound during a game against Cincinnati last November. Mauling him in an attempt to get the ball are Jack Twyman (31) and Hub Reed of the Royals. Boston won, 120–103.

By Stanley Frank



"Bulk and sheer strength are more essential," says the author, "than height when opponents shove, sock and throw elbows." The combatants above are Si Green (17) of St. Louis and Darrall Imhoff of New York.

Who wins the big ones? Not the glamour boy who does the scoring, but the workhorse who trades elbows—and sometimes punches—to get the ball off the backboards.



Melee under the backboard. Left to right: Elgin Baylor, Jim Krebs and Alex Ellis of the Lakers, and Bob Pettit of the Hawks, risking lumps and lacerations for a rebound.

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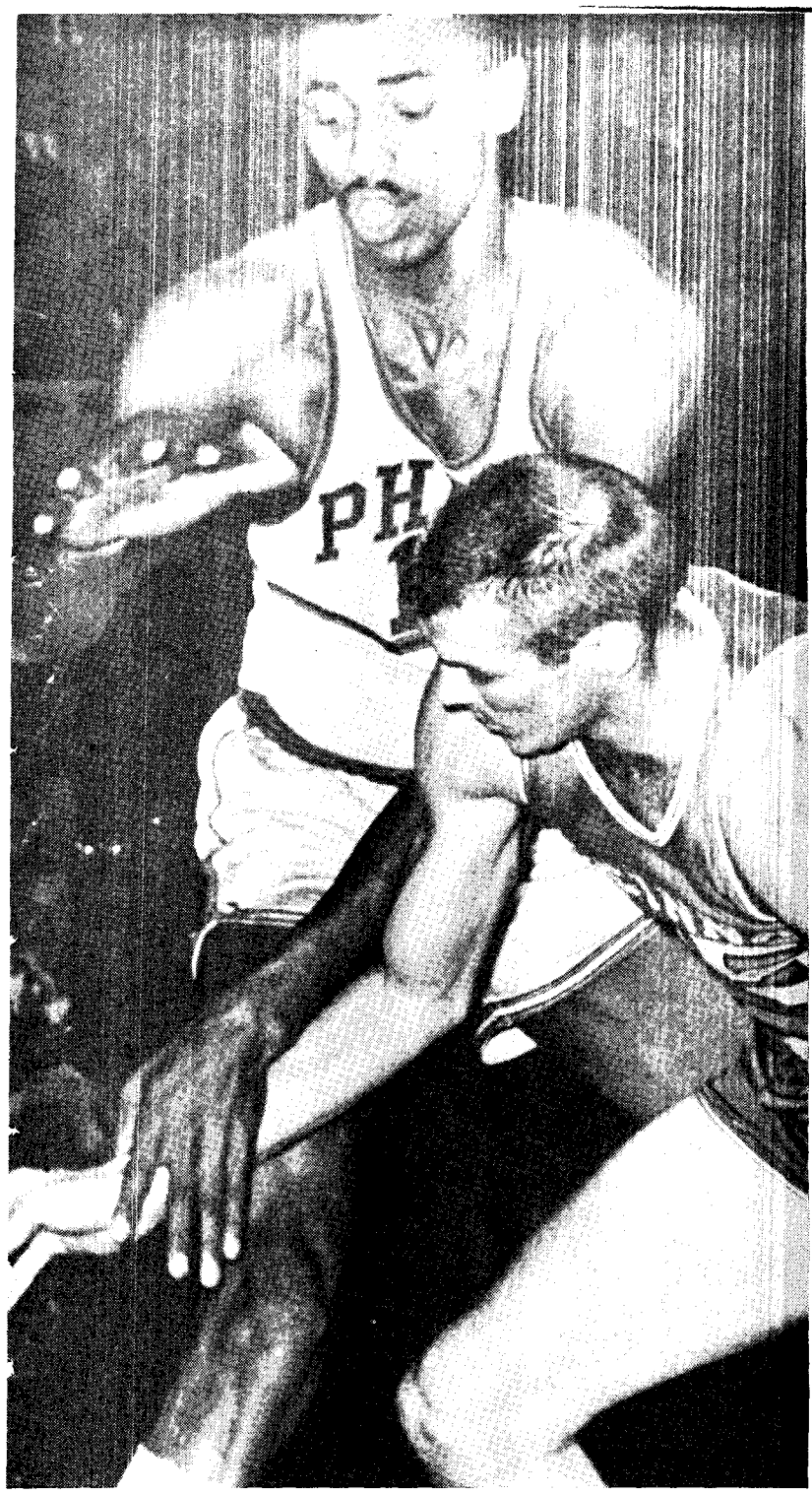
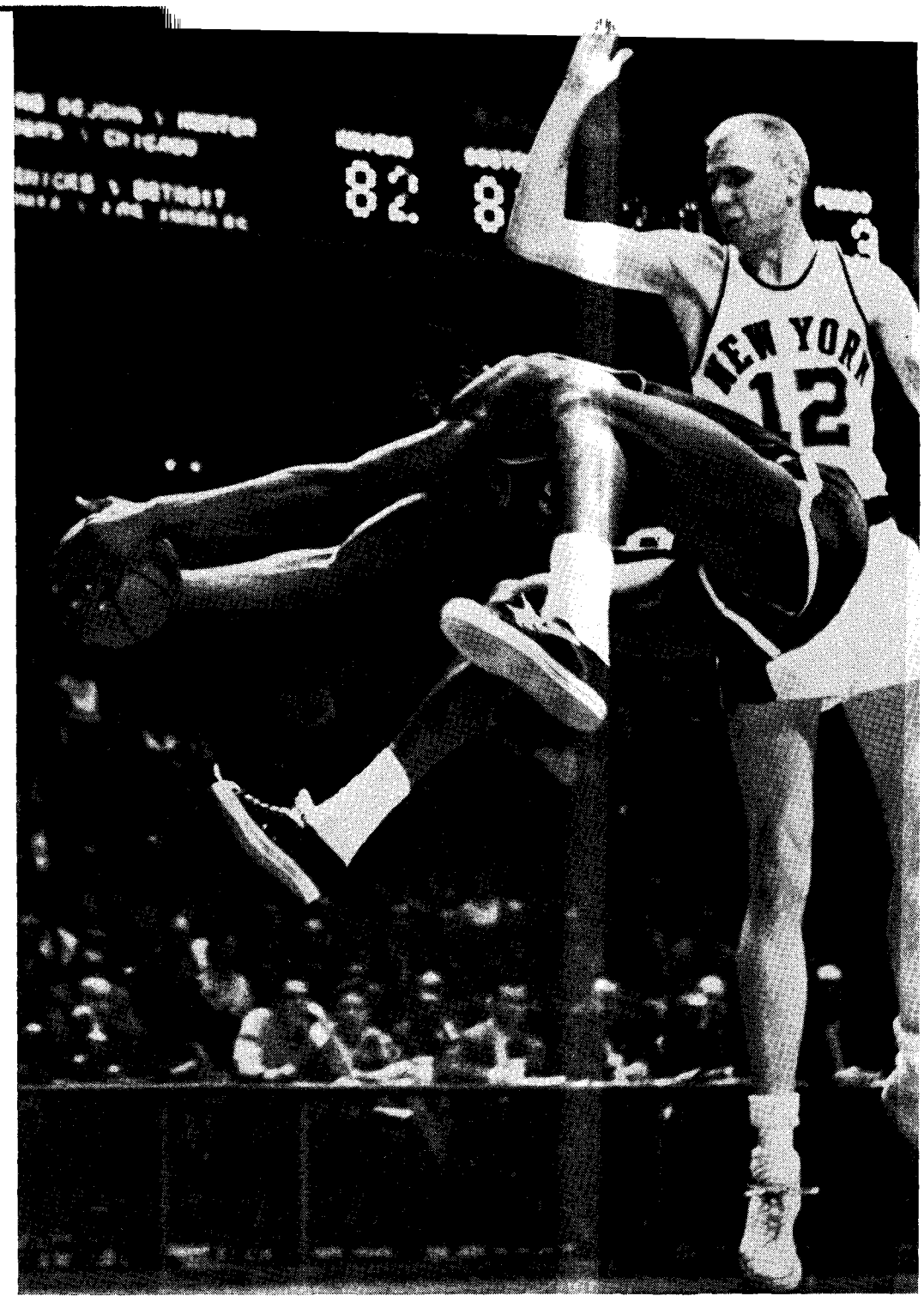


After a record-breaking rookie year, Philadelphia's Wilt Chamberlain (in white) quit pro basketball last March, claiming other players were roughing him up. But the 7′1″ giant rejoined the Warriors for this season.



Bill Russell (6′9″) of the Celtics, shown here leapfrogging to outmaneuver Kenny Sears of New York, is the acknowledged rebound artist of the N.B.A. Russell's forte is deceptive jockeying for position under the basket.

Elgin Baylor of the Los Angeles Lakers had just scored seventy-one points to set a new National Basketball Association scoring record in a game at Madison Square Garden last November, and reporters were clamoring for his reaction. Before answering their questions, however, he had one of his own.

"How many rebounds did I get tonight?" he asked. A rebound is, of course, the recovery of a missed shot taken by any player after it caroms off the backboard. Baylor was informed that he had captured an impressive twenty-five rebounds.

In the locker room of his victims, the New York Knickerbockers, Coach Carl Braun came out of shock, muttering, "The guy must've made a dozen baskets on rebounds of his own shots." The estimate was only a slight exaggeration. Baylor had scored seven field goals on follow-ups of shots that missed the mark, running over people to grab the ball and put it through the hoop at point-blank range.

"There's the tip-off on his reflexes and body control," Braun said morosely. "Baylor is only six-five"—the average height of players in the N.B.A. is six feet, six inches—"but he's a seven-footer when he goes up for a rebound. That's his greatest asset."

Among men who make their living in basketball, rebounding is a fixation that outweighs all other factors in the game. References to it in pregame strategy sound like interminable playbacks of the same phonograph record, and it even supersedes gripes about referees in post-mortems. The yardstick used by the pros in evaluating big men such as Bill Russell, Wilt Chamberlain and Bob Pettit is their effectiveness in "the snake pit," as the boys call the area under the basket.

"Rebounding is to basketball what pitching is to baseball," Red Auerbach, coach of the Boston Celtics, said recently. "It's seventy-five per cent of the game. A team can be loaded with the best shooters and playmakers in the world, but it won't come close to winning without a man who can get the ball for them. Look at my club. We had Cousy, Sharman and Macauley at their peaks, but we didn't win championships until we got Russell to control the backboards.

"In the pros we figure each rebound is worth a point. Every team hits an average of about forty per cent on its shots from the field. That means you have eight tenths of a point whenever you get possession of the ball. You pick up the other fraction on fouls the defense commits."

Fred Schaus, whose West Virginia University teams captured six consecutive Southern Conference championships before he switched to coaching the Lakers this season, says that rebounding is just as vital in college basketball. Schaus relates, "I checked the rebounds in 183 games played while I coached West Virginia, and the side with the most rebounds won ninety-two per cent of the games."

Although scorers still monopolize the big hurrahs, fans are increasingly aware of rebounders' importance. (Continued on Page 64)

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What would happen when the town found out how soft-hearted he really was?

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T KILL

By ROBERT MURPHY

If Mick Thomas had only thought of it, he would have remembered that Wednesday was a bad day to go to town; he always had troubles if he went to town on a Wednesday. He had even crossed out the Wednesdays on the calendar behind the stove, but he didn't look at the calendar or even think about it. He had no wife to bedevil him by remembering such matters, and he certainly wasn't going to remember them by himself. His life was too satisfactory to him; things were going very well; as the varmint catcher of the valley he had held off the hungry varmints of the winter season and even put an end to the fearsome depredations of Old One Eye, the most pestilential bobcat ever to descend upon the lamb crop. His fame spread far and wide, the end of Old One Eye had put the capstone on it, and he felt like going to town to be admired.

Broad as a barn door and almost as high, a very rugged-looking character, he finished shaving and touched up the scratches bestowed upon him by Old One Eye with Mercurochrome so that no one could overlook them. Then he put on his best red shirt and his best blue pants, set his Lone Ranger hat rakishly on his head at the proper angle and took off. Half a mile from the house he came to his fence, liberally sprinkled with No Trespassing signs, and found a ditchdigging machine and four men hard at work. The trench they had been digging ran back over the hill toward the highway, and there was a pipe in it; the ditch had just about reached the fence, and the men were wrestling a section of pipe into it to connect up with the pipe they had already laid.

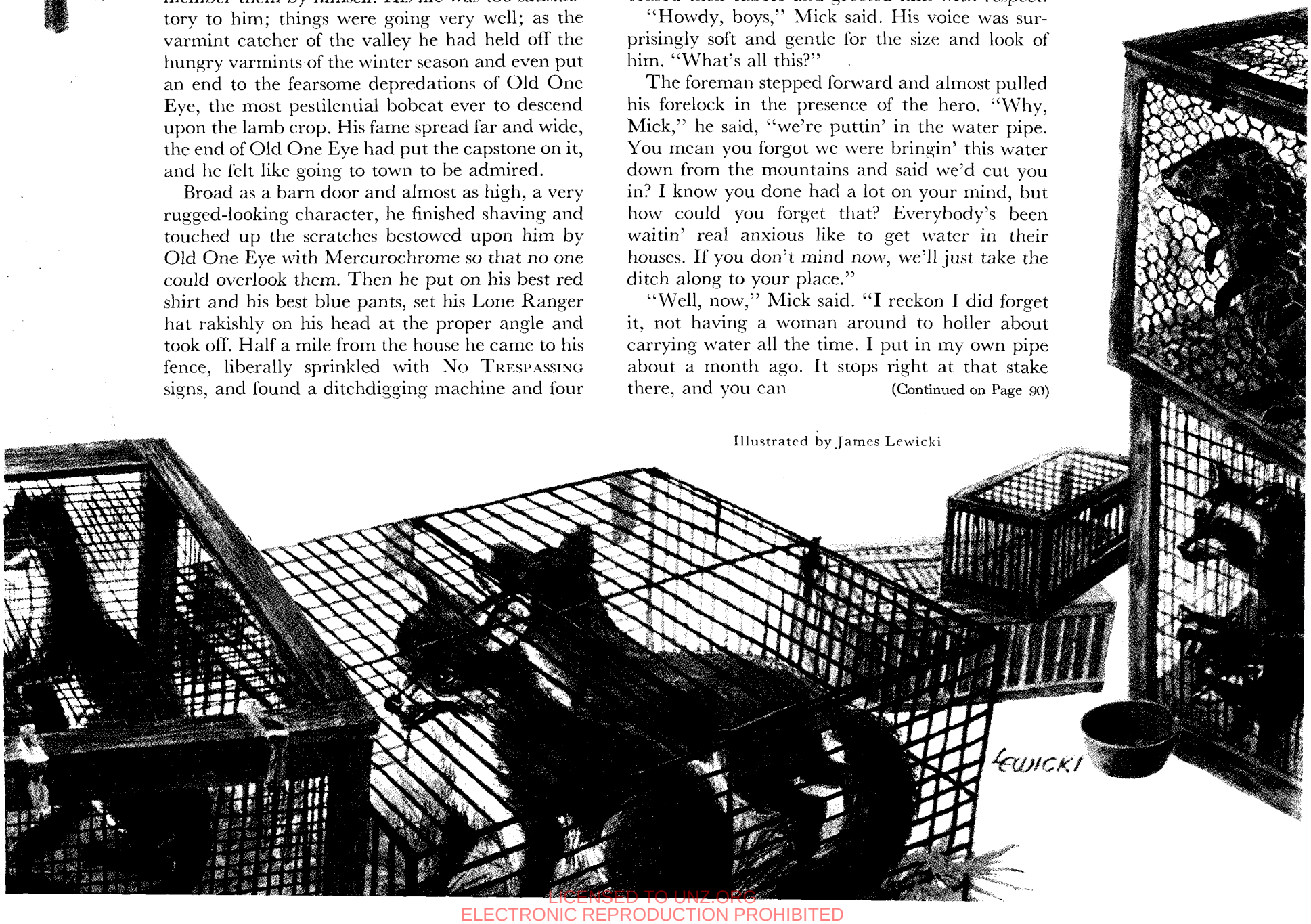
Mick stopped his car, got out and raised a large hand in salutation to the pipe crew. The men ceased their labors and greeted him with respect.

"Howdy, boys," Mick said. His voice was surprisingly soft and gentle for the size and look of him. "What's all this?"

The foreman stepped forward and almost pulled his forelock in the presence of the hero. "Why, Mick," he said, "we're puttin' in the water pipe. You mean you forgot we were bringin' this water down from the mountains and said we'd cut you in? I know you done had a lot on your mind, but how could you forget that? Everybody's been waitin' real anxious like to get water in their houses. If you don't mind now, we'll just take the ditch along to your place."

"Well, now," Mick said. "I reckon I did forget it, not having a woman around to holler about carrying water all the time. I put in my own pipe about a month ago. It stops right at that stake there, and you can (Continued on Page 90)

Illustrated by James Lewicki



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Frank Lloyd Wright: DEFIANT GENIUS

By FINIS FARR

1957: Many people honored Wright (above, with his daughter, Iovanna, and wife) on his 88th birthday.

CONCLUSION

The Years of Glory

How America's immortal architect finally achieved the unqualified recognition that had been persistently denied him.

One of the few men in the United States to whom the depression of 1929 made no difference was the great architect, Frank Lloyd Wright. He was already broke, deep in debt, out of work and about to see the bank take over his home and studio.

Wright's assets were not the sort that could be listed; nevertheless, they were invaluable, including as they did his genius, indestructible courage and energy, the loyal understanding of his third wife, Olgivanna, whom he had married in August, 1928, and the good will of friends, including Darwin D. Martin of Buffalo and Prof. Ferdinand Schevill of the University of Chicago, who incorporated Frank Lloyd Wright and pledged the shares as security. When the bank reached the point of putting Wright permanently off his land, these friends proved their quality by raising $75,000 in cash, and Frank Lloyd Wright again took possession of Taliesin, the great house he had built in the hills near Spring Green, Wisconsin. (Continued on Page 93)

A triumphant occasion for the once-reviled architect: A 1953 exhibit on "Sixty Years of Living Architecture—the Work of Frank Lloyd Wright."

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They were almost to the woods when Hiram said, "Now!" and threw back his head and yelled.

Caterwauling Company

By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

When Fox Company attacked, it let out the most hideous howling since the days of the Confederacy.

Fox Company was pretty unimpressed with Capt. Hiram Hill when he arrived early in October. Hiram was a replacement for Big Sam Briggle, who'd been killed in the Pruem fight just before the division had been pulled back here to rest and refit. Fox had liked and trusted Big Sam. It didn't know Hiram Hill from Adam's off ox. Sgt. Ringo France summed up the company's reaction.

"So, what do we get in Big Sam's place?" he asked bitterly the evening that Hiram showed up. "A prissy little four-eyed galoot with a toothbrush mustache an' dyspepsia!"

Ringo was platoon sergeant of the second platoon, and he was talking to Spike Kelly, one of the BAR men, as the two sat in a cowshed drinking the beer that Ringo had promoted from somewhere. The company had been billeted here at this farm for a week.

"How you know he's got dyspepsia, sarge?" Spike asked interestedly. "You ask him, or did he tell you?"

Ringo grunted. "I didn't need to ask him—you can always tell them dyspepsia kind. They take pills, an' they got a disposition meaner than a rattlesnake in August. The little ones are the worst. This one's a little one."

"I seen him goin' into the C.P.," Kelly said thoughtfully. "He had a kind of a preacher look. You suppose they run out of doughfeet captains an' send us a chaplain instead?"

"He ain't a preacher," Ringo said. "He's worse. He's a (Continued on Page 46)

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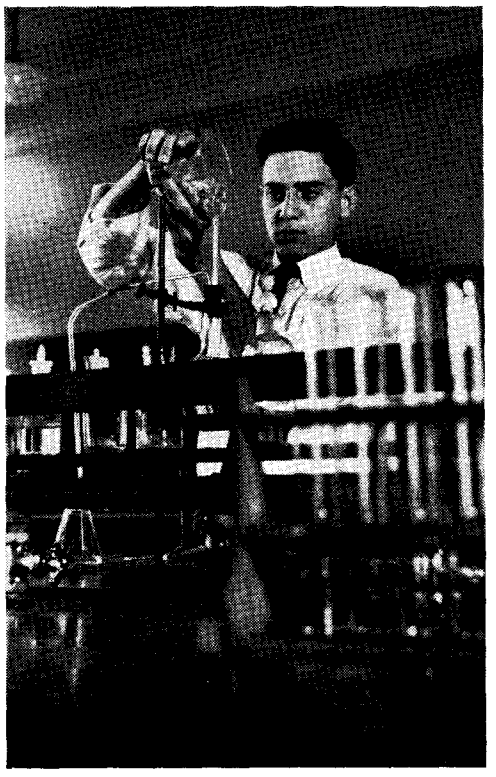
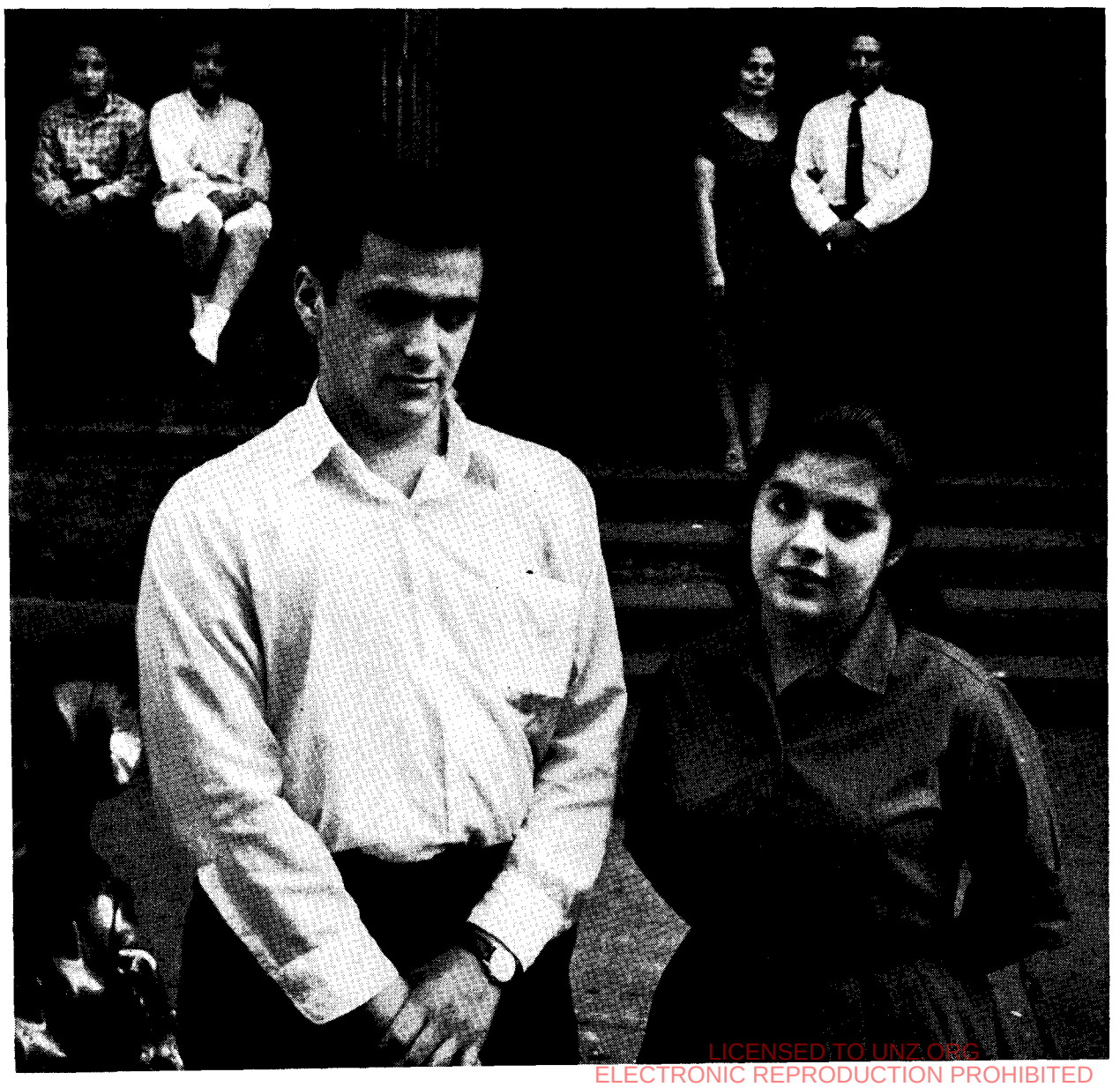
A Road Out of the Slums

A report on New York City's bold attempt to provide culture for under-privileged children.



Hector Motroni (right), a 16-year-old from Cuba, is now a top student at George Washington High School. But before he joined Higher Horizons, he could barely speak English.

Below: The Rodriguez family. Both Joseph (foreground), 17, and his sister Sarah, 15, have taken part in the Project. "It has taken me places I never could have dreamed of going on my own," Sarah says.



By CARL T. ROWAN

Four years ago Hector Motroni was a bewildered lad of twelve, groping about in a confusing new world. With his mother and brother, he had just left Cuba to begin a new life in the United States.

Hector's father was dead. His mother had been supporting the family on twenty dollars a week. Cuba was wading deeper into political chaos. Surely, the Motronis figured, there was more hope in the States. They moved into a New York City neighborhood that some would call a melting pot, others a slum—a neighborhood crowded with Puerto Ricans, Negroes, Chinese; people of many creeds, and a variety of immigrants trying to find their place under the sun.

Someone assured Hector that there is a treasury of hope in the United States, but that education is the key to it. So while Mrs. Motroni supported the family on a new fifty-dollar-a-week job as a garment worker, Hector concentrated on studies. But like thousands of other youngsters in the big-city schools of America, Hector Motroni was in trouble. "I didn't understand anything," he recalls. "In Cuba we learned everything by memory, nothing by understanding. And my English was horrible. I thought I could never learn English."

Intelligence tests indicated Hector was "normal," but his language and family economic problems were such that he might easily have drifted in mediocrity until he quit or was pushed out of high school. But Hector is not drifting in mediocrity today. He is one of the top juniors at Manhattan's George Washington High School. Hector's enthusiasm and determination enable him to achieve at a level far greater than youngsters with no language handicap who score several points higher on I.Q. tests. He gets grades of ninety-five in English and is almost a cinch to go to college—on a scholarship and on the money he earns working weekends.

Hector Motroni doesn't hesitate when you ask how he was helped. "It was the Project," he says. If you stay around George Washington long enough, you'll hear many more students praise "the Project."

A pretty, slender girl whose parents divorced when she was seven says, "The Project got me out of the candy store where I wasted a whole year; it talked my father into putting his foot down and making me straighten up. Now I'm going to be a lawyer. I'm real grateful."

A dimple-cheeked Negro girl says, "I had a real inferiority complex, I guess. I figured I was so uncultured. The Project took me to operas and Broadway plays. Now I can meet

Photographs by Larry Fried

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"I thank God for this Project," says Henry Hillson (above), principal of George Washington High School, "for it would be a pity to waste these youngsters."

Right: Mrs. Marion Scully prepares her class for a trip to the theater. Other outings include concerts, the opera—and even first visits downtown.

and converse with educated, cultured people without trembling with fear."

Just what is "the Project"? It is probably the boldest, most far-reaching attempt in the nation to lift the horizons of youngsters whose drive and ambition have been stifled by the cultural and economic poverty of the neighborhoods in which they live. They are the slum kids—Negroes, Puerto Ricans, American Indians, the foreign-born—children of the "blackboard jungle" where, heretofore, no one has really tried to identify and to motivate youngsters of potentially great achievement. *Higher Horizons*, which is the name New York's Board of Education uses for the Project, is their chance.

In just four years the Project has shown that where educators are willing—and have a surprisingly small amount of money and personnel with which to work—they can make proud, ambitious citizens out of potential street-gang members, taxpayers out of candidates for relief and welfare rolls, and Ivy League students out of boys who, unaided, might become alumni of Sing Sing. (Continued on Page 87)

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Some Current Song Hits in Russia

ROSE OF NIZHNEUDINSK
HOW MUCH IS THAT BORZOI IN THE WINDOW?
HARD-HEARTED FEODOROVNA FROM TOMAKOVKA, UKRAINE
HOW YA GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM? (After They've Seen Smolensk)
WAY DOWN YONDER IN BORISOGLEBSK
ALEKSANDROV'S RAGTIME BAND
THE SIDEWALKS OF DAUGAVPILS
WHEN THE SWALLOWS COME BACK TO DNEPRODZERZHINSK
CHISTYAKOVO CHOO CHOO
BABY, IT'S COLD OUTSIDE! (The Answer Is Nyet!)

VERNON H. KURTZ

I Remember Me

Told and retold,
The deeds of my youth
Glitter like gold
Untarnished by truth.

SHELDON WHITE

"I told you to put the hose away before winter."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

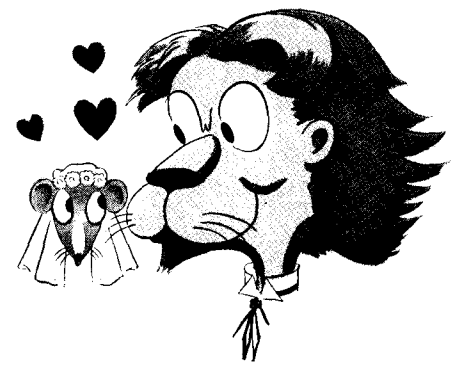
Watch for Alterations

Will she criticize his taste?
Fight with his relations?
Nag at him about his job
Or scorn his avocations?

Will she rage if, on his way
From work, in bars he's tarried?
You can bet your life she won't;
Not until they're married.

SUZANNE DOUGLASS

Mein Grossfader's Fable Tellen



Der Wedden Mit das Lion und der Mouse

Ein fraulein mouse ben gnawen der netten und helpen ein lion mit escapen. Das lion ben offeren der thanken und announceń, "Meinself ist granten der wishen mitout refusen."

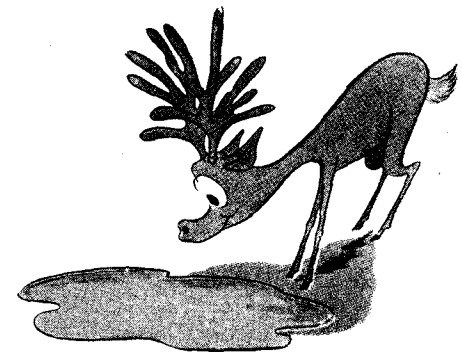
Ach! Der mouse ben ein socialisch climber! "Ich ben wanten der wedden mit das king ober beasters," der mouse ben squeaken.

"Mit meinself?" das lion ben asken. "Ist lions liken micers?"

"Ja, lions ist liken micers," der mouse ben answeren.

Das lion ben proclaimen ein wedden. Der kinfolkers ben arriven, und der revelen mit feasten ben starten. Mein gootness! Der lions ben indeedisch liken der micers!

DER LESSON: Halfen der world nicht ben knowen how der remainen half ist tasten.



Das Deer und der Image

Ein deer ben watchen das reflecten in der wasser mit admiren der spreadisch antlers. Das deer ben also sneeren mit scornen der spindlisch legs.

Mitout warnen, ein hunter ist upcomen! Ach! Das deer ben departen mit grosser leapen und outrunnen der hunter. Suddenisch der outspreaden antlers ben uptanglen mit ein thicket, und das headlongisch flighten ben halten!

"Himmel!" das deer ben moanen. "Ich ben ein dummkopf mit scornen mein legs and admiren mein antlers. Der schtunken antlers nicht been deserven das admiren!"

Das deer ist mistooken. Insiden ein week der legs ben forgotten und der antlers ist receiven das admiren.

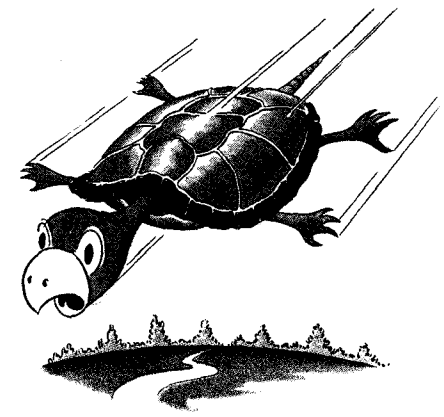
DER LESSON: Hunters ben seldomisch hangen legs ober ein fireplatz.

Der Travelers und das Bear

Ein cowardisch traveler und ein bravisch traveler ben walken closer besiden ein forest. Suddenisch ein grosser bear ben appearen mit snarlen und droolen mit hunger!

Der coward ben ober-gerunnen mit climben ein tree. Der bravisch traveler ben flatten gefallen on der ground mit holden der breathen. Himmel! Das bear ben sniffen mit thinken der sprawlen bravisch traveler ist deadisch! In der meantimen, das coward ben sitten in der treetoppen mit quakisch tremblen. Ist das bear upclimben der tree und catchen der coward? Ach, nein!

DER LESSON: Bears nicht ben liken das exercisen after der eaten.



Das Turtle und der Eagle

Ein oldisch turtle ben upfedden mit crawlen und deciden der selfer ist liken der flyen. "Ich ben offeren ein potfullen mit jewels iffen ein bird ist tooken meinself on der flighten," das turtle ben announcen.

Ein strongisch eagle ben accepten der offer und uppen-gesailen mit holden das turtle. Rounderbouten und ober der countrysiden der flyen ben proceeden. Finalisch, der eagle ben requesten das potfullen mit jewels.

"Ach! Meinself ben fibben," das turtle ist admitten.

Ist der eagle ben angrisch? Nein! Der eagle ben asken iffen das turtle ist enjoyen der flyen.

"Ja," das turtle ben answeren. "Flyen ist goot."

Der thoughtfulisch eagle ben loosenturnen der grippen und das turtle ist flyen all by der selfer!

DER LESSON: Teachen ein oldisch turtle newisch trickers ben simplisch.

DAVE MORRAH

To the Ranter on the Rostrum

Your topic was timely,
Your form was tiptop
But, sir, dare I whisper
A hint?
You came to so many
Good places to stop—
And you din't!

ETHEL JACOBSON

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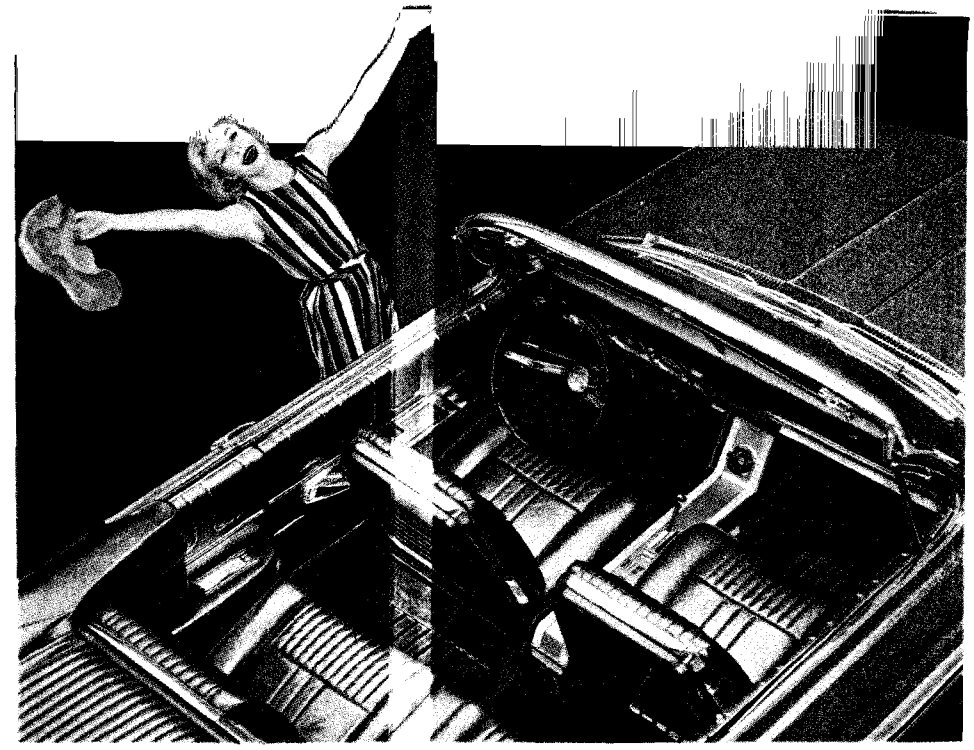
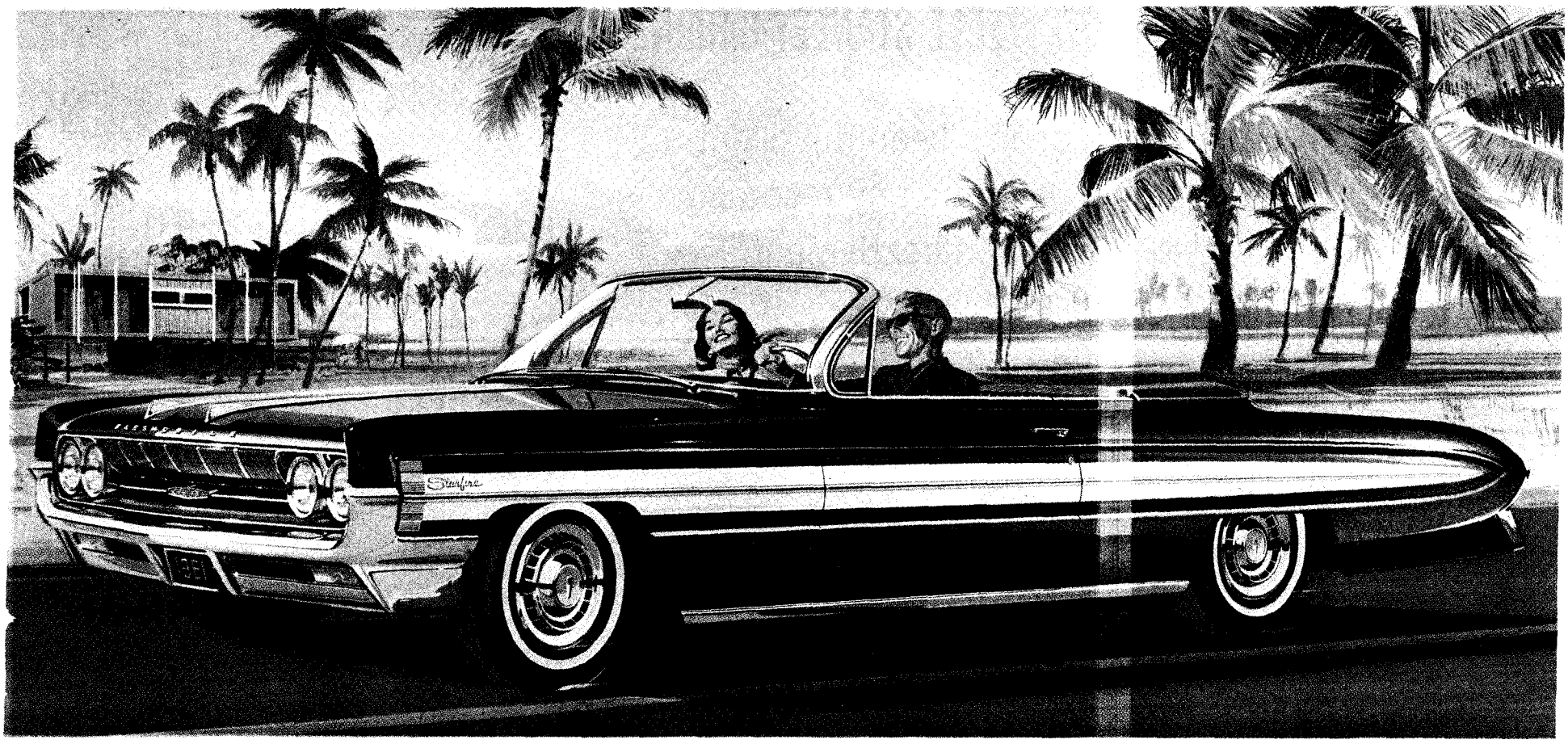
Announcing...a new
high-performance
limited-edition
sports convertible

Starfire

by OLDSMOBILE



Spectacular! Top-grain leather interior . . . with contoured bucket seats.



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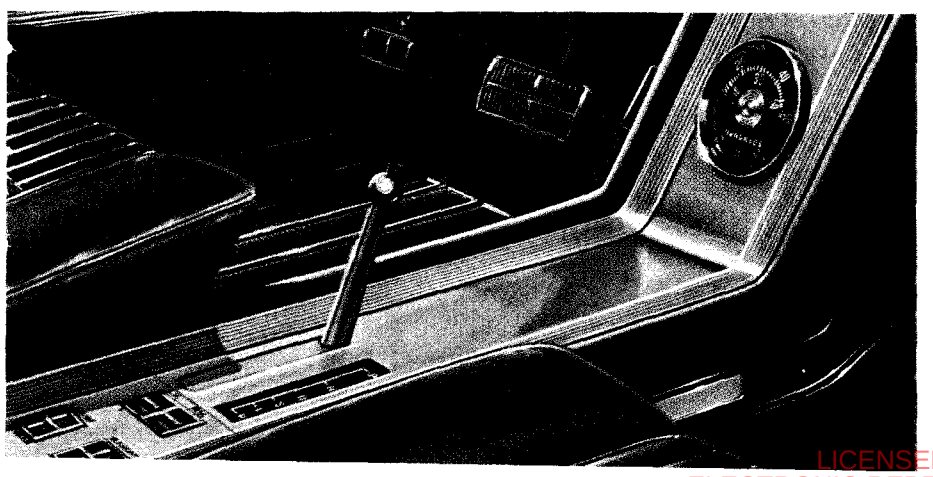

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In an instant you know . . . *this car is unique!* Precision-engineered

—with ultra-high compression, high-speed camshaft,

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THE CASE OF THE SPURIOUS SPINSTER

BY ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Had Mason's beautiful client stolen the company records to conceal embezzlement?

Amelia Corning, owner of the Corning Mining, Smelting and Investment Company, came back from South America two days earlier than expected. It was Saturday; the only person in the company's main office was Sue Fisher, secretary to Endicott Campbell, the company manager.

Miss Corning, confined to a wheel chair because of arthritis, asked Sue to help her examine the company's records. She said she wanted to inspect the books while Endicott Campbell was away from the office.

Sue suspected something was wrong. Earlier that day she had found thousands of dollars in a shoe box belonging to Campbell. She discovered the money in the box while Campbell's young son was playing with it.

Sue knew she needed help. She looked in the telephone book for the listing of Perry Mason, attorney at law.

II

The directory gave his office address and telephone number, together with a note in parentheses, "For night number call Drake Detective Agency."

The number of the Drake Detective Agency was given, and Susan dialed the number. When the switchboard operator there said, "This is the Drake Detective Agency," Susan was sufficiently nervous to start pouring words into the telephone without giving the operator time to answer.

"I must see Mr. Mason," she said. "I've got to see him tonight at once. This is a very important matter. This number is listed as Mr. Mason's night number and ——"

"Just a minute," the operator cut in finally, "and I'll let you talk with Mr. Drake himself. He happens to be here in the office at the moment."

A moment later a man's voice said, "This is Paul Drake talking. Now, what seems to be the trouble?"

Again Susan poured words into the line.

Drake started asking questions, and almost before she knew it the calm competency of his voice soothed her nerves, and she found herself giving a fairly consistent résumé of the events of the day.

"Where are you now?" Drake asked.

She told him.

"All right," Drake said. "I'll try and get in touch with Mr. Mason and call you back. Wait there until you hear from me."

Susan Fisher hung up the telephone, dashed to the bathroom and put fresh powder and rouge on her face, was just touching her mouth with lipstick when again the phone rang. She hurried to the phone, picked it up and said "Yes?" expectantly.

The voice that came over the wire was that of Endicott Campbell.

"Susan," he said, "what the devil! I've been trying to ring you and your line has been busy. I want to get this straight—where is Miss Corning?"

"At her suite in the Arthenium Hotel."

"You say she went over company records?"

"She had me up there all day."

"I don't like that."

"I didn't like it either," Sue Fisher said. "She wants to see you at the hotel at exactly eight-forty-five."

"Very well," Endicott Campbell said, "and I want to meet you at the office at exactly eight o'clock."

"I don't think I can be there."

"Why not?"

"Because I have an appointment."

"Cancel it."

"I can't be there at eight o'clock."

"Very well," Campbell said. "I will meet you in the lobby of the Arthenium Hotel at eight-thirty on the dot. I will give you that much time to break your engagement and straighten out your affairs so that you can cope with the situation in the event of an emergency. If you are not there, it will be equivalent to your resignation."

He hung up the phone without saying good-by.

A few moments later the phone rang. It was the soothing, masculine voice again. "Paul Drake talking," the detective said. "Mr. Mason and his confidential secretary, Miss Street, are dining at the Candelabra Café. They expect to be finished by eight o'clock. Mr. Mason said that if it is a matter of very great importance, he will arrange to see you there at eight."

"But that's right near the Arthenium Hotel!" Susan Fisher exclaimed.

"That's right."

"Oh, I'll be there. I'm so grateful. I—oh, please tell Mr. Mason I can't thank him enough."

Della Street, looking over the rim of her demitasse, said in a low voice, "Unless my judgment of facial expressions is in error, the young woman who just entered the place unescorted and is now standing by the reservations desk is the one who telephoned Paul Drake and is so concerned about the dishonest management of the company where she works."

Mason, who had his back to the entrance, said, "Give me a run-down, Della."

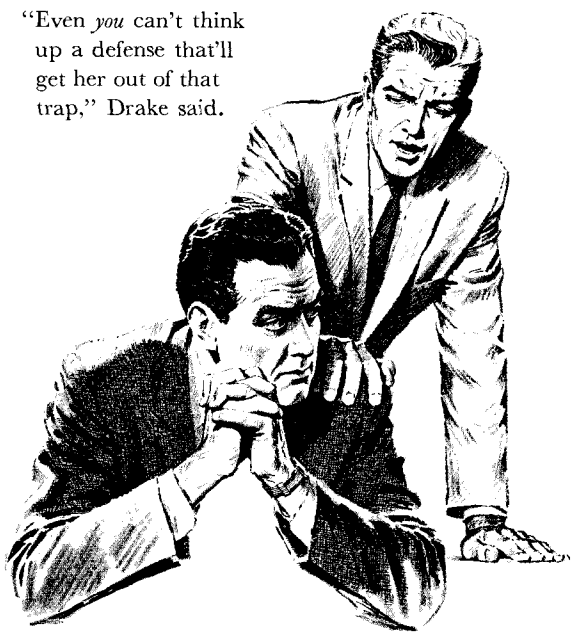
"I don't know how much she makes," Della Street said, "but if she's on a secretarial salary, I would say that the clothes she's wearing indicate she's alone in the world. She knows how to wear her clothes too. She's neat—what you'd call well groomed."

"What color hair?"

"Darkish. Not coal black. Sort of a dark chestnut."

"Eyes?" Mason asked.

"Rather dark. You can't get the color from here. Either black or dark brown. She's a little



"Even *you* can't think up a defense that'll get her out of that trap," Drake said.

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lady. She's nervous, but making a determined effort to be self-contained. Oh-oh, she's got the headwaiter now. Here she comes."

The headwaiter said apologetically, "The young woman says she has an appointment, Mr. Mason."

Mason arose.

Della Street said, "Are you Susan Fisher?" and, when the other nodded, extended her hand. "I'm Della Street, Mr. Mason's confidential secretary, and this is Mr. Mason."

"Won't you sit down?" Mason invited.

"I—I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Mason. I shouldn't have disturbed you at dinner, but this is a matter of the greatest importance."

"All right," Mason said, "let's hear what it's all about. Would you like a dessert, a liqueur, some coffee? I take it you've dined?"

"Yes. I had a snack—I have to be in the lobby of the Arthenium Hotel in exactly thirty minutes."

"Well, then," Mason said, "perhaps you hadn't better waste time with coffee. Just sit down here and tell me everything that happened."

It took Susan Fisher ten full minutes of rapid conversation to describe the events of the day. When she had finished, Mason's eyes narrowed. He glanced at his wrist watch. "Well," he said, "there isn't time to head things off."

"What do you mean? There's almost twenty minutes. There ——"

"No," Mason said, "I meant to get witnesses for the contents of the shoe box."

"You think we should have?"

Mason nodded. "I think you should have had a witness as soon as you discovered what was in the box."

"Why?"

"You don't know how much was in there," Mason said. "Neither does anyone else."

"I know, but the shoe box is intact in the safe."

"Who knows it's intact?"

"Why, I do. I. . . ." Her dismayed voice trailed away into silence.

"Exactly," Mason said. "*You* know that the box is intact, but suppose someone should claim there's two thousand dollars missing?"

"Yes," she said. "I see your point."

"Particularly in case that someone should want to discredit you," Mason said. "Apparently you have information about irregularities in the company. Under those circumstances some guilty party might very well try to involve you first."

Mason abruptly signaled the waiter. "I think we'll get over to the Arthenium Hotel as early as possible," Mason told Susan.

"Then you'll—you'll represent me?"

Mason nodded. "At least to the extent of looking into it."

She let her fingers close gratefully on his wrist. "Oh, Mr. Mason, I can't tell you what it means to me. I'm beginning to realize—well, this could have quite a blowup, and I —— Gosh, I am in rather a vulnerable position as far as that money is concerned."

"Carleton is too young to have counted it?"

"Heavens, yes."

"How much money would you say was in the box?"

"I don't know. It was a shoe box just crammed full of hundred-dollar bills. That could be quite a large amount, I take it."

"Before you go too far with this thing," Campbell said, "it might interest you to know that I am considered a very good boxer."

Mason nodded. The waiter brought the check. Mason signed it and nodded to Della Street.

"It's only a block," Mason said. "There's no use getting the car out. We'll walk."

They left the café, and as they walked over to the lobby of the hotel, Mason said, "Now, when we walk in, introduce me to Campbell as your lawyer if he's there. If he isn't, introduce me to him as soon as he walks in and then let me do the talking."

"He'll resent that," Susan Fisher warned.

"I know he will," Mason said. "But he's going to resent me anyway, and I think you need someone to represent you right from the start."

"But after all, Mr. Mason, Miss Corning is the real boss. I thought I should explain that to him and then perhaps we should wait to see if he accuses me of ——"

"That's not what I'm thinking of at all," Mason said. "I'm thinking of that shoe box full of money."

"Well, it's there in the safe and ——"

"How do you know it's there?" Mason asked.

"Why, I left it there and closed and locked the safe."

"And," Mason said, "if Endicott Campbell simply decided to go to the office, open the safe, take out the shoe box full of money and place it where it would never be seen again, you haven't any way on earth of proving that the shoe box was ever there."

"Do you think he'd do that?" she asked.

"I don't know," Mason said, "but when a man has a shoe box full of hundred-dollar bills in his closet, I take rather a dim view of his integrity, and the Internal Revenue Service shares my doubts. . . . Well, here we are. Let's go in."

Susan Fisher, speechless with apprehension, walked through the door as Mason held it open for her. Della Street squeezed Susan's arm with her fingers. "It's all right, Miss Fisher," she said. "Just have confidence in Mr. Mason. He was simply trying to tell you the reason he wanted to conduct the conversation."

"But heavens," Susan Fisher said, "he—of course, Mr. Campbell wouldn't do a thing like that; but if he did ——"

"Exactly," Della Street said. "If he did, then what?"

"I don't know," Susan Fisher conceded.

"See him here?" Mason asked as they looked around the lobby.

She shook her head. "But one thing's certain," she said. "He's going to have to be here right on the dot at eight-forty-five. That's the time Miss Corning said for him to be here, and she explained she didn't want him even as much as a minute late."

They waited until eight-forty. Mason said impatiently. "I want to talk with him before he goes up to see her. I want to see what his attitude is going to be. We're going to have to reach an understanding. Then, while he's up there, we'll go to the company office, you can open the safe, we'll inventory the cash in that shoe box ——"

"Here he comes now," Susan Fisher interrupted, nodding her head toward the entrance to the lobby.

Mason studied the man who came striding toward the elevators—a figure in his late thirties with broad shoulders, a slim waist, a powerful neck, a heavy jaw, thick eyebrows and eyes that seemed strangely intent.

The man came walking toward them and apparently was so preoccupied that it wasn't until he was within a few feet of Susan Fisher that he noticed her.

"Susan," he said, "what in the world is the meaning of this? I ——"

"I want you to know Mr. Perry Mason, the lawyer," Susan said, "and his secretary, Della Street. Mr. Mason is going to be my lawyer."

If she had pulled out a gun and fired a shot point-blank at Endicott Campbell, he couldn't have come to a more abrupt stop or seemed more dismayed.

"An attorney!" he exclaimed.

"Exactly," Mason said, stepping forward and extending his hand. "How are you, Mr. Campbell? I'm representing Susan Fisher."

"But what in the world does she need an attorney for?" Endicott Campbell asked.

"That remains to be seen," Mason said. "Did you wish to discuss certain matters with her?"

"I had her here to discuss certain private business problems, and they're problems which affect the company. Some of them are confidential. I don't care to have an audience."

Mason, taking advantage of Campbell's surprise, said, "There was the matter of a shoe box containing some hundred-dollar bills, Mr. Campbell. You seemed to question my client's word about that, and that's one of the things I want to have settled."

"That's one of the things I want to have settled," Campbell said, whirling savagely to face Susan Fisher. "Now, then, Susan, what the devil did you mean by trying to hide behind a seven-year-old boy and drag him into your peculations?"

(Continued on Page 58)

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The Caterwauling Company

(Continued from Page 39)

professor—an' one of the head-shrinkin' kind, at that."

"No!" Kelly said, shocked. "Where'd you hear?"

"The top found out up at regiment."

What he meant was that First Sgt. Joe Shemmler had learned earlier at regimental headquarters that Capt. Hiram Hill had been a professor of applied psychology at a small college in Virginia. The information had shaken Shemmler considerably.

The first sergeant was still shaken as he, with Fox's three remaining lieutenants, met now with Hiram Hill in the farm kitchen that housed the C.P. Two of the lieutenants were replacements, green as was Hiram himself; the third was First Lt. Lester Dollar, who'd been in acting command. Lester's fat, sulky face showed that he had no intention of making Hiram feel at home, especially since he'd hoped to retain the command of the company as a step toward his captain's bars.

"At ease, gentlemen," Hiram said a little diffidently. "And thank you for coming. I am Hiram Hill. Will you introduce yourselves please, so that we can get to know each other?"

Sergeant Shemmler's face got more dour beneath the black line of his brows. *This is even worse than I figured*, he was thinking. *He's startin' in to run things like he was still professorin' back wherever the hell it was he professored. Oh, brother!*

"First Lieutenant Dollar," Lester said stiffly, not bothering to add the "sir." He'd start putting this little shrimp in his place right off the bat, he decided. "Acting C.O. until now."

"Happy to meet you," Hiram said.

Wishy-washy, Shemmler thought. *Why don't he set that fat goldbrick down on the seat of his pants where he belongs?*

Hiram greeted the others in turn, coming to Shemmler last. To the latter's surprise, Hiram's handshake was quick and hard. The first sergeant had expected the dead-fish variety.

"Well," Hiram said, "I'm sure we shall all get on capitally together. If you will excuse me a moment, gentlemen."

He took a small bottle from his pocket and shook two pills into the palm of his hand while the rest watched. Then he popped the pills into his mouth, downed them with a swig of water, screwed the cap back on the bottle and returned it to his pocket. "Dyspepsia," he said. "It runs in the family."

He didn't bother to mention that one member of the family had been named Ambrose Powell Hill—a man who had earned the reputation of being the hardest-hitting commander in Robert E. Lee's hard-hitting army. That was some time back, of course. It had been this same Hill on whom both Lee and Stonewall Jackson had called, when they lay dying, as they had called so many times before in an hour of great need. The words were a little different, was all. "Tell A. P. Hill to come up."

Hiram's grandfather had been a cousin of A. P. Hill and, when Hiram was a kid, the old gentleman would recall how A.P.'s men had used to charge. "A-bi'lin' out of the bushes, boy, bayonets held low and the Rebel yell going ahead." Despite his age, the old man could still demonstrate that yell. It had fascinated Hiram.

Later, in his military reading, Hiram had come across what a soldier of the 6th Wisconsin had written about the thing: "There is nothing like it this side of the infernal region, and the peculiar corkscrew sensation that it sends down your backbone under the circumstances can never be told. You have to feel it."

"With dyspepsia you'd ought to go to the hospital, captain," Lester Dollar said sourly. "You could get an ulcer."

"I shall make out," Hiram said. "Let's get down to business, gentlemen. In what sort of training is the company engaged?"

"No training," Lester said shortly. "We just come out of a fight. We're here to rest—not to train."

"Um," Hiram said in a mild voice. "I see. How many replacements have we received? Aside from me, of course."

Lester didn't know—he had other things to think about, such as that Frenchy dame he'd hooked up with yesterday and the problem of promoting some decent cognac.

It was First Sergeant Shemmler who answered the question, with a sour look at Dollar. "Forty-seven, sir."

"Approximately a quarter of our authorized strength," Hiram murmured. "Then we will start training tomorrow. I feel that we have no time to waste."

"Damn it," Lester said, seeing his time with that Frenchy dame starting to dwindle, "the other companies aren't training! We've got a right to take it easy for a little ——"

"We will train," Hiram said shortly.

There was a wicked edge in his voice that shut up Lester. Lester didn't know that Gen. A. P. Hill had been an irascible man too. When he said "jump," people jumped, by the Lord Harry. Like that time when he'd driven his division from Harpers Ferry, whacking his men along at a break-neck pace with his saber, to save the day at Sharpsburg.

Lester got the message. "Yes, sir, " he said sourly.

"One other thing," Hiram said, his voice mild again. "I would like for the company to learn to yell."

Sergeant Shemmler started spasmodically. "Yell, captain?" he asked in a disbelieving voice. "Yell how?"

"Like this," Hiram said. He threw back his head, and the sound that came from his throat was as wicked and feral as the screech of an approaching shell. It had an eerie and bone-chilling quality that rose and fell like the savage bay of a wolf pack in full pursuit.

"That's the Rebel yell," Hiram said. "My grandfather taught it to me when I was a boy. I practice it now and then just in case it should come in handy."

"You mean you want Fox should go around hollering like that?" Lester asked incredulously. "Well, of all the crazy ——"

Hiram cut him short. "I believe that a company that can yell is a good company," he said a little pedantically. "Hence, this company will yell. That is all for now, gentlemen. Thank you."

They left, and Hiram sat for a moment frowning thoughtfully. He was a shy, slightly built man. For the past ten years he'd taught psychology at a small college for a living and studied the campaigns of the great captains of history, from Joshua to Robert E. Lee, as a hobby. He held a reserve commission in the infantry, but it had been the army's whim to keep him dawdling about in the adjutant general's department until, some few weeks ago, Hiram had managed to correct that. The army had found itself in short supply of infantry captains overseas, and Hiram had taken counsel with himself aloud.

"Hiram Hill," he had said, "you wear the name of two good soldiers—even if one of them was better known as Ulysses Grant than as Hiram Grant. It would seem reasonable, therefore, that you might possess some aptitude for fighting."

"You are referring to going overseas, professor? Possibly even commanding an infantry company in combat?"

"Precisely. After all, a company commander and a psychologist have a good bit in common, have they not? They are both primarily concerned with the actions and reactions of men."

"H'm," Hiram had said. "I hadn't looked at it in just that way before. What do you suggest I should do?"

"The matter is absurdly simple, professor. Merely add the name of Captain Hiram Hill to that list of infantry captains to be ordered overseas which is on your desk right now. No doubt the army will attend to the rest of the details."

The army had, and yesterday Hiram had checked in at the regimental C.P. The regimental C.O., Colonel Standish, had had some blunt things to say before sending Hiram to take command of Fox Company. The colonel was wise in the ways of men and war.

"The company's going to resent you, Hill," he'd said, chewing at his ragged mustache. "Sam Briggle was a good officer, and the men liked him. It's the perverse nature of men that they'll blame Sam's loss on his successor."

"I understand, sir," Hiram had said.

"Fox is a good company—I want it kept that way. I warn you that if it starts going sour, I'll yank you and yank you fast," the Old Man had added. "You'd better understand that."

"Colonel," Hiram said, "if Fox Company is brooding resentfully over losing Captain Briggle, I am of the opinion that what it needs is something new to be mad about. Something that would be a sort of a counterirritant, so to speak."

"Such as what?"

"I'll think of something," Hiram said.

"Humph!" the Old Man had grunted. "Well, good luck. Would there happen to be an A. P. Hill somewhere back along your line?"

"There would," Hiram had answered.

The colonel had grunted again. "Maybe I feel a little better about sending you to Fox. Right now I don't know."

"Maybe I am nuts," Hiram murmured now as he sat alone in the C.P. "Anyway, if Fox gets mad enough at me, maybe it'll forget Briggle. Yelling could help."

Fox Company did learn to holler Hiram explained things to the men at the first drill formation the next morning.

"As of now," he told them, conscious that he cut a pretty undashing figure as he stood in front of them, "we will observe a rigorous training schedule. Close- and extended-order drill in the mornings. In the afternoons we will have squad, platoon and company tactical problems, known distance firing and foot marches. This training will be carried out in the most intensive manner. Questions?"

"When do we rest?" a voice asked.

"When the war is over," Hiram said gravely. He added, "In our assault problems we will learn to yell." The company looked back at him as though he had gone crazy.

"Yell!" Ringo said out of the side of his mouth. "Oh, brother—*will* we yell! I'm like to scream already!"

"I would like to hear you try yelling now," Hiram said. "All right. One . . . two . . . three . . . yell!"

Fox Company yelled. It was a little half-hearted at first. Then it began to pick up. It started with catcalls on the left flank and gathered strength with a goodly number of boos and Bronx cheers thrown in. Hiram had a pretty good idea who they were meant for. He held up his arms and got some quiet again.

"That was a fairish try, men," he said. "Not quite what I had in mind, though. I will demonstrate for you what used to be known as the Rebel yell."

He put his head back and yelled while the company jerked to a startled attention and stared back with their mouths open. It just didn't seem possible that such a hideous amount of gosh-awful sound could come from such a small amount of man. In spite of itself Fox Company was impressed. Hiram beckoned to the first sergeant. "Dismiss the company," he said. "We will fall out again in ten minutes for two hours of close-order drill."

Fox fell out for close-order drill—no ten-minute "O.K., you guys, take a break" business, either. Drill fifty minutes and rest ten. Hiram drilled with them, looking ridiculously small as he skipped along like a banty rooster marching with the turkey gobblers. His high, squeaky voice sang out commands.

"Column right . . . harsh! To the rear . . . harsh! Pick up the step! Cadence . . . count! Hup . . . two . . . three . . . ."

That evening Ringo France and Spike Kelly again drank beer in the cowshed. "So we drill while the rest of the regiment dead-beats," (*Continued on Page 48*)

"I'll say one good thing for my husband. No, I won't, either."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 46*) Ringo said. "What the devil do you suppose Hollering Hiram *really* is up to?"

"Hollering Hiram?" Kelly asked, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand. "Oh, you mean the perfessor. Hell, I wouldn't know. An officer's liable to be up to anything."

"He must be nuts, yellin' the way he did," Ringo grunted. "I never heard anything like that before in my life."

"Me neither," Kelly said. "Sarge, you remember the day them kraut tanks jumped us up by Pruem?"

"I remember," Ringo said grimly.

"I was scared," Kelly said thoughtfully. "Real scared—but you know something? I didn't have no goose pimples runnin' up and down my back like I did when that perfessor was hollerin'."

"I know what you mean," Ringo grunted.

So Fox Company drilled as the October days ran out. When it rained, Fox slogged through the mud; when the sun turned on belated midsummer heat, Fox sweated and fired on the range and threw grenades and went on practice marches. They sang as they marched—a marching song that Hiram had written for them. He was a man of many facets. Fox substituted its own words in Hiram's song:

"The captain is an ess-ohh-bee,
"Hup . . . two . . . three . . . four!
"Who fills our days with miseree,
"Hup . . . two . . . three . . . four!
"Someday we'll hang him from a tree,
"Leave him for the birds to see,
"While we go on a jamboree,
"Hup . . . two . . . three . . . four!"

Lesser companies rested and grew fat and lazy—not so Fox Company. Fox grew lean and hard and mean. Fox picked fights with men from the lesser companies. In time, those lesser-company men got so that they would edge out and walk in the gutters in town when they saw people from Fox Company coming along—it was considered a safer procedure than waiting to get shouldered into the gutters.

First Lt. Lester Dollar sweated off fifteen pounds and didn't like it. He thought of going to the colonel with the story that Hiram was crazy—witness that hollering business—but he abandoned the idea when he found out that some of the men, Ringo France and Spike Kelly included, were going out in the evenings to practice Rebel yells. The hollering had captured Fox's imagination, it seemed.

The Old Man heard about that yelling too. Unbeknown to anyone, he watched Fox run the bayonet course one day, howling savagely as it went. "Um," he said to himself thoughtfully afterward, "that's the counterirritant that Hill had in mind, I suppose. I'd better let well enough alone. At any rate, it seems pretty apparent that the company's not going soft."

It was around the first of November—the weather turned rainy and cold—when orders came down. "Truck up! Outfit's moving! Truck up!" The regiment loaded into the cargo trucks, and the long convoy pulled out. At the first road junction they got the bad news as the column headed east. The front lay that way.

Late in the afternoon, rain still falling, they detrucked and formed up in a column to move at right angles along a forest road on foot. As they crossed the scattered glades they could see the dark, brooding firs seeming to beckon them remorselessly on. The column crept forward with the reluctance of a lost child being sent into a haunted wood.

The rain dripped from the firs so that it seemed as though the trees themselves were weeping. Pack straps began to bite into chafed shoulders, and the smell of wet wool was offensive in men's nostrils as they plodded on. They knew where they were going. Not the name of a ridge or a hill or a stream—a name that summed up all ridges and hills and streams. The line of departure.

Presently they slept for a little; then they moved out again in early fog which swathed what lay ahead in white-cotton batting. A stream to cross and a naked slope to climb; at the top of the slope was a village called Vernstadt. Fox would be the left-flank company in the attack. Mission: seize Vernstadt village and protect the left flank of the battalion and the rest of the regiment which would be heading for the higher ground to the right. Fox ran into its first enemy fire around 0800 as the fog began to lift.

In the second platoon one of the replacement lieutenants yelled in a high, scared voice, "Hit the dirt!" The second platoon did so—and opened a hasty and ill-aimed fire at an enemy it couldn't see. Ringo France crawled to where Spike Kelly lay, his BAR mute until he could spot something worth shooting at.

"What the devil are we stoppin' for?" Ringo growled. "The krauts will open up on us with mortars any minute now!"

"Our lootenant," Kelly said philosophically, "has got the wind up. Maybe you would like to lead the platoon?"

Ringo was spared the necessity of a reply because Hiram Hill appeared just then. Hiram wasn't crawling; he was walking upright, and his face looked annoyed beneath his comical mustache. The same sort of wrathy impatience ran in him that his ancestor had known as he'd spanked his men along the road to Sharpsburg.

"Get up on your feet, damn it!" Hiram said in his squeaky voice. "We're taking that town!"

A half dozen men obeyed, Ringo and Kelly among them. The rest stayed put. More fire was coming from the village now—from the woods beyond. Hiram glared for a moment, then put his head back and the awesome Rebel yell split the morning. It rose and fell and was tossed back by the trees, and Spike Kelly felt the goose pimples run along his spine again. They weren't helped any by the enemy mortar shell that burst with a wicked spang twenty yards to the rear.

It might have been the mortar shell or it might have been the Rebel war whoop—as a psychologist, Hiram was never quite sure later on. Anyway, the second platoon got off the ground fast and started for Vernstadt village. They yelled as they ran—a ragged sort of yelling, but it was good enough to get the rest of the company to yelling and running too. And presently they had Vernstadt, not that Vernstadt was much. Hiram disposed them on either side of the single street to await the counterattack that was bound to come.

First Lieutenant Dollar picked a deep cellar for a company C.P. and busied himself with unimportant chores while the communications detail ran wires. Shells were falling in the village now, and Lester had never been partial to shells. Hiram Hill, muddy and bad-tempered, came down the steps with the first sergeant behind him.

"What the devil goes on here?" Hiram asked. "What are you doing?"

"Setting up the C.P.," Lester said.

"The C.P. will be in the corner house on the square, where I can see what's going on," Hiram snapped. "Move this junk there!"

"Sir, the krauts are starting to shell the town ——"

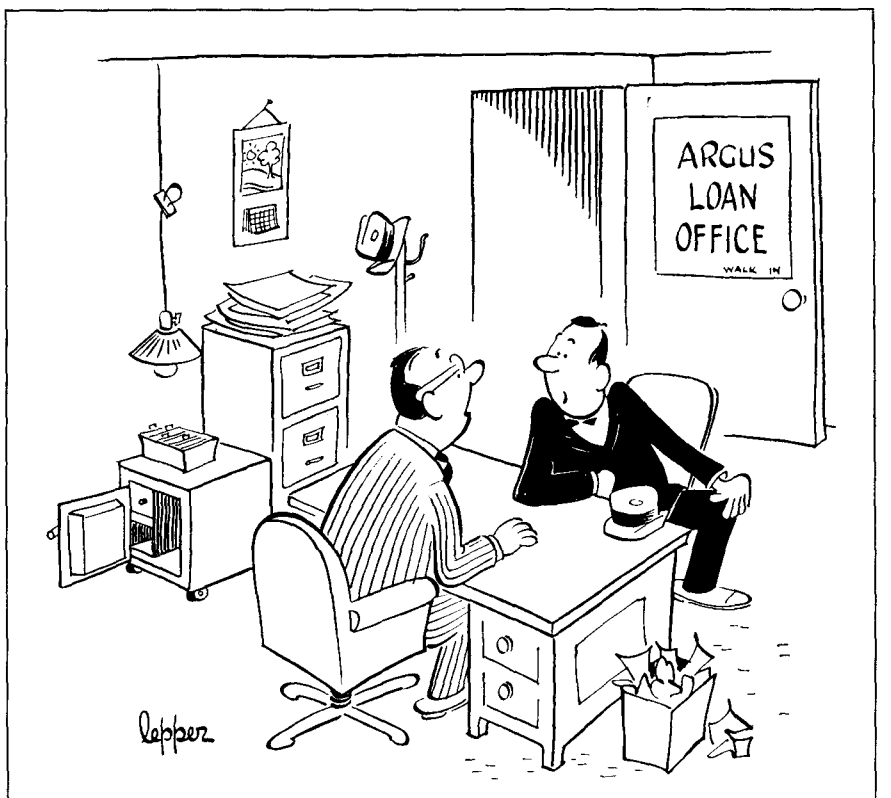
"What did you think they'd do?" Hiram asked coldly. "Send us bouquets? Sergeant, lend me your canteen."

He took a bottle from his pocket and shook two pills out into a muddy hand, popped them into his mouth, washed them down and handed the canteen back to Shemmler. The first sergeant decided that he was beginning to feel better about things around here.

"Dyspepsia," Hiram said a little apologetically. "It runs in the family. Well, let's go see what's going on."

It was around noon before the first German counterattack came. Very poor reaction time, Hiram Hill, the psychologist, thought; he was darned glad it had taken them so long, Hiram Hill, the captain, decided. He had a wire line back to battalion; the machine guns and mortars were sited in. Fox Company was about as ready as it could get, he guessed, as he moved toward where the second platoon was dug in on the east side of the village.

The forest edge was a hundred and fifty yards in front—a dark and somber line of trees.



"I need two hundred thousand."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"'The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,'" Hiram said.

"'Them's fir trees, perfessor," a voice said close by. It was Kelly with his BAR, his assistant gunner crouched beside him. "I mean, cap'n," Spike corrected in a friendly tone.

"Professor's O.K.," Hiram said absently. "I was quoting Longfellow. It looks like company is coming."

"It does for a fact," Spike grunted.

Shapes, lumpy in heavy clothes, were coming out of the woods. They ran clumsily, heads bent and legs making labored motions—as if they were crossing a new-plowed field in the face of a heavy wind. The fire from Fox went to meet them. Some of them fell down. Some got up again. Many didn't. Two thirds of the way to Vernstadt village their line seemed to hesitate—as a wave hesitates when it reaches its highest point on the beach—and then the line flowed back again.

Feeling us out, Hiram thought. *They'll come again.*

He started back for the C.P. as shells began to crump into the town with renewed fury. One crashed down into the cobbles half a block away, and the blast put a great clap into Hiram's ears as the force of the explosion knocked him flat. He got up again, his face cut and bleeding from flying rubble and his left arm limp.

"Possibly a fracture of the humerus," he said, counseling aloud with himself. "I'd best have a medic splint it."

He was sitting in the C.P., an aid man working on his arm, when the battalion switchboard said that Colonel Standish was on the line. Hiram took the phone with his good hand.

"How you making out?" the colonel asked.

"Splendidly," Hiram said. "A nice little fight."

The colonel snorted at the other end of the line. "Maybe not so nice," he said. "The air people have spotted tanks moving up through the woods on your left. Can you hold them off?"

"Certainly, sir," Hiram said and hung up.

It wasn't going to be that easy, though. He knew that as he waited impatiently for the medic to finish with his bandaging. His bazooka men weren't going to be able to stop many tanks in the short run that the armor would have from the forest's edge. And, if a couple of those tanks once got into Vernstadt, they could cruise along its single street making mincemeat out of Fox.

Hiram searched his mind for some similar situation that he might have come across in his military reading. Joshua was the first of the great captains that popped into his head. He had always admired Joshua as being an able improvisator. He murmured aloud, "'And the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city ——'"

"What say?" the aid man asked.

"Book of Joshua, don't remember the chapter or verse," Hiram explained. "Situation's a little reversed—we're in the town and the Canaanites are outside. Doesn't matter. The principle's still good."

Lester Dollar, Shemmler behind him, burst into the C.P. "The krauts are assembling tanks in the woods!" Lester said, a trace of panic in his voice. "What do we do, captain?"

"Attack," Hiram said. "Three platoons abreast."

"Man, you're crazy! We wouldn't stand a chance!"

"Lieutenant," Hiram said sharply, the A. P. Hill temper showing, "I am tired of hearing what we can't do. I don't happen to have a saber to whack you with, but if I hear any more (*Continued on Page 52*)

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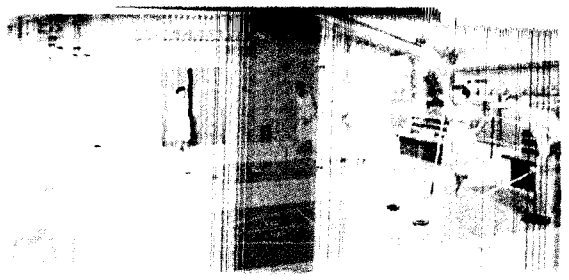
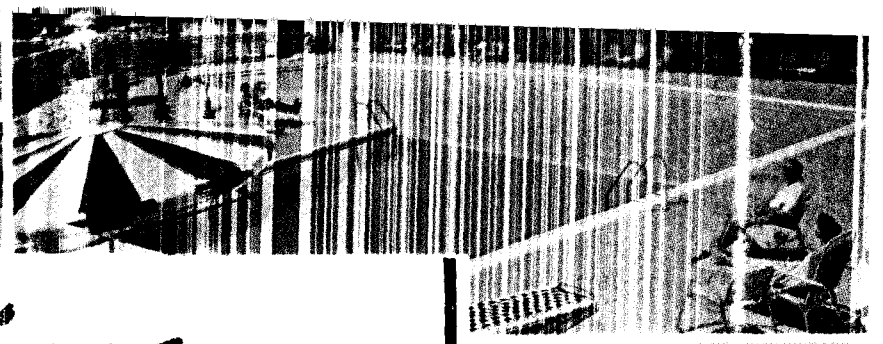

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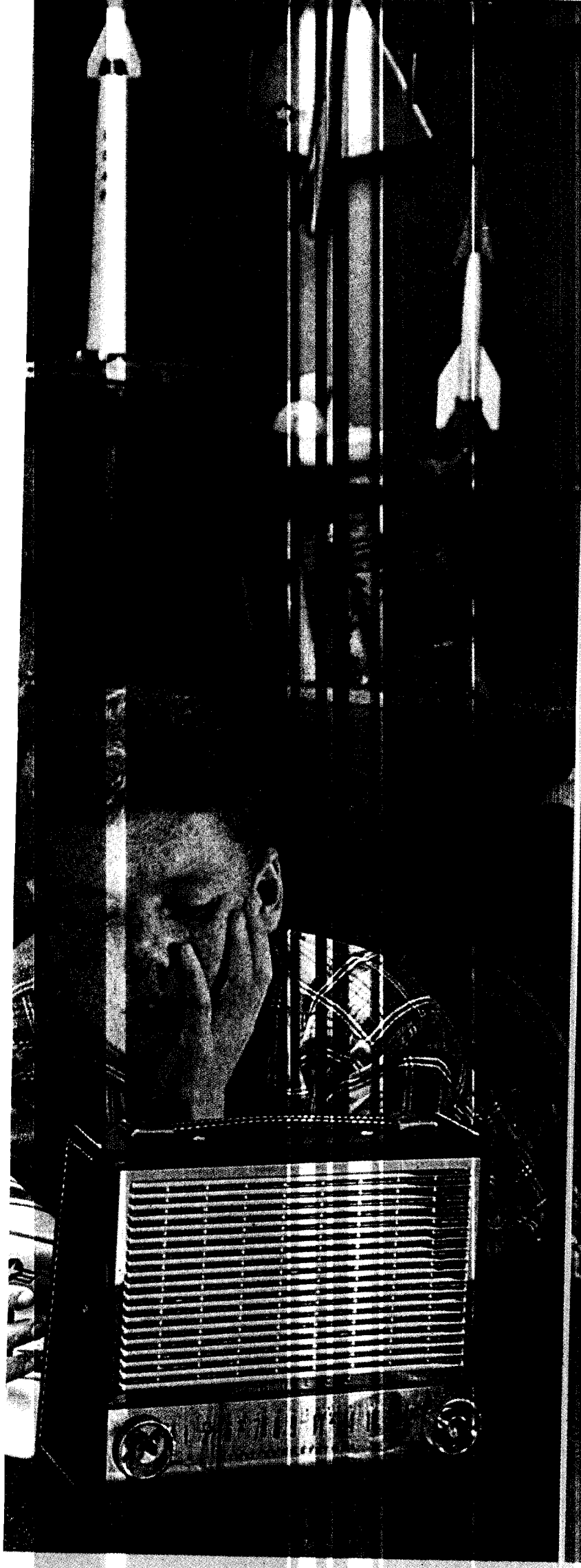

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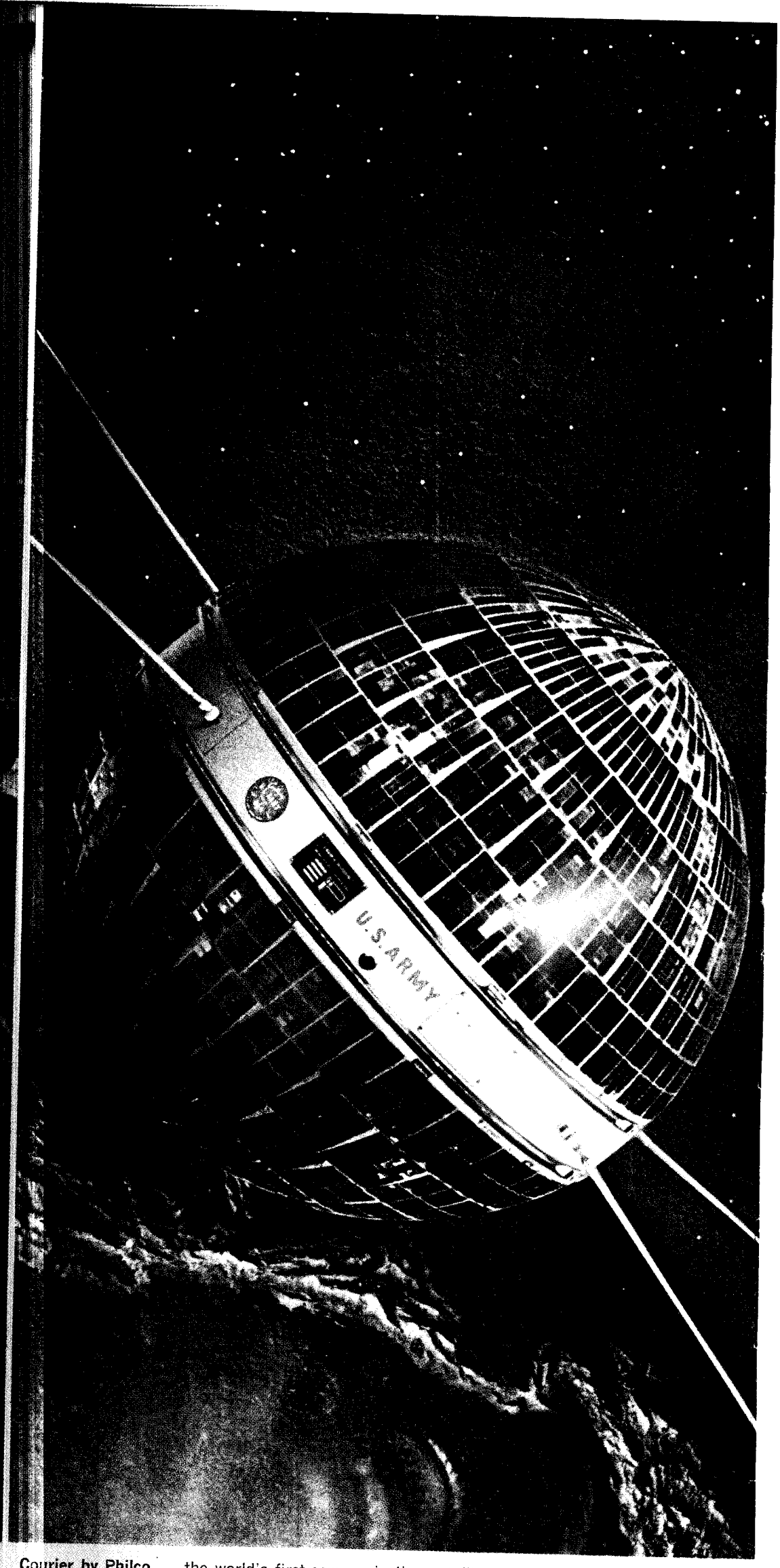

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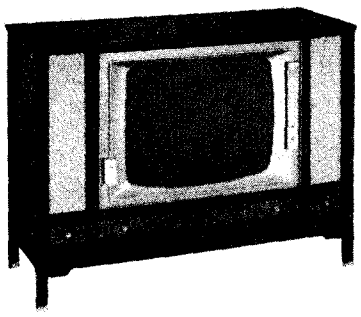

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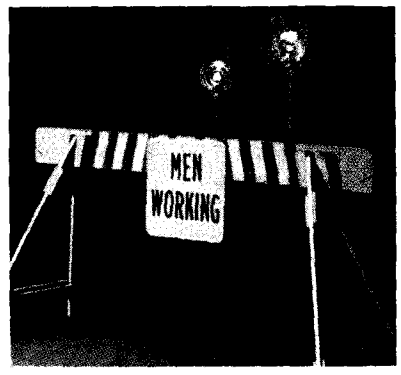

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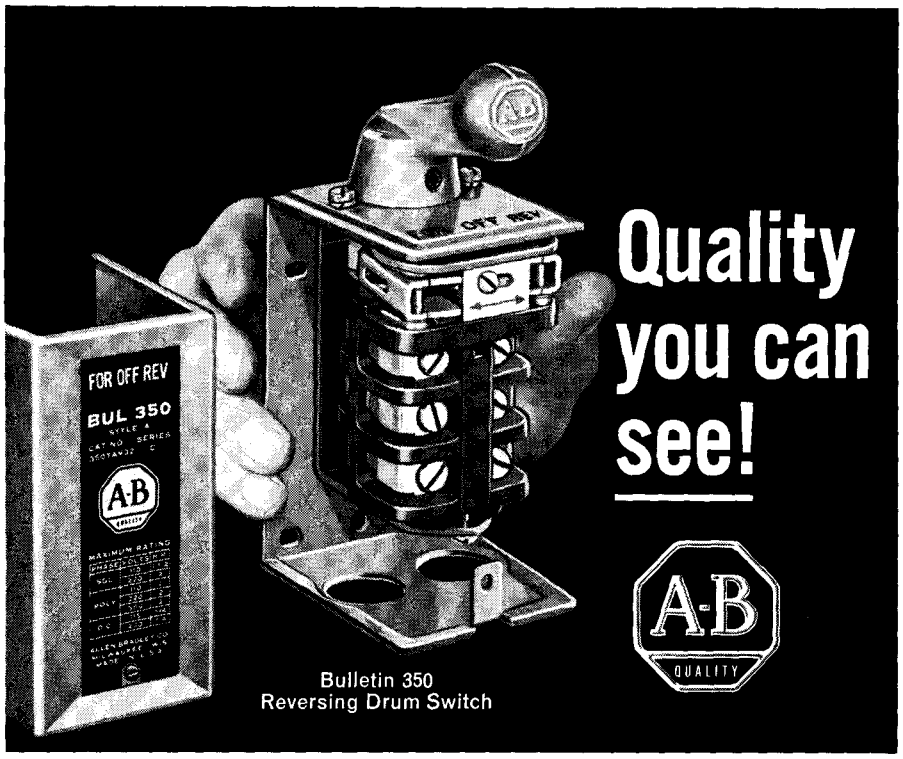

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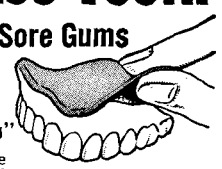

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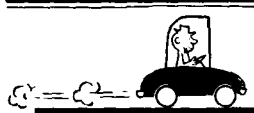

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(*Continued from Page 48*)

of it, I will sure as hell club you over the head with my carbine. Come on!"

First Sergeant Shemmler thought, as he followed the two back into the street, *Now, how in Pete's name did I go so wrong in figuring that little guy? This is the screwy sort of thing that Big Sam would have pulled—an' got away with it, too, by darn! Maybe the professor an' Big Sam ain't so different at that.*

Sleety rain was starting to come down as Fox Company crouched in its jump-off position at the town's edge. Across the way dim figures moved through the aisles of the trees. There had been the hard racket of tank engines a moment ago, but that had stopped now. Hiram guessed that the tank commander had assembled his crew for orders. Hoped so. It was a thing he was counting on.

Word passed along Fox's line, and metallic clicks echoed in the gray afternoon as bayonets were fixed. . . . *A-bi'lin' out, bayonets held low.* . . . Hiram passed a final order to the line of men—and heard it relayed from mouth to mouth.

"Hold your fire until I give the word. Then give them the Rebel yell and go in hard. All right—follow me!"

The line moved out, dark wraiths in the rain. Only a scattering and ineffective fire came from the woods at first because the Germans hadn't expected anything like this. It definitely was not according to the book to leave the security of walls and attack tanks across open ground as these thrice-condemned Yankees seemed to be doing. Well, they would learn the hard way.

The woods were not too far ahead when Hiram said in his high voice, "Now!" and threw back his head and yelled. He loped ahead, firing with his good hand as he ran. *It would have been better if we could have jumped out of the bushes, as A. P. Hill's men used to do,* he thought. *Still, we have to make do with what we've got.*

Fox's yell had started behind him—a little uncertainly for just a split second at first. Ringo France opened his mouth and took air into his lungs and let go. A high, hideous noise assaulted his ears so that he momentarily broke stride as he looked around to see who had let loose that awful screech. Even right in the middle of this fight it had scared him a little more than he was already scared. Then the truth dawned on him, and he liked it.

"Hell, that's me," he said. "I got it, by damn!" Again he sent that wolf howl toward the trees. "Yeee—owww!"

The rest of Fox was taking it up, and Hiram could feel the goose pimples along his back as he loped ahead. He remembered what that soldier from the 6th Wisconsin had written, *It can never be told. You have to feel it.* Hiram added a new thought of his own. *Men can never really yell like that except when they are going in to kill or be killed. The Germans must know that.*

If the Germans didn't know, they learned. Before they had recovered their balance from the impact of that chilling yell, Fox Company was into the trees and among them. Fox was driving as viciously as A.P.'s soldiers used to do. Some of the fat fried out of the soul of Lester Dollar so that he was in the center of the howling melee, swinging a gun with the best of them. A tank blew up and began to burn as a grenade was tossed down its hatch. More tanks began to go the same way.

Spike Kelly unlimbered his BAR beneath a tree and cut down on a file of infantry coming through the trees at a trot. The infantry stopped abruptly and went away again—those that were able.

Sergeant Shemmler, who was supposed to be guarding the phone back in Vernstadt, had picked up a bayoneted M-1 and was working at his chores as though he were pitching hay back in Boone County, Iowa. A vast satisfaction warmed Joe as he worked. He was thinking, *Big Sam couldn't of done it better.*

And presently the thing was done, and Fox Company went back to Vernstadt, taking their dead and wounded with them—not too many of either. Behind them they left the tanks burning, the flames lighting the gloom of the woods. The other things they had left there ought to give the krauts something to think about if they had any more counter-attacks in mind, so Fox thought.

One thing was bad. The professor had got it. Ringo France was carrying him back, head down, across his shoulder. As the company slipped into the town again, the word began to pass, quietly and with concern. As much concern as though Hiram had been Big Sam.

"The perfessor's had it."

"Bad?"

"Don't know yet."

"Where's that medic? Hey, medic!"

They carried Hiram into the C.P. and laid him gently on the floor. Blood smeared his face. His eyes were closed and his breathing was heavy. The medic knelt beside him as Joe Shemmler and Ringo and Spike Kelly and Lester Dollar crowded around. The field phone was buzzing. They let it buzz.

"Doc, will he be all right?"

The medic straightened, letting his breath go out explosively. "Whew!" he said. "Just a knock on the head—he'll be O.K. Most of the blood's from the cuts he got from the shell."

Relief showed in Lester Dollar's face as he reached for the buzzing phone—it was the colonel who was on the line. "I'll take it," Hiram Hill said as he sat up suddenly, propped by First Sgt. Joe Shemmler's helping arm.

"What's going on over there?" the colonel asked, his voice worried. "Our O.P. reports big fires in the woods."

"It's the German tanks, sir," Hiram answered a little fuzzily. "We didn't want them to get into the town."

"You went over there and knocked them off?" the colonel asked incredulously. "For Pete's sake, what with?"

"I guess you might say with the Rebel yell, colonel," Hiram said. "We found it to be—ah—efficacious."

"Now," the colonel said, "I have heard everything!"

Hiram put the phone down and absently reached for his pills—then withdrew his hand from his pocket. "H'm," he murmured. "Odd. I seem to be free from dyspepsia this afternoon. Perhaps it was the exercise in the open air."

"Professor," Joe Shemmler said, making the word an accolade, "you got any pills to *cause* dyspepsia? Because if that's what you got, the rest of us would sure like to have it too."

Hiram knew what he meant. It pleased him mightily. THE END

... ...

Food for Thought

The second stage in
marriage
Didn't cause his heart to
flutter,
When he, the apple of her
eye,
Became her bread and
butter.

D. E. Twiggs

... ...

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Captives of the Storm (Continued from Page 25)

The professor still was not alarmed, but he went out to examine the horse. He took one look and hurried back to the radio in his office tent. It was some time before he got through to the pilot of the helicopter, back at the old camp. The boys had built a sturdy log house there, and the pilot was warm and comfortable. He said he had been busy lashing down his unprotected machine.

"There's a real storm front moving in from the Aleutians," came his voice, thin and wavering, from beyond the mountains. "I wish I was sacked in up there on the Convair. No telling when I'll get out of here."

The Convair was Mr. Talley's private airplane; on his trips up here he always parked it on the airstrip of a mining town a hundred miles to the southeast. "Well, you can forget that!" said the professor. "I want you to start your machine and come here immediately."

"Not a chance! Not in this storm," the pilot said cheerfully. "Say, will you please explain to Mr. Talley? You guys were gone when I dropped him there Sunday. I was supposed to pick him up there today."

"Sunday?" This was Wednesday, and that horse had been running loose for at least a day and a night. "Now you've got to come, pilot! Mr. Talley is lost, and so is one of my students."

A moment of silence. "What about Miss Santana? Mr. Talley's new secretary, I mean. He hired her in New York last week. I dropped her there too."

"Then she's lost too!" the professor moaned. "Look—they're probably still in a canyon that's somewhat closer to you than to us. I've got my boy's field notes here. If you set a course forty degrees west of due north ——"

"Nothing doing! I've got about ten feet of visibility and a thirty-mile wind. Mr. Talley's just going to have to get along until this clears up. I can't fly in a blizzard."

He had the facts on his side—and the last word. All the professor could do now was wait and hope and worry.

Don was an independent kid. Mr. Talley was a very wealthy man, an old Texas wildcatter who was used to having his own way. Not the ideal combination of personalities to be lost in a snowstorm—with a girl besides!

The students tried to reassure the professor. "Don't worry, Prof!" one of them said. "Old Well-Now can take care of himself in the timber."

"Well-Now?"

"Yes. You know how Don starts almost every sentence with 'Well, now ——' I mean, this is a very conservative guy. Nothing is going to panic him."

"He has a difficult old man of seventy on his hands, though, and a girl too—Mr. Talley's secretary."

"A girl?" one student cried. "If there's one thing old Well-Now is afraid of, it's a dame! Prof, he'll kill himself! Why couldn't this happen to somebody that can appreciate it?"

He stopped, a tall youth, broad-shouldered, fair-haired, blue-eyed, with a face that did not easily change expression. Soon the two others appeared through the thickly falling snow. They were barely visible in the blue-black shadows of the firs. These three had last eaten at breakfast time yesterday. It was noon now.

Mr. Talley was still scolding Miss Santana for letting the pack horse escape. "You're an idiot, girl—that's all you are, an idiot!" he said, in a rasping Texas drawl.

"I can't feel it was my fault, Mr. Talley. I don't know what you expect of a secretary," the girl said in a voice that had a touch of hysteria in it.

Edith Santana was a dark, pretty girl—a nice girl, too, Don thought, if only she were not so afraid of so many things—including the old man puffing along beside her, thumping the ground with the stick he had picked up for a staff.

Don let them catch up with him. "Lay off, Mr. Talley, why don't you?" he said.

Surprised, Mr. Talley stopped short. "Huh?" he said.

"Save your breath. You'll need it, sir." Don looked at the girl. "No, don't sit down! You'll never get up again."

"I can't help it. Oh, I'm so awfully tired!" she said resentfully.

"Lean against a tree and stop being so scared. That's what wears you out, being so tensed up."

She leaned against a tree and rested. She was wearing boots, breeches and a coat with attached hood, and she'd be all right, whether she thought so now or not. Mr. Talley was a different proposition. His old-fashioned shoes and the denim coveralls he wore for flying were no protection against a Canadian storm. Mr. Talley was a tough old codger, but not that tough.

"Boy, do you have any idea where you're going?" Mr. Talley said.

"Sure. I told you—to Sir Joseph's camp," said Don.

"I don't want them to know I'm here!" the old man snarled. "Take us to our own camp, like I told you."

Don said patiently, "It'd be dark by the time we hit the bottom of the canyon, and it's all muskeg along the creek. I wouldn't even try to cross in the dark, and by tomorrow it'll all be drifted in. You do as you please, but I'm heading for Sir Joseph's outfit."

He turned and began the slow descent of the steep canyon wall. In a moment he heard the others coming behind him.

Don had been through here only once, but he knew where he was going. Weather and the lay of the land, these he understood. He was even beginning to understand Mr. Talley. Prof, who knew a lot of oilmen, said the Texan was worth two hundred million bucks. Prof also said that at heart Mr. Talley was unchanged, an unrepentant, roughneck wildcatter.

Actually, Prof had been hired to make this survey by Mr. O. David Palmer, of New York. Something—no one knew what—had happened to the Palmer-Talley partnership. "Ours not to reason why, but from now on we report only to Mr. Talley," Prof had said. "I wish you could have known Palmer. Old New York family, very aristocratic, an engineer by profession, but still a wildcatter under his polish and wealth."

An undergraduate's claim to have found a Wainwright formation was not enough to bring Mr. Talley racing up from Houston in the Convair and then out to camp by helicopter. But just as Don was leaving this canyon last week, he had met another survey party coming in from the north—Yale men, financed by Java-Britannic Oil Co., Ltd. With them was a gaunt old man in a red stocking cap. The deference with which the Yale men treated the old man had, when Don reported it, made Professor Eddy frown.

"They didn't introduce him? Rude, I'd say, for Yale men."

"I thought so too. He's got a real Cockney accent, sir, if that means anything to you."

"Not Cockney—Australian," the professor sighed. "That will be Sir Joseph

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Farrand, manager of Java-Britannic. Wonder what that old pirate wants."

That, too, went into the daily report. That was what had brought Mr. Talley up from Houston. That was why he had insisted on packing in here with the smallest party possible—almost surreptitiously, and in great haste. Don already knew better than to mention Sir Joseph. Mr. Talley threw a fit at his very name.

Time passed. The snow fell straight down, in huge, wet flakes that piled up swiftly. It was already over Mr. Talley's shoe tops. Don pushed on as fast as the others could follow. He was halfway to the bottom of the canyon when he stopped.

"Listen!" he said.

They heard a voice high on the slope above them, curiously muffled by the snow, "Hi-yoo, hi-yoo, hi-yoo!"

Don cupped his hands around his mouth. "Hi-yoo! Down below you. I hear you! Keep coming."

Every few minutes he shouted, and the man answered. In perhaps ten minutes he appeared. It was the graduate student in charge of Sir Joseph's party.

Don grinned at him. "What's the matter—you lost? Is that all they teach you guys at Yale?"

"I'm not lost," the other replied exasperatedly, "but the boss is."

"Sir Joseph, you mean?"

"You said that—I didn't," the Yale man replied.

"Skip it," said Don. "I know who he is, and you know who we are. How did you manage to lose him?"

"A couple of strangers came in this morning with the pack train that brought our supplies. The minute they arrived, Sir Joseph took them away somewhere afoot. That was the last we saw of them."

"You've got three guys lost, not one," said Don. "When was this?"

"About daylight. They were on the trail all night."

"Is your packer still in camp?"

"Are you kidding? He said this storm was coming. He got out of there fast before it started to snow."

"Which direction did Sir Joseph go?"

"West, down the canyon. We haven't explored that area yet, but I think he has. We left him in camp yesterday, and the cook said he took a lunch and hiked off down there and was gone all day. He's by no means the most communicative man I ever worked for."

"Can you get back to your camp?" Don said.

"Sure. It's easy to find. It's on the creek."

"All right, you take my people with you. I'll find your men. I think I know where they are."

The Yale man shook his head. "No thanks. You're the Talley party, aren't you? You go your way, I go mine. That's orders."

"Let's stop kidding each other," Don said impatiently. "I know that area; you don't. You'd be lucky not to lose yourself. Go on, take care of my people. I'll find yours for you."

"I'm going with you," Mr. Talley said.

"Well, now," Don said, "don't count on that, sir." He grinned again at the Yale man. "Take care of my folks."

He wasted no more words. He turned back up the slope without a single backward look. He climbed perhaps a thousand feet, halfway up the canyon wall, before turning westward. He did not know Sir Joseph Farrand, but the Australian was a wildcatter, and Don had a pretty good hunch what he had been going to show his two guests. It would be the same Wainwright structure that Don had found last week. What else would send an oilman rushing out at daybreak this way?

That formation was far from here, in rough country, with some dramatic upthrusts of mottled Cambrian rock. One overhanging ledge, a typical tectonic structure high on the mountainside, was visible for miles. Any man, experienced in the woods or not, would instinctively seek shelter there in a storm.

He stopped to rest a moment. He looked back and swore. Toiling after him, keeping him barely in sight, came Mr. Talley and Miss Santana. The girl avoided his eyes when they came up to him, but Mr. Talley's face wore the sullen scowl of an old man who was being foolish, knew it and did not care.

"How come?" Don said.

"You think Sir Joseph Farrand found your oil field, don't you?" the old man growled.

"Yes, and a fat lot of good it does him now!"

"I own discovery rights there."

"Sure you do," said Don. "Now if you only had a ham sandwich, you'd be in good shape."

The old man said obstinately, "You don't think I'm going to let them go out and file a reservation on my oil field, with me snowed in here, do you? I'll bet that my double-crossing ex-partner is one of the men that came in with Farrand's pack train this morning. There's a pair of crooks for you—Dave Palmer and Joe Farrand. And you'd let them get away with it!"

"Let me think!" Don said.

There was still time to get these two back to Sir Joseph's camp tonight, but that meant abandoning the three others.

"All right, come on," he said. "We're in for it, and if you don't like it, you can thank yourselves."

He plodded on. Not once did the snowfall diminish enough to show him landmarks. He guided himself by feel, and by his trained woodsman's sense of elevation and direction. He showed the others no mercy. When the girl fell down, he did not help her up.

There was no wind yet, but he could hear its faraway, rising sigh in the fir tops, ominously shrill and wintry. By midafternoon they had rounded the massive shoulder of the mountain.

Down there below them, hidden by falling snow, was a canyon that widened out into a valley that stretched all the way to the sea. There on the floor of that valley he had found scattered bitumen exudations and perfect textbook clues to a vast geological anomaly. It was a big field, rich and shallow—Alberta all over again.

And, he conceded, Mr. Talley was right—any man holed up in the safety of Sir Joseph's camp was a dead duck where that field was concerned. Whoever filed on it would go out this way—straight across the valley to the old camp, and the helicopter.

And oil belonged to no one until a mineral reservation had been filed on it. Sir Joseph's survey party would be cozy down on the creek while the storm lasted, but wait until they tried to dig out afterward! Those boys would have to abandon a lot of gear if they expected to be back in Yale by Thanksgiving.

It was almost dark when they reached the towering rock overhang that Don remembered. Three men were huddled in its shelter. One of them stood up. He was a tall, gaunt, big-framed old man with shaggy white hair that stuck out under a red stocking cap.

"I s'y, look who's here to our rescue, chaps," he shouted. "Blast my soul, it's old Tex Talley!"

Mr. Talley pushed past Don, thrusting out his hand. "Hello, Joe," he said gruffly. He offered his hand to another

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man. "Ah, there, Dave! I thought you had lost interest in Canadian oil."

"Man can change his mind, can't he?" said the second man coldly. "Of course, you know George Kriptetarchos."

So this small, brisk, neat-looking man was Mr. O. David Palmer! Don thought the New Yorker looked like anything but a wildcatter. Everything about him was neat, even the pince-nez that rode his small, neat nose, attached to a broad black ribbon around his neck.

The third man was tall and slender and lithe-looking. There was some gray in his jet-black hair, and few lines in his lean face. He could have been twenty years younger than the others, but Don doubted it. This man was one of those who just did not betray his age.

Edith Santana came up behind Don. "George Kriptetarchos!" she whispered. "That's what Mr. Palmer said."

Don whispered back. "Who is he?"

"Only the richest man in the world!"

"If Mr. Talley has got two hundred million, how much has this guy got?"

"Sh-h! I doubt if he knows himself. He owns oil fields, refineries, tank lines, shipyards, banks—everything! Haven't you ever heard of him?"

"No. But I know who Mr. Palmer is."

A bridegroom is a man who couldn't hold his tongue and a girl at the same time.

DAN BENNETT

"He's terribly wealthy too. Mr. Talley says he's worth at least a quarter of a billion dollars."

Don said, "How about Sir Joseph—has he got a quarter of a billion too?"

"At least that much. It's easier for him. They don't always tax capital gains in the British Commonwealth, you know."

"No, I didn't. Poor Mr. Talley!" Don murmured. "I guess a man ought to be ashamed to admit that he's down to his last two hundred million."

She did not even hear him. The lines of fatigue had vanished from her lovely face. Under the hood of her coat, her black eyes sparkled. "Oh, Mr. Cloyd, doesn't it thrill you?" she sighed. "These four men have never been together before, yet here they are, and you're responsible for their lives!"

"Who, me?" said Don.

"Yes. Look at the world-wide power concentrated in those four old men. A billion dollars! Separately, they're easily four of the richest men in the world. Together—why, they're the most powerful empire the world has ever known!"

Don studied the four aging men, who huddled together in the snow, talking with forced cordiality. "Well, now," he said, "I only hope they can dig up two or three bucks' worth of grub between them. If they can't ——"

"I s'y, Tex, where's your pack train?" Sir Joseph Farrand exclaimed eagerly at this exact moment. "We dashed off before breakfast this morning, and we 'aven't 'ad a bite to eat since lunch yesterday. We're 'alf starved."

Professor Eddy had thought, when Mr. Talley, one of his students and a strange girl turned up missing, that nothing worse could happen. He knew better now.

It came over the radio from the young man in charge of Sir Joseph's party while the professor was trying to reach the helicopter pilot. From the descriptions of the two men who had vanished with Sir Joseph, and from his own knowledge of the oil business, the professor was pretty sure who the two strangers were.

Mr. Palmer had built Sir Joseph's Pakistan refinery, and Sir Joseph shipped his Sumatran oil in Mr. Kriptetarchos's ships. Mr. Palmer and Mr. Kriptetarchos shared drilling rights in Venezuela, and, several years before, all three of them had been hit hard by the Suez crisis. Only by pooling their resources, had they been able to pull through.

They were never really partners, these three. They remained rivals at all times, but the sort of rivals who could get together in a crisis. That Mr. Talley could do as much was doubtful. The old man was stubborn.

"You say Mr. Talley and the girl went off after my lad?" the professor asked.

"Yes," said the Yale man. "I couldn't talk them out of it. That's the bull-headedest old man I ever saw."

"I know," the professor agreed. "I'm sure, young man, that Don can find your people. But then what?"

He caught himself up short. It would not do to frighten Sir Joseph's boys. He told himself to keep cool. But how? Don's field notes described a limitless, desolate empire of peaks and slopes, forests and creeks, stretching all the way to the rugged Pacific littoral. Six persons stranded there without food or shelter, without even a gun—and four of them old men! The professor removed the radio headset and pulled at his thinning hair. In a moment he replaced the headset and promised the Yale man that he'd send the helicopter out to search as soon as the weather cleared.

"Meanwhile, you stay in camp," he said firmly. "Don't let anyone else get lost, and stay away from that radio! Do you realize what would happen to markets all over the world if even a rumor got out that these four men were lost? Let's hope no one heard you this time."

Professor Eddy shuddered to think of the companies that might come crashing down if these four died. Even a rumor could bring disaster, and the oil business was as gossipy as a village social circle.

One good thing was that no one would believe it—four fabulously wealthy men, a Texan, a New Yorker, an Australian and a Greek, all lost in the same remote canyon in British Columbia! It became logical only when you realized that they were all wildcatters. Then it became not just possible, but categorically necessary. The professor was sure now that Don had really found something rich in that valley. Only oil could have brought these four together.

Poor, plodding, unimaginative Don, with four such sharks on his hands! It would be like being locked in a cage with four man-eating lions. Again the professor could only wait, and hope, and worry, a trifle dazedly now.

Don had his hunting knife and a pocket matchsafe made of aluminum. Otherwise, there was neither tool nor weapon in the party. There was not a bite of food, not a drop of medicine among them. As for clothing, the girl, with her hooded coat and breeches, was probably the best equipped to survive a storm.

"Well, now, before it gets dark, we'd better build a wall around our nice rock roof," Don said. "There'll probably be a lot of wind before morning."

"What do you mean, build a wall?" said Mr. Palmer. "Aren't we going back to Joe's camp?"

"If you could get back to his camp," said Don, "why were you sitting around here?"

"Why, when you're lost, the sensible thing is to sit tight and wait for rescue, isn't it?" the New Yorker snapped.

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"All right, you're rescued," said Don, "but that doesn't mean we can get back to Sir Joseph's camp. It's too late now, and by morning they'll be drifted in ten feet deep. Sorry, but we're stuck here."

The New Yorker's face reflected his dismay. Mr. Talley looked baffled, angry. Sir Joseph seemed to be stunned. He had not uttered a sound since discovering that Don, Mr. Talley and the girl did not have a fully equipped pack train with them.

The cool one was Mr. Kriptetarchos. The Greek had a soft, gentle voice without a trace of accent. "I assume," he said quietly, "that you don't plan for us just to sit here and die, do you?"

"No, sir," Don said, "but we're not going anywhere until this is over."

"How long will that be?" Mr. Palmer demanded.

Don shrugged. "Who knows? A few days—a week."

"What about food?" said Sir Joseph.

"There isn't any—so what about it? You'll get pretty hungry, sir, but it takes longer to starve than you may think. You'll be all right!"

"What do you mean, *we'll* be all right?" Mr. Talley said suspiciously.

"Listen, when this lets up, I'll hike out across the valley to our old camp," Don said. "I'll go alone, because I can make it alone. With the rest of you tagging along, none of us would get through.

"If the helicopter is in, I'll be back quickly—say, forty-eight hours from the time I leave here. But he may be out looking for you. We'll have a fire ready for you to light if you see or hear him, but don't count on that. It takes a long time to search this much country.

"But until the weather clears, here we stay. It's all we can do—unless you have a better idea. If you have, let's hear it."

They stared at him through the gathering dusk. To his surprise, it was the girl who spoke up.

"I'm sure you know best, Mr. Cloyd. It's hardly my place to say it, but it seems to me you ought to be in charge."

"My idea exactly," Mr. Kriptetarchos murmured.

"Righto!" Sir Joseph exclaimed, recovering his spirits suddenly. "All for one and one for all, eh?"

Mr. Talley patted Mr. Palmer on the back. "You can trust this boy, Dave," he said gruffly.

"It's not him I distrust, but you, Jerome," Mr. Palmer said. "But I agree—he should be in command."

"Good!" Don said. "Then here's what we'll do ——"

With his hunting knife, he cut some branches from a fir that grew just below the massive overhang of the rock ledge. He showed the four oilmen how to prop them against the overhang to act as reinforcement for the wall of snow. Next he set them to building.

While the old men piled the wet snow around the branches and tamped it down, Don took Edith Santana and climbed the upper slope. It was pitch-dark now and much colder. The snow came down on a swift slant, and the wind was a gale that raced down straight out of the arctic.

It was steep here, and Don had to feel his way, pulling the girl up with him. Soon he found what he was seeking—the tall snag of a dead tree that had been disintegrating for a generation. When he pushed against it, he felt the ground tremble under his feet. The snag groaned and tilted a little.

Through the dark came the girl's voice, "You knew this was here? You saw it only once and still remembered?"

"Sure. Snags are landmarks," Don replied. "Down there is a valley a hundred miles long and maybe fifty wide. I think every square foot of it is oil-bearing. This snag was my main marker to find it again."

"Oh, it must be wonderful to be so capable!" she cried. "Aren't you frightened at all?"

"Well, now, I wish we were out of here, and that's a fact. Now put your shoulder here and help me push. When you feel it go, just fall backward."

They stood close together in the dark and pushed. The tall snag fell with a resounding crash and broke explosively into pieces. They picked their way down to where it had fallen, chose one huge section of the trunk and rolled it on down the slope in the dark.

The old men had finished the snow wall. They helped push the log through the door they had left in one end. Don built his fire against the vertical rock wall at the rear. The flames caught the resinous heartwood and leaped up. They found an outlet overhead, where the snow wall joined the rock roof, and the air cleared quickly of smoke.

Five men and a girl smiled at one another as the fire showed them just how snug their shelter was. With the lower slope walled in, it was almost a cave, roughly oval in shape, nearly fifteen feet long and almost as wide.

Mr. Kriptetarchos rubbed his slim, strong-looking hands over the fire. "Oh, I say, this is jolly!" he said.

"Only shows what you can do when you 'ave to," Sir Joseph exclaimed.

"If only we had some grub," Mr. Talley muttered.

"We had better stop thinking about food, Tex," Mr. Palmer said. "Isn't that right, boy?"

"Well, now, I haven't got that much will power," said Don. "It's about all I can think about."

Mr. Kriptetarchos looked at him. "Have you ever gone hungry before?"

"I went duck hunting on an island once. We lost our boat and were stranded for a week. We were out of food on the second day. It's not so bad."

"You've gone 'ungry, George," said Sir Joseph.

The Greek nodded. "Now and again, yes."

Sir Joseph explained to the others, "George was one of those partisan chaps in the mountains during the war. 'Urried a lot of Nazis on to Valhalla before they were ready to go. Cold, wounds, 'unger—'e 'ad it all! This will be a lark to George."

"Not a lark," Mr. Kriptetarchos demurred, "but it's not too awful, really. One's mind becomes abnormally clear and sharp. Hunger is stimulating, actually. At least I found it so."

"Not me," said Don. "I sleep most of the time."

The talk was lively while it lasted, but soon the heat of the fire made them sleepy. One by one they chose places on the ground, not too close to the fire, yet not too far away. One by one they lay down and went instantly to sleep.

Don was the last to sleep. He smiled across the fire at Edith Santana, who slept in a little corner all her own. In the comfort of a down-filled sleeping bag, this girl had lain awake three nights, waiting for imaginary carnivores to leap out and devour her, bedroll and all. Now she was in real danger, probably for the first time in her life. Yet she slept like a baby, curled up with her face toward the fire and her cheek cushioned on one green-mittened hand.

She looked young, sweet, helpless, appealing. To Don it was not right that anyone should watch her as she slept. He looked the other way.

At daylight he went out for wood. The violence of the storm dismayed him. It was not a heavy snowfall now, but it shrouded the whole mountainside with an impenetrable screen of white and was whipped by wind that made the firs creak. One thing was sure—he was not going to get away from here today.

He stopped thinking about it. He climbed up to where he and the girl had dropped the dead snag the night before. When he came rolling another log down the slope, he found the four old men standing outside the shelter, staring silently at the blowing snow.

"Hi, there!" he said cheerfully. "Looks like it's really setting in, doesn't it?"

They did not answer. On all four faces was the same look of somewhat eerie distress. It was more than hunger. Here, they had suddenly realized, days would have no beginnings, no endings. Here there was no way to measure time, and no need to measure it.

Edith Santana was sitting up and combing when Don went inside. "Good morning," she said with a cheerful smile. "I feel so much better this morning! How about you—did you sleep well?"

She finished combing. She went outside and washed her hands and face in snow. She came in and dried them over the fire, and then asked Don for his hunting knife. He watched wonderingly as she worked on her nails with the big knife. "There!" she sighed at last, handing back the knife. "Don't they look better now?"

"Yes. You've sure got nice hands," Don said.

Her warm smile, more than he had bargained for, abashed him. How she could have been so distressed yesterday, and so cheerful today—well, it beat him!

"I guess I'll try to sleep," he said.

"There's not much else to do, is there?"

He lay down. In a moment, she, too, lay down on her side of the fire. The four restless old men wandered in and sat down around the fire. In a moment they began talking restlessly about oil.

Professor Eddy waited all that night at the radio for news that never came. The next day he checked intermittently with the Java-Britannic camp and with the helicopter pilot. Hopeless!

By evening that day, a drift twenty feet high stretched from the office tent to the rope corral, where the hungry horses paced endlessly, walking the snow under them to keep from being covered by it. The screaming of the wind rose, fell, rose again, making his tent flap and clatter. At dusk, when he went out with his flashlight, the thermometer stood at plus four. This fact the professor entered in the survey's logbook.

Twenty-four hours later he made another entry:

Approx. 8 in. snow so far. Min. temp.,-2°. No word from Java-Britannic. Must rely on poor Don, but what a terrible responsibility for a boy of—what is he? Twenty-three or twenty-four?

The next night he wrote:

Storm moderating but forecast equivocal. Why am I writing this? Feel lively, gay, but throat sore. Hope I am not going to be sick. Delirious?

To Prof. Michael Eddy, these three days were the longest of his life. To him they were called Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

To six people huddled around a fire some thirty rough miles to the north, the days had no names. All that changed was the sensation of hunger. At first it was mere animal appetite, many times magnified. Then their bodies began to feel real chemical want, and by the end of the first full day in the shelter—the one the professor called "Thursday"—no one really felt hungry.

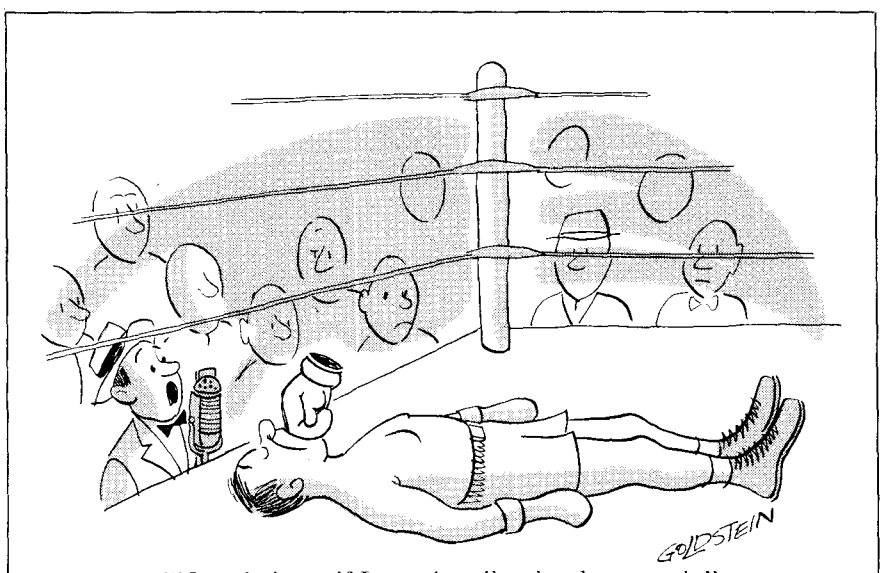
Don, remembering the hard hike out that lay ahead of him, conserved his strength like an animal. He slept most of the time.

Edith Santana slept too, at first on her side of the fire. It seemed to Don that every time he awakened, soon she awakened. They rarely spoke, but he looked forward to seeing her sit up, smile and comb her hair. To him it was a gallant thing to keep her hair so pretty, to go on smiling and keeping her face and hands and nails clean, and never to complain.

On the day the professor called "Friday," they were talking, on Don's side of the fire, when both fell asleep. Thereafter she never left his side. When Don lay down, he first made sure there was room for her between him and the fire. If she felt safer and less lonesome next to him—why, what was wrong with that? He waited for one of the old men to notice it, to say something. But the four old men ignored the two young people.

All day, every day, they sat around the fire, talking guardedly and ambiguously about oil. It amused Don to see that when one of them wanted to go out, he waited until the others were ready, and they all went together. All four napped at the same time. When one woke up, he soon stirred one of the others out, too, so that they could talk about the oil business. That awakened the other two.

They were like a well-drilled quartet, except that there was no friendliness in them. They clung to one another only because they did not trust one another.



"Now, let's see if I can describe that last punch."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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On the morning that the professor called "Saturday," Don came awake suddenly, feeling a hand shaking his arm. Mr. Kriptetarchos, looming over him in the dark, smiled.

"May I have the knife?" he whispered. "I'll cut some kindling and build up the fire. It's almost out."

Don sat up and stared at a bed of dying coals. He tried to shake the grogginess out of his head. "What time is it?" he muttered.

"Sh-h! About six."

It was still dark outside, but it was warmer, and there was no wind. A spasm of alarm warned Don—this was how you died of cold and hunger! He had now been almost five days without food. After the first distress came mere weakness, and then a sickly and unnatural serenity. You relaxed too much. You lay down, smiling, and slept. Still smiling, you died in your sleep.

He handed over the hunting knife. Mr. Kriptetarchos went out, and in a few minutes Don slipped quietly out too.

It had stopped snowing, but a clammy fog lay thick on the mountainside. Mr. Kriptetarchos was not in sight, but Don could hear him climbing up toward the wood supply. He stood there a moment, frowning uneasily into the fog.

How dense was it? How high did it reach? He climbed a little above the shelter, feeling for the first time an inner fear that had elements of panic in it. He had not counted on fog.

A dark figure came toiling slowly up the slope toward him. It was Mr. Talley. The old Texan had grown hollow-cheeked, haggard. He walked slowly, leaning on his staff. He stopped a few feet below Don. "Storm's over, I reckon," he said. Don nodded, and Mr. Talley went on, "I suppose you'll start out today."

"I don't know. I'm trying to make up my mind."

"I'm going with you," Mr. Talley said. "I've got to file my reservation."

Don shook his head. "Even if you could stand the hike out, you couldn't file, sir. You'd have to use the helicopter, and I need it to bring the others out."

"I'll send another helicopter for them."

"There isn't another helicopter within a thousand miles."

"They're ganging up on me!" the old man whimpered. "They're trying to cheat me out of my own oil. You file for me before you come back here."

"I can't, sir. I've got to get you people out of here before I do anything else."

The old man said, "I told Eddy he could have a new science building if we hit here. I'll double that, and there's five thousand in it for you if you get me out of here ahead of those others."

"Sir, if I ——"

"Ten thousand!"

"It's not a question of money, sir," Don said soberly. "You think this has been tough—believe me, it's a picnic to what it will be hiking out of here afoot! We'll all get out of here at the same time. Why can't you or I go on ahead and file then? It's your helicopter."

"No, it ain't. It's Dave Palmer's," Mr. Talley confessed unhappily. He laid a trembling hand on Don's arm. "I've played fair with you, haven't I?"

"We wouldn't be here if you had listened to me, sir."

"Stand by me, boy. They're ganging up on me."

Don knew the old man did well to fear the other three. He had a moral right to the oil, his man having found it. But wildcatters were lone wolves, and a moral right was only a challenge to those who lacked it. There would be a lot of throat cutting among the three others afterward; but until they were all out of here, it would be, as Mr. Talley said, three against one.

"Look, you and Mr. Palmer used to be partners, sir," Don said. "If you offered to cut him in ——"

"No! He double-crossed me once and he'd do it again. I've got to depend on you," Mr. Talley said helplessly.

Don studied him, sensing under the pathos the guile that made the Texan such a formidable trader. Who would believe it—Jerome Talley asking for pity? It was an act! Of that Don was sure.

"Cut it out, Mr. Talley," he said. "You're just not getting through to me. Now why don't you go back there and let me alone, so I can think?"

Mr. Talley gave him one last, furious glare and went docilely back toward the shelter. Don stood there a few moments, wondering uneasily where Mr. Kriptetarchos had gone. How could he cut kindling without making any noise?

Had he decided to try to hike out alone? Was that why the fool wanted the knife? If any of the four had a chance, it was Mr. Kriptetarchos, with his wartime partisan training. He was the best man.

But he was not good enough, and he was crazy if he tried it. But no crazier than the others, with their endless, bewitched gabble about oil, oil, oil. Neither old age, hunger, cold, loneliness nor fear of death could make them stop talking about oil.

Don felt his hair crawling. *Son of a gun*, he thought, *I've got a bunch of oil maniacs on my hands!*

He started running up the slope.

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The Case of the Spurious Spinster

(Continued from Page 45)

"What in the world do you mean?" Susan asked.

"You know very well what I mean. This cock-and-bull story you dreamed up about Carleton having a shoe box full of money."

"But he had it."

"Bosh!" Campbell said. "He didn't have any such thing."

"Have you asked him?" Mason inquired.

Campbell whirled to Mason and said, "I don't need to ask him. And as far as I'm concerned you have no official status in this party at all."

Mason said, "You have just accused my client of peculations. The accusation was made in the presence of witnesses. Now, just what do you mean by peculations?"

"She knows what I mean," Campbell said, "and I don't think I need to elaborate on it in view of the fact that you quite obviously are simply tagging along here hoping that you can find some grounds for a damage suit. Well, I'll tell you something, Mr. Perry Mason, you're going to have something a lot more serious to occupy your attention if you're going to represent this young woman."

Campbell turned again to Susan Fisher. "Now, then, since you apparently would like to trap me into making accusations, I'll simply content myself with asking questions. What about that box of money that you told me about over the telephone? Where did you put it?"

"In the safe."

"Well, it isn't there now," Endicott Campbell said.

"What!" she exclaimed.

"What's more, you know it. All right, I won't make accusations in view of the fact that you're represented by competent counsel. However, I'll just state this, Susan Fisher, that you told me about having a box of hundred-dollar bills in your possession in the office. Now I'm calling on you to produce that box of hundred-dollar bills."

"I take it," Mason said dryly, "you have already been to the office."

Campbell turned to face him, studied him with hostile eyes and said, "I see no reason to answer that question. On the other hand, I see no reason not to answer the question. I have been to the office. I have opened the safe. I looked for the box where she said it was, and it wasn't there."

"And," Mason said, "what does that prove?"

"It proves she's lying."

"In what way?"

"All right," Campbell said, "I'll put it this way. Let her prove she isn't lying. She didn't have any witnesses as to the amount of money in that box. She didn't even have witnesses as to the existence of the box."

"So you went to the office, and there wasn't any box in the safe."

"That's right."

"No money, no box?"

"No money, no box."

"And who were *your* witnesses?"

"My witnesses? What do you mean?"

"It would have been a commendable precaution," Mason said.

"Why, you—you ——" Campbell sputtered.

"At some stage of the inquiry," Mason said, "you might be interrogated as to how anyone knows you didn't find the box there."

"Well, I didn't and I think my word is good enough to stand up in court."

"That will depend on several things," Mason said.

"Such as what?" Campbell asked, sneering.

"On the manner in which you're cross-examined," Mason said, "and how you comport yourself on cross-examination. Now, I believe you have an appointment with Amelia Corning?"

"I do."

"And I want to see Amelia Corning," Mason said. He turned to Sue Fisher. "What's her suite, Miss Fisher?"

"The Presidential Suite on the twenty-first floor."

"Then we all may as well go up," Mason said. "I'd like to ask Miss Corning a few questions and I'd also like to make certain that Mr. Campbell doesn't make any insinuations or plant any prejudices in Miss Corning's mind before we have a chance to get a showdown on this."

"You can't come up," Campbell said. "This is a private appointment. This is a matter of business, and you have no right to horn in on it."

"And who," Mason asked, "is going to stop me?"

Campbell squared his shoulders, then regarded the rugged features and broad shoulders of the lawyer. "Before you go too far with this thing," he said, "it might interest you to know that I am considered a very good boxer."

"And before *you* go too far with this thing," Mason told him, "it might interest you to know that I'm considered one hell of a good fighter."

With that the lawyer turned his back on Campbell and marched toward the elevators. Della Street took Susan Fisher's arm and followed the lawyer.

Campbell started to follow them, then turned and said, "All right, I'll get the house detective if I have to."

Mason paused for a moment thoughtfully, watching the departing Campbell. "Will he get the house detective?" Della Street asked.

"I don't think so," Mason said. "I think he's gone to the room telephones and intends to telephone Miss Corning and ask her not to see us."

"I'm satisfied she'll see me," Susan Fisher said. "She's nice and she likes me."

"Well, let's go find out," Mason suggested.

They entered one of the elevators, went to the twenty-first floor, and Susan Fisher led the way down the corridor to the Presidential Suite.

Mason pressed the bell button on the door. They could hear chimes and farther in the interior of the suite they could hear the persistent and intermittent ringing of a telephone bell.

Mason tried the bell buzzer again and knocked at the door. He frowned and said, "She wanted the appointment at eight-forty-five, Miss Fisher?"

"That's right, and it was to be on the dot," Susan said.

Mason looked at his watch. "It's twelve minutes to nine now."

"We weren't up here right on the button," Della Street said.

"I have an idea it would be just like her to wait just about thirty seconds, then if Mr. Campbell hadn't shown up to get out of the suite," Susan Fisher said.

"But she has to use a wheel chair?"

"Yes, she can walk a step or two, I think, but she has to hang on to something when she walks. She does nearly everything in the wheel chair."

Mason looked up and down the corridor; he was looking toward the elevators when Campbell, accompanied by a quietly dressed, thoughtful-eyed individual, started down the corridor.

"This," Mason said, "looks very much like the house detective." He stepped forward. "There seems to be no answer in this suite," Mason said to the house detective.

"Should there be?" the man asked.

"We would think so," Mason said.

The man shook his head. "The occupant of this suite checked out a little after five o'clock this afternoon. The bill was paid in cash, and the woman who was in here checked out."

The house detective produced a key from his pocket and said, "I want you folks to notice that I'm not entering a suite that is registered on our books as being occupied. This is a vacant suite."

The house detective clicked back the lock, swung the door wide and stood aside and bowed to Della Street. "Ladies first," he said.

Della and Susan Fisher entered, followed by Endicott Campbell and Mason, and the house detective brought up the rear.

It was a spacious suite, with two bedrooms, two baths and a living room. The entire suite was not only vacant but in that state of orderly cleanliness which marks vacant hotel rooms.

"That's what I thought," the house detective said.

Suddenly Campbell turned to Susan Fisher and said, "How do we know Miss Corning was here at all?"

Mason caught her eye and warned her to silence. "You might look at the hotel records," he suggested.

"That's exactly what we're going to do," Endicott Campbell said.

"Now, look here," the house detective interposed, "we don't want to do anything that's going to involve us in any publicity."

"Certainly not," Mason said. "All you want to do is to get the facts so that you won't be involved in any publicity."

The house detective narrowed his eyes. "How do you know the facts won't involve us in any publicity?"

"I don't," Mason said cheerfully, "but I'm assuming that you haven't anything to conceal and I know we haven't anything to conceal and I trust Endicott Campbell hasn't anything to conceal."

"I don't like that. I object to the insinuation," Campbell said.

"What insinuation?" Mason said.

"That I have anything to conceal."

"I specifically said you didn't have."

"Well, I'm not going to argue with you. Come on, let's go down to the desk and see what the records show."

They went down to the registration desk. The house detective explained the situation to the registration clerk.

"I'm sorry," the man at the desk said. "I wasn't on duty this morning. I understand that when this party came in, she was in a wheel chair and was accompanied by a young woman who signed the register at the request of Miss Corning. The suite had been reserved for her, although it was reserved for Monday morning instead of this morning. I've talked with the clerk who was on duty this morning. He asked her how long she was going to be here, and she said probably two or three weeks. The young woman who was with her was the one who signed the register."

"That was I," Susan Fisher said. "She asked me to sign for her because she was in her wheel chair."

"Wasn't that highly irregular?" Campbell asked the clerk.

"It was unusual," the clerk conceded. "It wasn't irregular in view of Miss Corning's prominence and the fact that she intended to be here for a while."

"What we're interested in," Mason said, "is what happened afterward. Do you know about that?"

"I'll have to refer you to the cashier. I was on duty when she checked out. I saw her going out and I wondered if she might be checking out, but then dismissed it because our reservation list showed she was going to be here some little time."

"She did have suitcases with her?" Mason asked.

"She had baggage with her, yes."

The clerk called the assistant manager, who in turn got in touch with the cashier. It appeared that Miss Corning had checked out shortly after five o'clock that afternoon.

Mason led the way from the cashier's desk to the doorman, who regarded with respectful attention the folded bill which Mason pressed into his hand. "A woman with dark glasses, in a wheel chair," Mason said, "checked out somewhere around five o'clock and ——"

"Oh, yes, yes, I remember her. I remember her very well."

"You had some rather interesting personal mail today."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Did she leave in a private car or in a taxicab?"

"A taxicab."

"Do you know which one?"

"No, I don't. I don't remember the man. . . . Now, wait a minute; I do too. I remember his face. I don't remember the cab, but I remember the driver. He's here quite frequently and . . . Now, wait a minute. I saw him back here in line a little while ago. He's—let's take a look down the line here. I think he's the fourth or fifth cab in line."

They walked rapidly down the sidewalk in a compact group. The doorman stopped in front of a cab and said, "Yes, this is the one."

The cab driver seemed somewhat apprehensive. "What is it?" he asked, lowering the window of the cab.

Mason said, "We're trying to locate a woman who left here in a wheel chair about five o'clock. She went in your cab and ——"

"Oh, yes," the driver said. "I took her down to the Union Station."

"And then what?"

"I don't know. She paid me off and got a redcap."

"She was taking a train somewhere?"

"I think so, yes."

"Well," Mason said, "that seems to be all we can do at this end." He thanked the cab driver, turned back toward the entrance to the hotel.

Endicott Campbell waited a second or so, then forged rapidly ahead to come abreast of the attorney. "Look here, Mason," he said. "Has it ever occurred to you that this woman was carrying away with her records of the corporation—records which are exceedingly important, records which the corporation must have and records which should never have been taken from the office of the corporation?"

"How much stock does Miss Corning own?" Mason asked.

"About ninety per cent," Campbell said.

Mason smiled at him and said, "That's your answer."

"Now, wait a minute," Campbell told him belligerently. "That's not the answer. You can't dismiss something like that with a wisecrack."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm responsible for the records."

"I'll put it another way," Mason said. "To whom are you responsible?"

"The stockholders."

"Now, then," Mason said, "I'll ask you again. How much stock does Amelia Corning own?"

"Oh, the devil!" Campbell said and, turning on his heel, walked quickly away.

Mason grinned at the house detective, shook hands, said, "I think we can handle this thing all right so there'll be no publicity. We'll do all we can to cooperate with you and ——" Mason let his voice cease abruptly.

The house detective grinned and said, "Sure, sure. We'll co-operate with you, too, Mr. Mason. Anything you want, you just call on me. The name's Bailey. Colton, C-o-l-t-o-n C. Bailey. You just ask for me, and I'll do anything I can."

"Thanks a lot," Mason told him and turned to the two young women. "Let's go finish our dinner," he said and led the way back toward the Candelabra Café.

"Oh, I beg a thousand pardons," Susan Fisher said. "I thought you had finished your dinner."

"We had," Mason said, "but I didn't want the house detective to know just where we were going."

"Where *are* you going?"

"To my office," Mason said. "We're going to get Paul Drake on the trail of Amelia Corning and we're going to try and locate her wherever she is before Endicott Campbell gets to her. For your information, when Endicott Campbell left, he was planning to do a little amateur detective work of his own. Unless I miss my guess, he's on his road to the Union Depot right now, and when he gets there, he'll start checking with the various redcaps, trying to find out just what happened."

"And you're afraid he's beating you to the punch?" Susan Fisher asked.

"Not necessarily," Mason said. "There are ways of going about these things. Campbell may find out before we do where she went after she got to the station, but I'll bet we find out before Endicott Campbell does where she is now. That is, unless he's shrewd enough to hire professional detectives."

"And then what?"

"Then," Mason said, "we'll wait in my office until we get some definite word. A woman who is nearly blind and confined to a wheel chair can't simply vanish into thin air."

The lawyer retrieved his car from the restaurant parking attendant. They drove to the lawyer's office. Della Street rang Paul Drake and asked him to come to the office.

A few moments later Paul Drake's peculiarly spaced knock sounded on the door of Mason's private office, and Della Street let the detective in. Mason said, "Paul, this is Susan Fisher. She's an employee of the Corning Mining, Smelting and Investment Company. The company is pretty much a one-man outfit that's owned by Amelia Corning, a wealthy woman who's been living in South America. (*Continued on Page 62*)

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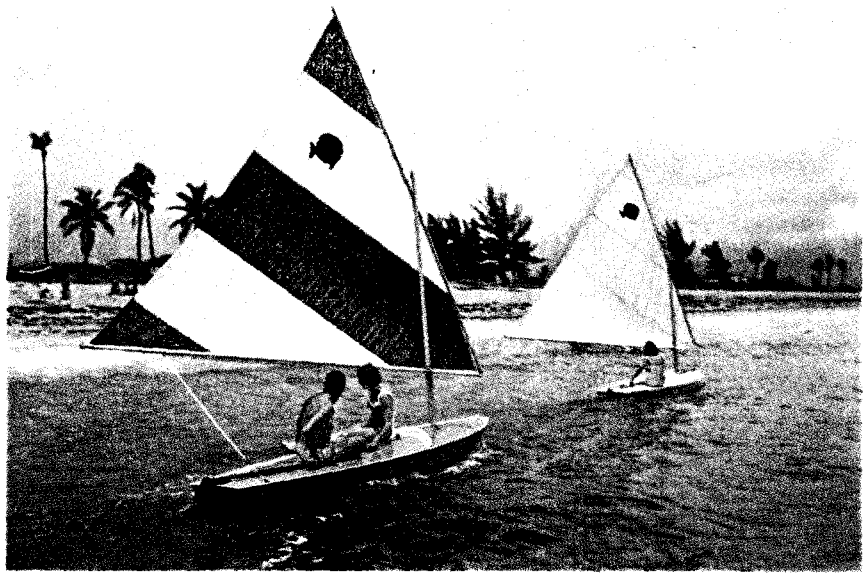

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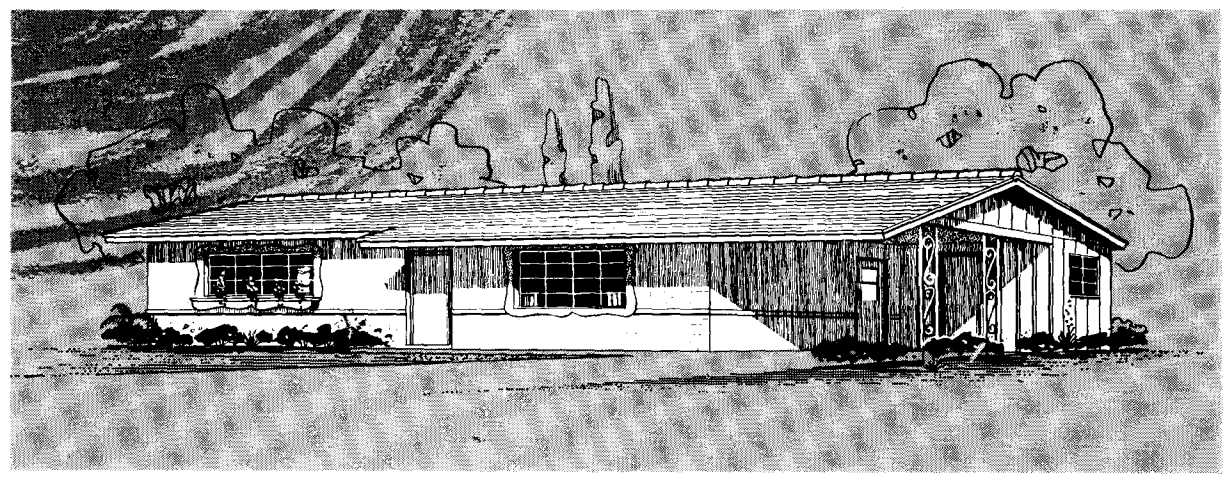

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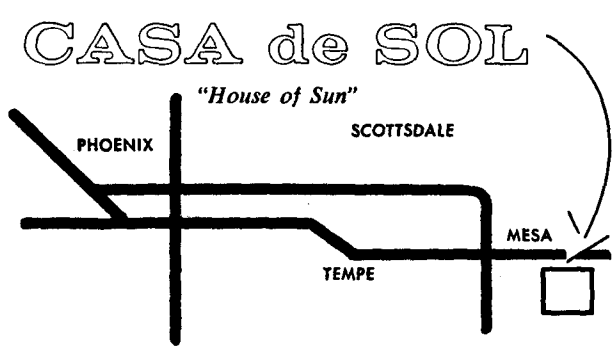

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(*Continued from Page 59*) "Miss Corning is about fifty-five years old, nearly blind, wears very large-lensed dark blue glasses and apparently because of arthritis has to spend most of her time in a wheel chair. She was at the Arthenium Hotel. She checked out shortly after five o'clock, took a cab to the Union Depot."

Drake, his professionally competent eyes sizing up Susan Fisher, his manner indolent to the point of indicating chronic laziness, listened with a bland expression which masked a concentration which a casual observer would never have suspected. "What do you want done?" he asked Mason.

"Find her," Mason said.

Drake walked quietly toward the outer office. "I'll use the phone in your reception room, if you don't mind. It won't disturb you so much."

Drake gave Susan Fisher a vaguely reassuring smile and vanished into the outer office.

"He's good?" Sue Fisher asked.

"The best," Mason said.

Drake returned to the private office after some ten minutes and said, "I've been playing tunes on your telephone, Perry. I've got men on the job. I've got a man covering the taxi companies broadcasting a report over their communications systems asking for information. I'll have three men at the depot within ten minutes, probably less. They'll be interrogating the cab starter and the redcaps, inquiring at the ticket windows."

"Good work, Paul," Mason said.

"If she's on a train, Perry, I take it you'd like to know where she is before the train reaches its destination."

"That's right," Mason said.

"Any ideas?" Drake asked.

Mason said, "There's a train that goes up to Sacramento. It goes through Mojave. I wouldn't be at all surprised if the person we want is a passenger to Mojave."

"Good heavens!" Sue Fisher exclaimed. "I'll bet that's exactly what she did."

"If she waited for that train," Della Street said, "she would have been in the waiting room for some little time."

Mason nodded. "Any ideas why she would have checked out of the hotel and gone to the depot in order to put in the time waiting in a public waiting room when she could have put in the time just as well in a luxurious suite at the Arthenium?"

"Now, wait a minute," Drake said, "you're going at this thing all backward. You're starting out with a surmise and then trying to fit facts to it. Now, let's find out all of the facts and then we'll make our surmises afterward—O.K.?"

"O.K.," Mason said, grinning.

"All right," Drake assured them, "I'm going down to my office and start handling calls from there. My men will be on the job at the depot in a few minutes. They'll fan out pretty rapidly, and we may get results right quick. What do you want me to do if we get her located, Perry?"

"That," Mason said, "will depend on where she is and what she's doing. Probably we'll do nothing. We'll let the other side take the initiative. I have an idea Amelia Corning is a rather capable woman who goes after what she wants and has a habit of getting it."

"I'll be on my way," Drake said.

He left the office, and Sue Fisher turned uneasily to Mason. "You haven't told me anything about fees or asked me for money yet," she said.

"That's right, I haven't," Mason told her, smiling.

"All this is going to cost a lot of money. I—I'm a working girl on a salary, Mr. Mason. And—well, I didn't want to say anything in front of Mr. Drake, but I simply can't afford all these detectives and all of this high-priced action. I'm afraid I've been giving you a wrong impression and I—I just don't know what to do."

"That's all right," Mason told her. "Right at the present time this is my party. If you're going to be my client, I don't want them to get you boxed into a bad predicament before we get started."

"But even so, Mr. Mason, whether I'm your client or not, this is going to take an enormous amount of money and I—well, I just haven't got it."

"Miss Corning has money," Mason said.

She raised puzzled eyebrows. Mason merely smiled. After a few moments, Sue Fisher said, "But, Mr. Mason, Miss Corning isn't going to pay for my legal expenses."

"Certainly not," Mason told her. "But Miss Corning is doing something that apparently she wants to do very much indeed. I wouldn't be at all surprised if

... ...

Garden on a Winter Morning

By Elaine V. Emans

Here where an emerald
city met
With frost's besieging, and
disaster,
Now minaret on minaret
And mosque on mosque of
alabaster
Glisten as proudly, in these
walls,
As miniature Taj Mahals.

No bird appears to
desecrate
The silence, no one storms
the gate
Well locked by ice and
snow, and none
Will sack *this* city, but the
sun.

... ...

Mr. Endicott Campbell tried to see that she didn't do it. This makes for a very interesting situation.

"I gather from what you have told me that Miss Corning was rather favorably impressed with you. If you co-operate with her in helping her have the freedom to do the thing that she wants to do, whatever that thing is, she's very apt to be grateful. You might wind up being manager of the company at a much larger salary, and then I could present a larger bill."

"Mr. Mason, you're kidding me. Why are you doing this?"

"Put it down to natural curiosity, if you want to," Mason said, "or to playing a hunch. I have an idea, Miss Fisher, we're sitting in a game with some pretty big stakes, and it may well be they intend to use you as a human sacrifice."

"But why? What have I done? What have I ——"

"Let's wait until we get Paul Drake's report," Mason said. "This is the hard part of a case—waiting it out. But we'll have a report within twenty or thirty minutes after Paul Drake's men get on the job down there at the depot."

"They can work that fast?" Susan Fisher asked.

"They can work very fast," Mason said.

Della Street smiled at Susan Fisher and said, "Just get a magazine from the outer

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office and make yourself comfortable. We have work to do and we're going to have to utilize every minute."

Della Street went to her office, and presently the keyboard of her typewriter exploded into noise. Mason picked up a copy of *Advance California Reports.*

Sue went to the waiting room, then tiptoed back with several magazines.

The phone shattered the silence within thirty minutes after Paul Drake had left the room. Della Street, hurrying to the telephone, said, "Hello," then said, "Yes, what is it, Paul?" She listened with a frown, then said, "I think you'd better come down. . . . Yes, she's still here." Della Street hung up the telephone and said, "Paul's coming down. They've uncovered a peculiar situation."

"I thought perhaps they would," Mason said, putting down the paperback *Advance California Reports.*

Della Street moved over by the door. "He has his offices on this floor?" Susan Fisher asked. Mason nodded.

Drake's knock sounded on the door, and Della Street had the door open immediately for the detective. "Well?" Mason asked as Drake entered the room.

"Here's what happened," Drake said. "She made no attempt to cover up on her arrival at the depot. She attracted a lot of attention. She had four suitcases. Two of them were very heavy, as though they contained books. She wanted the suitcases put in some of the key lockers, where you drop a quarter, put in the suitcase, close the door and turn the key."

Mason nodded.

"She got rid of all the suitcases, gave the porter a good tip and then went whizzing along on her wheel chair toward the ladies' room—and disappeared."

"Didn't enter the ladies' room?" Mason asked.

"No one knows. From that point she just vanished into thin air."

"You covered the trains?"

"Train dispatchers, redcap porters, ticket sellers, everybody. We got the redcap porter, who had put the suitcases in the lockers for her, to point out the lockers. We got one of the locker superintendents with a passkey to open them."

"Empty?" Mason asked.

"Empty," Drake said.

"That," Mason said, "is what I was beginning to be afraid of."

"What?" Susan Fisher asked.

Mason's face hardened. "I told you," he said, "that a woman of fifty-five, with dark blue glasses, a woman who was almost blind and confined to a wheel chair couldn't go to a public place like the Union Depot and simply disappear into thin air."

"I know you did," Sue Fisher said, "but ——"

Mason smiled as she broke off.

Sue Fisher went on, "But she seems to have done it?"

Mason turned to Paul Drake. "Paul," he said, "I want you to close up every possible avenue out of that Union Depot. I want your men to get to work and cover everything. Everything, you understand? I want to know every way by which a person could leave that depot, and I want every one of those ways checked. I don't care if they have to stay on the job all night."

"Will do," Drake promised and left.

Sue Fisher said, "Can you tell me what you're afraid of, Mr. Mason?"

Mason said, "A woman of that sort couldn't vanish into thin air. Therefore, if she did vanish into thin air, we have to start out with the idea that our premise is wrong."

"You mean that she couldn't do what she actually did?"

"No," Mason said, "I mean that she wasn't a woman of that description."

"You mean—are you trying to tell me that ——"

"Suppose," Mason suggested, "this woman was an impostor. You don't know Amelia Corning. You're the only one who saw her. She called you and said she was Amelia Corning. She looked like the Amelia Corning you've had described to you. You went down to the airport. She was sitting there surrounded with luggage with South American labels—that's the first thing that made me uneasy."

"What do you mean?"

Mason said, "Under ordinary circumstances, the baggage would have been held in the checkroom of the airport until she had her transportation ready.

"The idea of a woman sitting right in the middle of the waiting room in a wheel chair, with baggage piled around her and the baggage ostentatiously plastered with labels of South American hotels indicates that she was very, very anxious to have you identify her the moment you walked in and to take her for granted.

"That thing bothered me," Mason went on, "when you told me about it. But afterward, after you described her character, I came to the conclusion she might be just the sort of person who would insist on keeping her baggage under her eye, so I tried to dismiss the thought from my mind. However, that's one of the reasons I've been worried about this case."

"Then you yourself feel certain the woman was an impostor?"

"I don't know," Mason said. "I do know that from the minute you told me about her sitting there in the airport with the luggage around her I began to consider that as a possibility.

"Now, if she's an impostor, you must admit she made a pretty good haul. She got away with a lot of incriminating evidence against Endicott Campbell, which would give her good grounds for blackmail, and she probably got away with a shoe box containing heaven knows how many thousands of dollars and ——"

Mason was interrupted by a half scream of apprehension. Susan Fisher, her face white, her eyes wide, pressed knuckles to her mouth. There was no mistaking the expression of utter dismay on her face. She managed to blurt out, "You mean they'll claim . . . that I took the money and . . . and my only excuse will be Miss Corning being there, and following her instructions . . . and then it may turn out that it wasn't Miss Corning at all and ——" She ceased speaking and looked at Mason with dismayed panic in her eyes.

"That's right—only we mustn't jump to conclusions before we have the facts. If she left the Union Depot in a wheel chair, she's probably genuine."

"And if she didn't leave the depot in a wheel chair?" Sue asked. "I'm afraid I don't understand."

Mason said, "Let's assume that this woman who had been posing as Amelia Corning was an impostor. Let's assume she went to the ladies' room, stepped out of the wheel chair, took off the dark glasses, then walked back out to the entrance not as a helpless cripple, but as a vigorous woman."

"And someone met her?" Sue Fisher asked.

"Someone must have met her," Mason said. "Someone who opened the lockers, took out the suitcases, put them in a car, folded the wheel chair, put it in the trunk of the car, then drove the woman who had been posing as Miss Corning out into the city where there is nothing to distinguish one middle-aged woman from a million others."

"She must have taken that box," Sue Fisher said in a dismayed whisper.

"She certainly could have," Mason said. "But when we get to that box, we encounter another peculiar situation. I don't think Endicott Campbell is going to be too eager to talk about that box. He won't want even a rumor to the effect that a box which had come from his home contained a large amount of money in the form of cash—cash which had been very carefully converted into one-hundred-dollar bills."

"But," Sue pointed out, "this woman couldn't have had any possible way of knowing that that box was going to be in the office or. . . ."

Mason interposed a comment as she hesitated. "We don't know what she could have known. Now, then, Miss Fisher, I want you to go home. I want you to relax and try not to worry. In the event there are any developments of any nature that have any bearing on the case, I want you to call the Drake Detective Agency and leave a message. Now, will you do that?"

She nodded.

Mason arose, put his hand on her arm and led her gently to the door. "You can get home all right?"

She said, "Of course. I travel around the city all the time. All I do is get on a bus, then walk three blocks and I'm home."

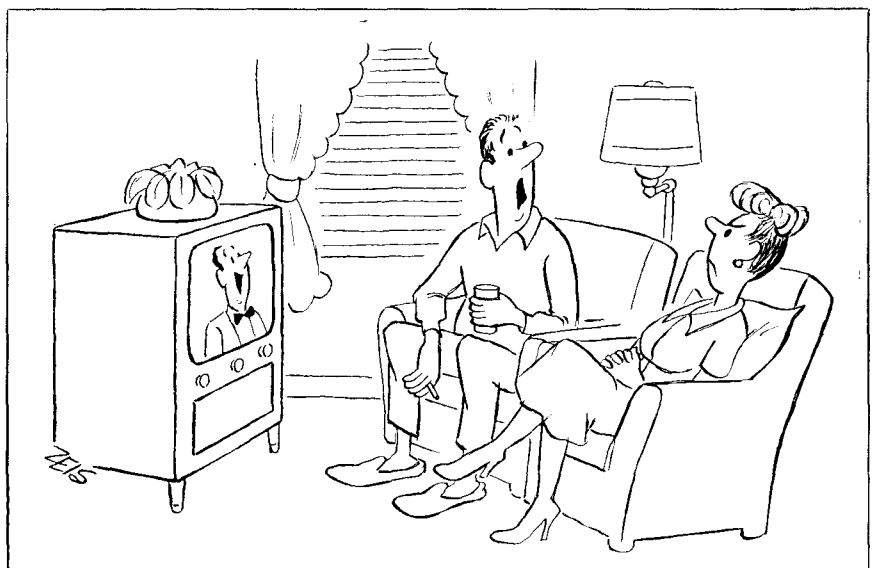
"Three blocks?" Mason asked.

She nodded.

"Now," Mason said, "I want you to treat yourself tonight."

"How do you mean?"

"Treat yourself to a taxicab," Mason said. "Pick up a cab and have it deposit



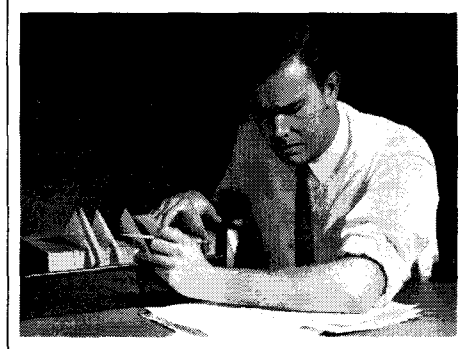
"I don't want to seem selfish about this—maybe you'd rather celebrate our anniversary on another channel."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

WHENEVER

YOU MUST

STAY AWAKE



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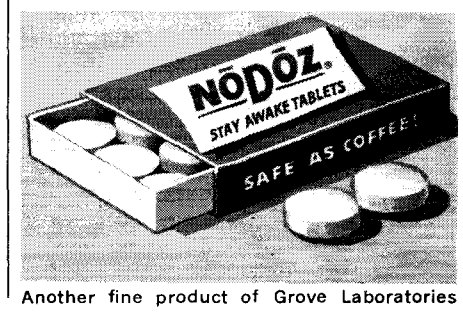

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you right at the door of your apartment. Don't leave your apartment at night under any circumstances until after you have called Paul Drake and cleared with him. Also, I want Drake to know where you are over the weekend. I want to have things so I know where I can reach you at any minute of the day or night. I'll keep in touch with Drake."

She gave him her hand. "Mr. Mason, I can't tell you how much I appreciate what you're doing and I feel horribly guilty because I've got you into this and—well, I'm afraid you'll think I've been terribly presumptuous. All I wanted was some legal advice on where I stood, and then suddenly things seem to have swept on and got entirely out of hand."

Mason smiled, patted her shoulder and said, "I know this is an unusual situation for you, but as a lawyer I specialize in unusual situations and emergencies. Chin up now, and remember to take a cab."

Mason walked down the corridor with her to the elevators. After she had taken the elevator, the lawyer turned back to Paul Drake's office. There was no longer any reassuring smile on his face as he confronted the detective.

"O.K., Paul," he said, "keep your men on at the depot, but get some additional men down at the airport and start them watching."

Drake frowned. "You mean you expect Miss Corning to show up down there?"

Mason nodded.

"You think she took a cab to the depot, then detoured in some way back to the airport and is leaving?"

"Hell, no," Mason said. "I think she's coming."

It took a moment for the significance of what Mason said to dawn on the detective. Then he said, "Oh-oh! What a mess this is going to be!"

Mason said, "Apparently the route she'll use is to fly to Miami, then take a plane from Miami here. That's the route this other woman claimed she took, so that's probably the route Miss Corning is going to take. They can clear with Immigration and Customs at Miami, then come on through here.

"You get men to cover the airport and let me know the minute she arrives—and I mean the minute she arrives here—no matter what hour of the day or night. I don't want her to have an opportunity to get near a telephone or do anything before I see her. Have one of your men approach her and tell her that he's been assigned to meet her. He doesn't need to say that it's the company that has given him the instructions. He can just make the general statement that he's been assigned to meet her, that he wants to do everything he can to help and that he'll escort her to her hotel. Then have him get me on the phone right away."

"You'll go to the airport?" Drake asked.

"There won't be time," Mason said, "but I'll be waiting at the Arthenium Hotel when she arrives."

"And what about Endicott Campbell?"

"Endicott Campbell is making this a battle of wits," Mason said. "If he can anticipate what's going to happen, he can meet us on an equal footing. Otherwise I'm going to talk with her first."

"And Susan Fisher?" Drake asked.

"Within two hours after Miss Corning shows up," Mason said, "Sue Fisher will be arrested for embezzlement of probably as much as a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. She'll be charged with having spirited away the books and vouchers of the corporation so that there can't be any actual audit and she'll be in trouble up to her neck."

Drake thought that over for a minute, then lugubriously shook his head. "And even you can't think up any defense that'll get her out of that trap." he said.

"Don't be too sure, Paul," Mason told him. "You start running interference, and I'll carry the ball. But I want some damn good interference. Now get started."

TO BE CONTINUED

Battles Under the Basket (Continued from Page 35)

Many of the fans don't really comprehend, however, just what the job involves. It is widely assumed that retrieving missed shots is a routine procedure for excessively tall players. Yet if height were the prime requisite, seven-foot Walter Dukes of Detroit and six-eleven Ray Felix of Los Angeles would be plutocrats instead of ordinary working stiffs. Then there is the case of the towering Syracuse rookie, Swede Halbrook. He stands seven-three—two inches taller than Wilt Chamberlain, the leading rebounder—but he is thrown into the arena only for brief spells. Seasoned players almost a head shorter often can outbattle him for the ball in hand-to-hand fights under the baskets.

Even unusual agility combined with height is no guarantee of rebounding success. Walt Davis, the 1952 Olympic high-jump champion, was a six-eight bench warmer at Philadelphia and St. Louis for five years. Boston's Bill Russell (six-nine) can't lift his carcass as high off the floor as his teammate Gene Conley (six-eight), but Russell is the Celtics' rebounding mainstay, while Conley gets to play an average of only about eighteen minutes a game.

Sheer strength, an attribute not commonly associated with basketball, is more essential than height when opponents start to shove, sock and throw elbows while jockeying for position under the boards. The action is in considerable contrast to what Dr. James Naismith had in mind when he invented basketball in 1891. He conceived the game as a non-contact sport. Today the college referees still try to curb roughhouse tactics, but the pros, in bidding for customers, have relaxed the rules until it is debatable whether the big idea is to make points or muscles.

Each team in the N.B.A. has two centers who are at least six-eight and weigh from 200 to 255 pounds. The four other men on the court are as hefty as a football backfield. The impact when they collide under the baskets is not as jolting as the body contact in football but, unprotected by padding, basketball pros absorb more cumulative punishment during a seventy-nine-game schedule.

Violent action in the snake pit last March triggered basketball's loudest furor since the college-betting of the early 1950's. Wilt Chamberlain, who had just rewritten the record book in his first season with the Philadelphia Warriors, announced the day after his team was eliminated from the play-offs by the Celtics that he was quitting. He charged that the league had ganged up on him, and accused referees of letting the opposition get away with murder on deliberate fouls to prevent him from scoring. Chamberlain went on to declare that there wasn't enough money in the world—not even the $40,000 he was estimated to have been paid by the Warriors—to induce him to endure such indignities.

"If I come back next year and don't score as many points, I may have to punch eight or nine guys in the face," he declared. "I may lose my poise. I don't want to."

A vehement rebuttal came from Bob Cousy, the players' elder statesman. Observed Cousy, "He feels he's been pushed around more than anybody else. The guy averaged thirty-seven points a game, broke the rebound record and was given more foul shots than anybody. How easy does he want it? Wilt is the biggest complainer ever to hit the N.B.A. I can't feel sorry for a man who's exactly a foot taller than I am."

Cynics regarded the Stilt's retirement threat as a gambit to separate more money from Eddie Gottlieb, the Warriors' owner. However, there is no question that he was given a strenuous going-over all season. Opponents found that the best defense against his "stuff" shot—a maneuver in which he rears up on tiptoes and simply crams the ball through the hoop with both hands—was to foul him before he received a pass in scoring position. Chamberlain's miserable foul shooting made that measure a good calculated risk. He converted only 58 per cent of his free throws, an inept average for a high-school substitute.

Cousy and the Celtics particularly resented Chamberlain's blast because it previously had been implied that they won their play-off series with the Warriors, four games to two, by provoking him into a fist fight with Tom Heinsohn in the second contest. Chamberlain suffered a bruised right hand in that game, and it sharply impaired his efficiency in the next two meetings, both won by Boston.

He later confessed the hand was hurt slamming the rim of the basket on a rebound. At the time, though, the Warriors hinted darkly of a plot to "get" their star, who averaged forty points a game when his hand was sound and only eighteen points while he was nursing it. If there are repercussions of the incident in March, when the teams probably will meet again for the Eastern Division title, it is unlikely that Chamberlain will be the instigator.

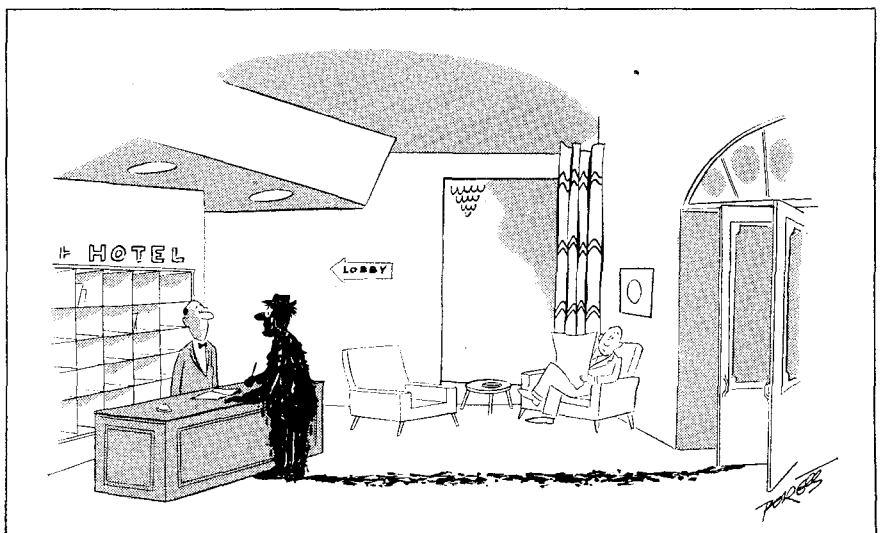
Now reconciled to the fact that lumps, welts and abrasions are occupational hazards of a trade that can enrich him beyond the dreams of avarice, Wilt this season has been talking like a realistic businessman. "I made a mistake popping off last year," he admits. "My big problem was adjusting to the way plays are called in the N.B.A. I realize now you've got to be braced for rough stuff on every move." He has lost neither his poise nor scoring touch and has not been retaliating overtly against players who keep belting him to curb the raids on the basket.

The vigor of his opponents is a tribute to the boys' bravery and devotion to their work, for they do not relish the prospect of having the 250-pound Chamberlain take a pleasure punch at them. The first thing they invariably mention when discussing the Stilt is his tremendous muscular strength. Veterans who bounced off six-ten, 260-pound George Mikan, and still have the scars to show for it, say Chamberlain is the most powerful physical specimen in the league since the scourge of the old Minneapolis Lakers retired.

"Wilt made me a true believer the first five minutes I played against him," Bill Russell recalls. "Both of us grabbed a loose ball at the same time, and I started to yank it away from him. Did you ever try to bend a lamppost with your bare hands? That's how rigid Wilt's arms were. Then he began to pull on me. I actually felt my feet leaving the floor. *I'm going to look awfully silly*, I thought, *if he stuffs the ball and me through the basket.* Fortunately the referee blew the whistle for a held ball."

Giants who are authentic athletes are making the word "goon"—in sports, an awkward, overgrown oaf—obsolescent in the vocabulary of basketball. Had Chamberlain concentrated on track and field, he might have given Rafer Johnson stiffer contention in the Olympic decathlon at Rome than Formosa's Yang and Russia's Kuznetsov. Wilt was a forty-nine-second quarter-miler as a Philadelphia schoolboy, and while at the University of Kansas he high-jumped six-six and threw the shot more than forty-nine feet. The mind boggles at the thought of Stilt's having a go at the pole vault, but his stamina would run the field ragged in the 1500-meter race. He rarely sits out more than two minutes of a game.

Strapping youths who have the physical qualifications for rebounding are rank gambles as pros until they undergo their indoctrination in the snake pit. Veterans can determine after a few scrimmages in training camp whether a new man will stick or get a one-way ticket home.



"A room with bath."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Says Dolph Schayes of Syracuse, the N.B.A.'s all-time high scorer, "The first thing we do against a rookie on rebounds is to belt him. It's the same principle as throwing at a batter's head in baseball. The purpose is not to hurt the man. We want to see how he responds to a challenge.

"If he doesn't hit back, you needn't bother to learn his name. He won't be around long. If he gets discouraged after retaliating seven or eight times, he's a borderline player. To make the grade he must keep coming back indefinitely, because that's how it's going to be as long as he's in the league. Literally hundreds of fouls are not called in a game. The only way you can survive and command respect is by dishing out more than you take. You've got to scratch for the ball, get in there any way you can on every shot."

Schayes is a conspicuous example of what he preaches. He never was a gazelle even in his salad days, and he is the only six-eight player in the league who cannot leap off the floor high enough to make a dunk shot. Yet he was his team's top rebounder last season on sheer aggressiveness.

He singles out Elgin Baylor and Bob Pettit as men who come back again and again in the battling under the basket. "Baylor and Pettit are superstars because they wear you out with their terrific drive on rebounds," he declares. "If Pettit isn't hitting with his jump shot, you can almost hear him say to himself, 'I've gotta go to the backboards and get my points somehow.' That's the difference between an eighteen and a twenty-five-point scoring average."

Early this season in a game against the Knicks, Pettit gave a typical demonstration of the qualities that have made him an All-Star ever since he entered the league seven years ago. Pettit normally can give lessons in Southern charm to the headmistress of a fashionable finishing school in Virginia, but he was nervous and irritable as he picked at a steak five hours before game time. Tension was building up in him.

The Hawks outclassed the Knicks by a comfortable margin in the first three quarters, but the Knicks kept plugging away before a large home crowd, caught fire and tied the score at 117-all with forty-nine seconds to go. Pettit screened for Clyde Lovellette on a twenty-foot set shot. The ball rimmed the hoop but Pettit, barging in from his deep position, snagged the rebound and sank it for a goal. He added a free throw for his thirtieth point of the game. The Knicks surged back with a basket, making the score 120–119.

Came the key play. With six seconds left, the Hawks' Johnny McCarthy was fouled, giving him three chances to make two points and sew up the game. He blew all three shots. Statistics show that the defense, with two men nearest the basket in the foul lane, gets 95 per cent of the rebounds on free throws. Had the Knicks gained the ball, they would have called a time out immediately and set up a play which, conceivably, could have won the game. More than one decision has been pulled out in the last few seconds. But Pettit came through in the clutch with the one rebound in twenty captured by the offense and preserved the Hawks' victory.

"I take a lot of pride in rebounding," Pettit told me afterwards. "It sets the tone for my entire game, because it's largely a matter of desire. The first item I look at in the box score is the rebounds. Ask any big man."

I did ask Chamberlain a few nights after he had broken Bill Russell's one-game record for rebounds by getting fifty-five. He established the new mark against Russell, of all people.

"Pettit gave you the right dope," Chamberlain said. "I wanted the record just to prove I could beat Russell off the boards. If I don't get hopped up for him, I'll get knocked down I'd never score a point against Boston if I played the way I do against the tailenders."

Chamberlain and Pettit are pile-driving types. From the standpoint of technique, Russell is the acknowledged rebound artist of the N.B.A. His forte is position play—getting between the basket and opponents to intercept the ball as it descends. "That's the basic move," Russell says. "If a man half a head shorter has position on me, I can't get the ball unless I foul him."

Although it appears to be an individual feat, rebounding is a co-ordinated team maneuver when executed properly. "Your three big men up front are supposed to form a cup around the basket and block out their guys," Red Auerbach explains. "If they do their job, the ball will bounce on the floor and a guard will scoot in and grab it. The trouble with the theory is it seldom works out under game conditions. Things happen so fast somebody generally misses his blocking assignment, and one of the front men has to go for the ball."

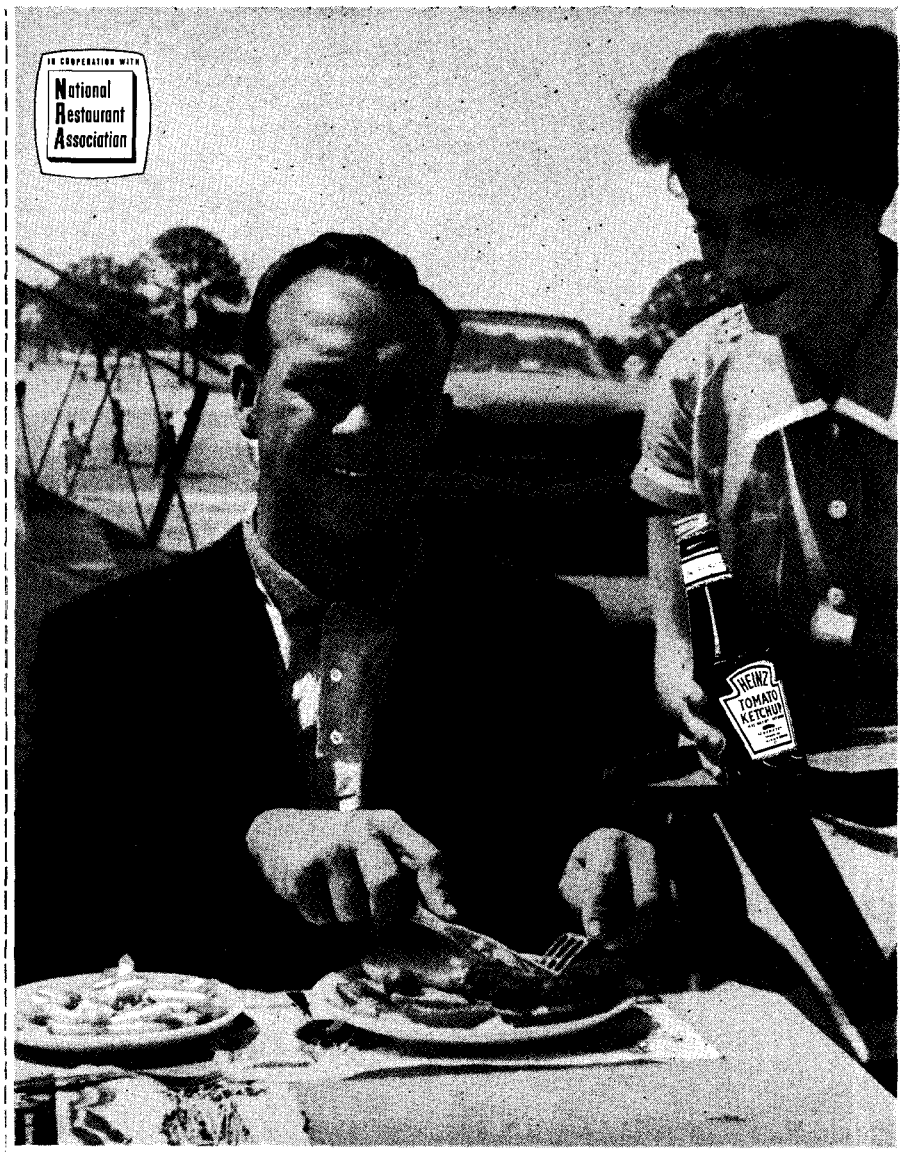
Auerbach attaches more importance to rebound blocking than any other coach in the league. Jungle Jim Loscutoff, a mediocre scorer but a formidable muscle man, was practically out for two seasons with leg and back miseries, yet Auerbach carried him on the roster against the day when he would be ready to bowl over people again. Gene Conley, who quit basketball for five years to concentrate on pitching for the Milwaukee Braves, was induced to return by a fat contract in 1958.

Several years ago Auerbach intimated he had discovered a new gimmick on rebounds. Colleagues suspected the secret weapon was Russell, but players traded by the Celtics presently solved the mystery. Auerbach had a formula for anticipating the direction of rebounds off the backboards.

This went back to a game Auerbach played with George Washington University against Bradley in 1937. "We lost by three points," he recalled recently, "but I made a big reputation as a rebounder against a six-three forward who had five inches on me. Bradley's star was a hook-shot specialist who heaved the ball from the other side of the court I guarded. I got six rebounds on the first eight shots he missed.

"You didn't have to be a genius to figure that a ball thrown from an angle against a flat surface had to carom off it in the opposite direction. When he hooked from the right, I moved to the left of the basket and parked there for the rebound. The system was not infallible, of course. The ball bounced off the rim back toward Bradley's star when he was short with a shot but, like most players, he tended to overshoot. Through the years spot checks have shown me that about seventy per cent of all rebounds bounce off the board away from the shooter, twenty per cent kick back to him and ten per cent go up the middle of the court."

Auerbach shrugged. "This would be a cut-and-dried business if you could teach fast reflexes to situations. A good rebounder reacts instinctively, like an outfielder judging the flight of a ball the moment it leaves the bat. Cousy has that instinct and so does Cliff Hagan. He's only six-four, but he seems to get the ball for the Hawks every time you look at him. A lot of big men are washouts as



1960 Masters and U.S. Open Champion, Arnold Palmer

What **Arnold Palmer** can tell you about sizing up eating places

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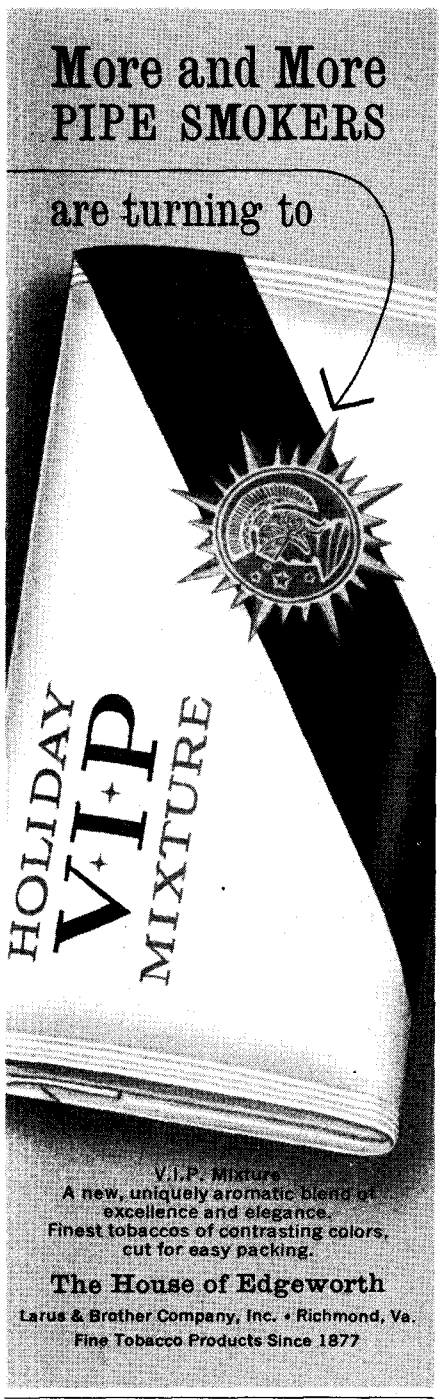
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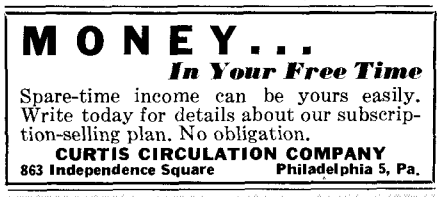
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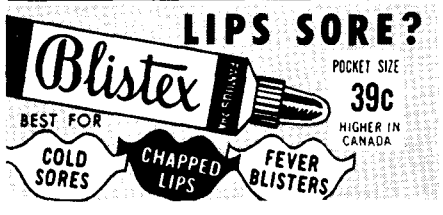

rebounders because their sense of timing is poor. They wait to see whether a shot will be long or short, then they jump too soon or too late. Let me show you a simple test that drove me crazy while I was getting my master's in physical education at George Washington."

He rummaged through his pocket for a fairly crisp dollar bill and smoothed it. "Hold your thumb and index finger just far apart enough for the bill to pass through," he told me. "When I let the dollar go, try to catch it in your fingers. O.K.?" I gave up after the bill fluttered to the floor on five straight drops.

"Few people will trap the bill once in fifty attempts," Auerbach commented. "A fellow like Russell will nab it maybe a dozen times. Most of us see the dollar fall, then react. Russell sees and reacts simultaneously. That's what makes him a great rebounder."

Russell has a graphic description for his technique. "I go for the ball as though it's a balloon about to break," he says. "I try to grab it as fast as possible, then get rid of it as though it's a time bomb."

Before Russell came along, gaining possession of the ball was the primary objective of backboard men. They looked like predatory birds as they hauled down defensive rebounds—that is, balls taken off the basket they guarded. Their legs and arms flailed the air to beat off opponents, and upon descending they dribbled ponderously to the side before passing the ball. Russell, on the other hand, fires it to Cousy while he is high off the floor to trigger Boston's fast break, the most devastating team weapon in the game. Every big man tries to imitate Russell's style now, but he still holds the copyright.

On offensive rebounds off his own goal, a man does a good job when he simply bats the ball in the air and deflects it from an opponent who has position on him. If no one blocks him, he can dunk the ball for an easy two-pointer, of course, but even Chamberlain rarely picks up more than one gift goal a game. Incidentally, players admit that most tip-ins—rebounds knocked into the hoop by random swipes—are pure luck. Notable exceptions are Pettit, Baylor and Heinsohn, whose delicate fingertip control virtually makes their tip-ins modified jump shots.

In any candid discussion of rebounding technique it must be admitted that a stiff poke in the ribs when the referee isn't looking is a splendid substitute for such refinements as speed, timing and finesse. If the N.B.A. officials called every foul that is committed on rebounds, the game would degenerate into little more than a free-throw contest after the first ten minutes. When both teams are bunched in the forecourt, it is standard procedure for all players to lash out with their arms as soon as a shot goes up. Every man tries to knock his opposite number off balance and get the jump of a step on him in following up the rebound.

The heroes resort to all sorts of trade tricks. A little stunt known as "climbing the monkey's back" is pulled constantly under the basket. A player blocked out leaps and pushes down on the shoulder of the man in front of him, thereby getting an extra boost and grounding the other fellow. Other old chestnuts are tugging at a man's pants to check his momentum or locking his arm to prevent him from jumping. Fans frequently see the curious spectacle of one big hulk trying to hold hands with another, after the manner of an ardent swain pressing his attentions on a shy girl. The unwilling party is struggling to escape the clutches of a defensive man.

Russell used me as a patsy to demonstrate a dodge practiced by blokes with high kneecaps. He stationed me four feet in front of the basket and stood directly behind me with his chin resting on my head. "The ball is coming off the board," he said. "Go up for it." I started to jump and was propelled off the court by a nudge in the seat of the pants.

"I didn't do anything!" Russell cried in mock protest. "You fouled me by hitting my knee with your butt." He grinned. "You have to squat when you jump from a standing position. When you crouched you made contact with my knee and knocked yourself out of position to get the ball."

An unwritten law has been adopted by the pros to limit assault and battery on rebounds. "The worst damage is done by the elbow," Alex Hannum, the Syracuse coach, explains. "It's as dangerous as a blackjack when a player lashes out with it. There's a general understanding that a man must keep his forearms on his hips when he's battling for position. He can push and jab with his hands, but as long as his elbows are locked at his side he can't hurt anyone seriously. When a fight breaks out, the trouble almost always can be traced to an elbow somebody threw under the basket."

Although pro teams constantly are on the prowl for prospects with the height and heft for rebounding, the only new men to establish themselves at this specialty in the past four years are Chamberlain, Baylor and Detroit's Bailey Howell. Finding good rebounders among the scores of college stars who come up every year is getting increasingly difficult. Rookies are tripped by a psychological hurdle that is as imposing as the physical demands of the snake pit. A kid who has towered over everyone throughout his career discovers that all the teams he faces have two or three men his size—often bigger and stronger.

Bill Russell, who has a whimsical sense of humor, laughs now at the anguish he encountered in his debut with the Celtics in 1956. "I had just come back from the Olympics in Australia where I was a big star. I had it made, man. All-America in college for two years. A contract as fat as my scrapbook. My first game, against St. Louis, was on a national TV network.

"Charley Share, who was six-eleven and weighed about two-fifty played center for St. Louis, and he should've been arrested for the way he manhandled me. Every time I got set for a rebound, Share shoved me off the court like a bulldozer. Between the halves I asked Arnie Risen, a veteran, how to stop Share from pushing me around. 'Push him first,' Risen told me. 'Lean on him.' So I went back all fired up, and I leaned on Share."

At this point Russell goes to the nearest wall and slides his feet out along the floor until his body is at a forty-five-degree angle. "This is how I wound up leaning on Share, and I haven't budged him yet."

Joe Lapchick, center of the legendary Original Celtics, was reminiscing recently about the trends that have revolutionized the game in the last forty years. He is thoroughly familiar with the situation, having coached the Knicks for nine years between stints at St. John's of Brooklyn, where he is now.

"Two developments would have murdered the old Celtics, if we played the same way against even a second-rate college team today," Lapchick said. "The shooting and the rebounding. Everybody is making fantastic one-handed jump shots now. High-school kids are hitting on shots Nat Holman and Davey Banks never dreamed of attempting the best day they ever saw. But it's an aptitude that can be acquired. The rebounding is an entirely different matter. There are so few outstanding backboard men that you've got to recognize it as the most difficult skill.

"We never went through the motions of rebounding in my time. I was considered a monster at six-five, but I didn't attempt to get the ball off my own board. All shots missed by your side were conceded to the defense. The first man who fought for the ball at both ends of the court was Tarzan Cooper, who played with the Renaissance Big Five, the forerunner of the Harlem Globetrotters. He gave me fits. But both of us were flat-footed clowns compared to some of the backboard men today."

Lapchick reflected for a moment. "All of us in the coaching business try to impress people by talking about basketball as though it's a complicated game. But in the final minutes of a squeaker, when all hell is busting loose, what are the masterminds doing to win it? We're yelling, 'Get the ball,' just like everybody in the joint.

"What else is there to say? That's the whole ball game." THE END

"It's time we say good night, folks—
Martha can hardly keep her mouth open."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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England's Confusion on the Left

(Continued from Page 33)

Commons, I found him bent over a desk piled high with letters that had just come in, the great majority of them in favor of his pro-American policy. The fifty-four-year-old opposition leader, who has emerged as the most controversial figure in Great Britain, looked gray-faced and harassed. But he was clearly relishing the fight he was engaged in. Coming to terms with the unilateral disarmers was, to him, utterly out of the question—the two embattled factions were too far apart for compromise.

"The crack," he told me rather fiercely, "cannot just be papered over."

The crack is there, all right, and painfully in evidence wherever party members congregate. "It's come to this," one veteran Laborite explained. "At all our party meetings I find myself going around looking at groups of delegates as they stand chatting in the corridors, and saying to myself, *These are my friends, those are my enemies.* And with the latter I don't even speak."

But while the great debate inside the Labor Party is over questions of defense, the cause for the dissension lies much deeper. Its origins go back to the elections of October, 1959, in which the party was handed its third straight defeat in less than a decade. To those of us who witnessed the campaign, there could be little doubt about the meaning of the Conservative victory. Not only were the British people, on the whole, satisfied with the way in which their Conservative prime minister, Harold Macmillan, was handling the cold war; they were also enjoying a rapidly spreading prosperity, with the good things in life available for the first time to the lower-income groups. The Conservative campaign slogan, "You never had it so good!" hit home—why let the Labor Party "ruin it"?

When the returns were in, the thrice-defeated Labor Party went into a tail spin. In spite of the substantial vote the party had piled up, most of its leaders felt, deep in their bones, that the "party of the workingman" which had been in and out of power since 1924, had lost its old appeal. The battles it had fought with such devotion were largely won. There were no sweatshops left in Britain, the worker was paid a living wage, the unions had amassed enormous power, some of the nation's industries were publicly owned, the welfare state was here to stay. What other dragons were left to slay?

Gloomily contemplating their defeat, the Labor chieftains fell to quarreling with one another. Hugh Gaitskell, always a moderate, argued that if the party ever wanted to snap back, it must forget its socialist tradition and the class war, stop parading as "the militant working class" and turn itself into a middle-of-the-road, middle-class body of opinion. But when he urged the party to drop from its constitution a half-forgotten clause that called for the wholesale nationalization of all British industries, he brought down the roof.

Why? The violent reaction that greeted Gaitskell's mild request was merely one more demonstration of the fact that Britain's Labor Party has always been far more than a political instrument. As the alternative to the Conservative approach to life, it gave all those who were not to the manner born a spiritual home where they could be at ease with their own kind without feeling inferior. Indeed, the Labor movement was a way of life. From early love at the young socialists' Clarion Club outings, from bicycle dates that often were the prelude to a Labor Party wedding, through Labor teas and socials to constituency party meetings, a man could live out his entire life inside the movement—a little fish in a big school of fish in a warm sea. He knew the words to the *Red Flag*, he was on good terms with his union leaders, he took on unpaid party jobs, his Labor representative in Parliament called him by his first name. And the old Marxian slogans, for which his father had gone on strikes and hunger marches, to him were sacrosanct.

Who was Hugh Gaitskell, of all people, to trifle with these sacred doctrines? Not even his best friends could claim that the keen-witted, personable leader who talked and acted like a member of the upper class was one of the boys. The son of a distinguished civil servant; a product of Britain's fanciest boys' school, Winchester; and a first-class-honors graduate at Oxford's snobbish New College, the Labor Party leader was clearly not a workingman.

"He simply doesn't breathe the spirit of the working class," is the refrain. While it was true that Gaitskell's predecessor, Lord Attlee, had had no calluses on his hands, either, at least he had kept quiet about it. "A sheep in sheep's clothing," Churchill had called him. Gaitskell was nothing of the kind. Convinced that the old image of the "worker's party" had lost its drawing power, he tried to give the party a new face—and learned that the majority of his comrades would rather be outvoted than updated.

"Of course, Gaitskell was right," one trade-union official said. "Britain has changed, and we have changed with it. We do live in an affluent society—look at the way we live, the way we dress, look at the television antennae on the roofs of workers' houses. If we could get rid of some old-fashioned taboos, an ever-larger portion of the middle class would vote for us and help us get back into office."

Class warfare now broke out inside the party's ranks. From the start, those favoring more, rather than less, militant socialism had the initiative. The fundamentalists who honestly believed that Labor could win only under its faded Marxian banners were promptly reinforced by intellectuals who pulled instinctively toward the left. Sharp bursts of fire also came from the New Left, a half-romantic movement of "political beatniks"—as disapproving elders like to call them—that had sprung up around London espresso bars and some big universities and that boasted its own influential magazine.

There was no want of slogans. Some of the malcontents talked of nationalizing the insurance business, road transport, steel, or the shipbuilding, chemical and machine-tool industries. Others were concentrating on industrial democracy, meaning a bigger voice for workers on the managerial level of private industries. One of Gaitskell's most brilliant critics, R. H. S. Crossman, Labor member of Parliament for auto-making Coventry and now chairman of the party's national executive committee, even suggested that the party sit it out in the political wilderness until the collapse of Britain's capitalistic system would call it back to power.

Yet as they crowded around Gaitskell with their daggers ready, the conspirators still lacked a common watchword, a battle cry with which to rouse their disparate followers for the assault against the leader. One day last spring the very thing they had been looking for dropped unexpectedly into their laps.

To grasp the full significance of "unilateral disarmament," one must remember that the British people, from the start, had regarded nuclear weapons with a kind of private horror. Aware of their exposed position, they never had much doubt that their small, crowded islands would be a major target in a war involving the United States and Russia.

The leaders of the two big parties, Conservatives and Laborites, saw eye to eye on the necessity of nuclear defense. For several years the opposition went cheerfully along with the Conservatives' ambitious project for an all-British nuclear missile to be known as "Blue Streak"; and only when that project was abandoned last year as too costly, did Labor beg to differ on what to do next. Even today the only difference between Harold Macmillan's and Hugh Gaitskell's views is that the former still wants Britain to have a nuclear deterrent of her own, while the latter would rely on the American "umbrella." Both attitudes, one might observe in passing, are compatible with the United States' and NATO's idea of collective security.

However, in the last few years the private horror has had its effect. Not only was Great Britain forging nuclear weapons of her own but American strategic bombers, built to deliver nuclear bombs, were based in Britain; and American-owned nuclear warheads were stored, under the double-key system—one key being entrusted to an American, the other to a British officer—on British rocket bases. Was not this kingdom being turned into a lightning rod for a Soviet nuclear attack?

Still, C.N.D.—Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament—might never have got off the ground had it not been presented to the public as a "cause." The average Englishman's foible for causes is well known—be it nudism, pacifism or vegetarianism, it has always been easy in Great Britain to rally the support of solid citizens, along with that of dreamers and fanatics, for this or that idealistic venture. Thus, when in January, 1958, a group of prominent intellectuals started a campaign for Britain's unilateral renunciation of all nuclear weapons and the removal from these islands of all nuclear bases, a certain amount of popular acclaim could be predicted.

Among the founders of C.N.D. were such great "causers" as Lord Bertrand Russell, the famed philosopher, who, during World War I, had been dismissed from Cambridge University because of his pacifist beliefs; J. B. Priestley, the novelist and playwright; and one of Britain's numerous crusading clergymen, Canon John Collins of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Their following was, at the start, a motley crew of honest pacifists, students needing an outlet for their energy, and all manner of reformers and progressives. The movement published pamphlets, sent speakers up and down the country and organized mass demonstrations "against the bomb"—such as the annual Easter march from the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston, Berkshire, into London.

Today, with some 500 local branches throughout the country—including women's, youth, professional and university affiliates—C.N.D. is Britain's most effective pressure group. At its national headquarters, a musty, creaky-staired, cluttered-up rabbit warren of an old brick house on the edge of London's City, I found the movement's secretary, Mrs. Peggy Duff, behind her desk in a small, noisy office. A sprightly widow and a "causer" from way back, she amiably explained that C.N.D. was neither anti-American nor anti-Russian.

"We are not against alliances unless they're nuclear ones," she said. "We think we would be safer without any nuclear weapons and we consider Britain's unilateral disarmament as a breakthrough that would bring a lot of countries over to our position."

Though infiltrated by the Communists by now, the movement itself, Mrs. Duff insisted, was not a Communist show. The Communist Party had, in fact, ignored it until a short while ago. "They changed their view last spring and started coming in." She shrugged. "We are the most

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dynamic organization in the country. They just couldn't resist."

It was as simple as that. Britain's small, struggling Communist Party had faithfully clung to the Soviet line of universal, or multilateral, disarmament to be agreed on at a summit conference. But C.N.D. was far too good a thing to be passed up. Here was a pressure group already wielding power. If one could bulldoze Britain's Labor Party into adopting unilateral disarmament as its official policy, one would be so much closer to busting NATO and taking Britain out of the cold war.

The timing was no accident. Easter was approaching and with it the customary round of trade-union conventions at which the unions would determine what issues they were going to bring up at the next annual conference of the Labor Party. Almost all manual workers' as well as some employees' unions in Great Britain are affiliated with the Labor Party, contributing most of its membership and cash. Their influence at the October party conference would be decisive.

In their attempt to bring the unions around to unilateral disarmament, the Communists could profit by the fact that they already had a foothold in some unions. And even where their followers were few, the few could be relied on to make up in zeal for paucity in number. While men of moderate views were unlikely to take the trouble to attend meetings and move resolutions, a Communist would always do his utmost for the party. And, sure enough, some of Great Britain's most important unions, at their spring conventions, came out for unilateral disarmament.

Let us observe the progress of the plot through the eyes of William J. Carron, a canny, strong-willed Yorkshireman, president of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, whose membership of over 1,000,000 makes it Britain's second-largest.

"The Communists do all the homework in our branches," Carron began his story. "There'll be a local union meeting somewhere, and half a dozen Communists will be among those present. Those six fellows will wait until most of the others have gone for a cup of coffee. Then they get busy and quickly pass a resolution that goes out in the name of the entire branch—a thousand members, maybe."

No more than 7 per cent of the union's rank and file, by Carron's estimate, was pro-Communist. But as the engineers were scattered through some critical sectors of Britain's industries—including shipyards, steel mills, automobile and aircraft factories and chemical and electronics plants—the Communists had long paid special attention to this mighty union. By cleverly manipulating local and district elections, they had been able to get a disproportionate number of their men onto the union's governing bodies. Thus, when the union's national committee of fifty-two met for its annual policy-making session last Easter, it included no fewer than twelve members of the Communist Party and ten known fellow travelers. The rest was split, as a result of the Communists' homework, sixteen to fourteen in favor of unilateral disarmament.

No wonder that the union's Easter resolution called for unilateral disarmament. However, as the wording had been relatively mild, Carron went to the annual Labor Party conference at Scarborough last October in hopes of throwing his union's vote the other way. "I had sat in Hull during the war," he explained, "with nothing to protect my wife and children from Hitler's bombs and I know what it means to be defenseless. In my opinion, as long as Britain has an army, our boys should be as well equipped as the best of them."

At Scarborough Carron found the cards stacked against him from the start. A mass rally of C.N.D., with heavy Communist participation, had set the tone at the seaside resort on the convention's eve. There was no question that the problem of unilateral disarmament would dominate the conference. Among the delegates, who represented both the trade unions and the constituency—or local—Labor parties, unilateralists were busy lining up the vote. In fact, the unilateralists had organized themselves as a fifth column—they held frequent back-room meetings of their own at which their strategy was hammered out.

Moreover, unilateralism had found a vigorous champion in the person of Frank Cousins, chief of Great Britain's largest union, the 1,250,000-member Transport and General Workers Union. Cousins was not a Communist. But as successor to such powerful figures as the late Ernest Bevin and Arthur Deakin who, as captains of the nation's largest organized working force, had cast their giant shadows on the Labor Party, he had a personal problem. Party leader Hugh Gaitskell, making it plain that he considered Cousins a second-rater, consistently neglected to call him in. Cousins was hurt. As an authentic member of the working class—he was a former truck driver and miner—he had no trouble justifying his dislike of Gaitskell with the simple workingman's resentment of the snob. But it was unilateral disarmament that in the end provided Cousins with the issue on which he could provoke an open break with Gaitskell.

Being the law in his own union, which Ernest Bevin had constructed along autocratic lines, he was free to do as he saw fit. Voting is done by blocs at the Labor Party conference—and it was with considerable gusto that Cousins cast his massive bloc of votes for unilateral disarmament.

When—to return to Mr. Carron—the delegation of the Amalgamated Engineering Union decided to follow Cousins's lead, Carron balked. "I simply couldn't do it," he told me. "All those unilateralists had been talking about their consciences so long I thought I'd stand on mine for once." Unable to dissuade his fellow delegates from voting for the unilateralist cause, he stood aside. And so, over their president's protest and against the muted will of more than nine tenths of their union's rank and file, the engineers threw their own pack of ballots into the scales already weighted by Cousins.

With the two largest unions thus aligned, and with a number of smaller unions as well as more than half of the constituency parties joining in the stampede, the issue could no longer be in doubt. By narrow but decisive margins, the supreme body of the British Labor Party adopted the Communist-backed resolutions, including a demand for Britain's "unilateral renunciation of the testing, manufacture, stock-piling and basing of all nuclear weapons in Great Britain" and "the complete rejection of any defense policy based on the threat of the use of . . . nuclear weapons."

What the naïve and clumsy "causers" of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament could never have dreamed of achieving by themselves, the Communists had done for them. The operation was the more remarkable as a crushing majority of Labor voters in the country favored collective security through NATO and was opposed to "going it alone." An opinion survey carried out, just before Scarborough, by the London *Daily Herald*, the leading Labor newspaper, pinpointed the prevailing mood. Out of every 100 Labor supporters interviewed, only thirteen said that Britain should give up nuclear weapons if Russia and America kept theirs; and only nine said that both Britain and America should renounce nuclear weapons if Russia refused to give up hers. The party conference, meant to reflect the mood of Labor voters in the country, had been perverted—thanks to the bloc-vote system—into the instrument of a small, magnificently organized minority. Rarely in the field of party politics had so many been bamboozled by so few.

Although the Scarborough resolutions do not say so, there is no doubt that they are neutralist. "If the two mad groups want to have a go at each other," Cousins had said with reference to the United States and Russia, "we want no part of it." And Gaitskell, with his usual lucidity, had pointed out that "the implication" of unilateral disarmament "is that we go to NATO and say, 'Give up your nuclear weapons unilaterally, even if the Soviet Union retains hers. If you don't, we withdraw from the alliance.'" Were people really so simple, Gaitskell had asked, that they supposed the Russians, with their belief in the eventual triumph of world Communism, would not use the power put into their hands if the West disarmed?

It was typical of Gaitskell that, rather than knuckle under to the conference decision, he announced that he would "fight, fight and fight again" to win the party back to his own pro-American, pro-NATO views. Determined to persuade the conference, at its October, 1961, session, to reverse itself, the plucky party leader is now waging his own war, inside the party, against unilateral disarmament.

At the same time, the unilateralists have been supplied with new ammunition by the Polaris agreement. No doubt the prospect of an American nuclear, missile-firing submarine having its lair in Scotland's Holy Loch, where it will be serviced by its own floating dock and chaperoned by its own tender, seems even more alarming to many Britons than the mere presence of American nuclear bombers on bases in East Anglia. Gaitskell knows well what he is up against.

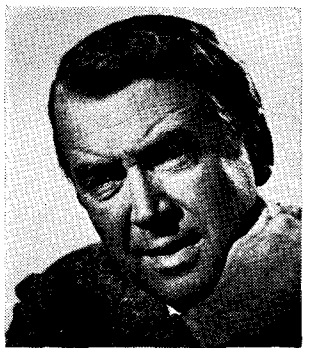
He also knows that the overwhelming majority of his electorate continues to put its faith into Britain's partnership with the United States and the whole concept of collective security. "If we were to fight an election on the issue of unilateral disarmament," the party leader told me in conclusion, "we would suffer a most fearful defeat."

Thus, Britain's Labor Party, a great civic body that has contributed so much to life in modern Britain, consumes itself in a barren "civil war" at the very moment when it should adapt itself to a new social pattern. The outcome of the struggle, at this writing, cannot be foreseen. But while the Conservatives as well as the small Liberal Party might temporarily profit by the decline and fall of Labor, the sufferer in the long run would be democracy itself, which can thrive only where there is free give and take among the living forces in a nation. THE END

NEXT WEEK

JAMES STEWART

Tells His Own Story



PSYCHIATRISTS ON THE ASSEMBLY LINE

The company psychiatrist:
Why he is needed and what he does.

By JEROME ELLISON

I'VE GOT SKI FEVER

The adventures of a 54-year-old beginner.

By ERIC HATCH

SENATOR CLIFFORD CASE

of New Jersey

By SIDNEY SHALETT

AND OTHER ARTICLES AND STORIES

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The Nightingales in Central Park

(Continued from Page 32)

based on an irrational, but nevertheless certain, awareness that some evenings, some rare evenings, the weather and the mood and the opportunity join together so perfectly that a girl can't lose. *Tonight*, she thought, *I'll have him in the palm of my hand; don't ask me how I know, I just know. Beyond the dress, beyond the terribly expensive perfume, beyond the cool onshore breeze that means I'll need his arm around me in the taxi, this evening is right. Earthquake and hurricane can't stop what's going to happen tonight.*

By ones and twos they arrived, the young men from the offices and agencies, and she looked at them with a condescending eye. Few of them were six feet three and so agreeably lean as Brian; and not one, she would bet, was already an officer of the biggest museum in town. If you came right down to it, they probably wouldn't even understand what an Assistant Curator of Avifauna was. They all had their little specialties, she was willing to admit. But how many of them knew as much about *anything* as Brian knew about birds? How many of them were sought after, and respectfully listened to, by scientists from all over the world?

Over the top of her mirror she peered again at the door, and finally, as if her own will had worked the miracle, it swung open to admit the particular six-feet-three she wanted. As Brian approached the table her heart skipped predictably, and her lips relaxed into a bright smile that wasn't a bit forced. In ten quick strides he was standing before her; and partly because she was thinking of her own happiness and partly because everything about Brian was unexpected, she paid no attention to the Arab beside him, an Arab with a white turban.

"Laura," said Brian. It sounded like an invocation. "I'm terribly sorry. This emergency came up just as I was leaving." For the first time she noticed the little worry lines that creased his forehead.

"Don't give it a thought. I just this moment got here my ——"

He wasn't listening. "This is Doctor Aziz," he interrupted. "His Excellency, Doctor Ali Hassan Mustafa Aziz, from the United Nations."

Slowly she swung her gaze to the Arab, whose hooked nose and hooded eyes gave him the air of a benevolent hawk.

"He's lost his bulbuls," Brian added.

"Really?" She couldn't transfer her interest on such short notice. "He seems perfectly normal to me."

Aziz bowed and said gravely, "Thank you. However, the word is not marbles, but bulbuls. Birds. Sometimes they are called Persian nightingales."

Birds. Of course. She could afford to be gracious to Brian's business friends. "You speak very good English," she said.

"They teach it quite adequately at Harvard. Miss Averill, I apologize from the bottom of my heart. I am fully aware that three is a crowd, and I assure you I had no intention of barging in—you say barging?—like this. But your Brian insisted."

"Of course I insisted," said Brian.

Laura murmured, "He isn't *my* Brian. Not yet."

"But you hope? Forgive me." Aziz held out his hand. "Brian, the birds can wait. I shall see you tomorrow."

"Nonsense," said Brian. "You can't leave now."

"Of course not," Laura echoed. If Brian wanted the man's company, Brian would have it. "Stay for a cocktail, at least."

"It won't be a cocktail," Brian said. "We don't have time." He sat abruptly, waving Aziz to a chair across the table. "Laura, do you mind if we eat right away?"

The worry lines, she saw, were deeper. "I don't mind *anything*," she said, "as long as I know what it's all about. . . . Doctor Aziz, I'm sorry you lost your gewgaws ——"

"Bulbuls. Their names are Akbar and Amina."

"And I know they must be terribly valuable ——"

"Not a bit. In my country they are as common as sparrows," Doctor Aziz informed her.

"Then I don't understand. Isn't someone sure to find them? After all, Persian nightingales don't roost on every statue in New York."

"That's it," said Brian somberly. "That's *just* it. They might."

Aziz smiled. "I think we owe it to Miss Averill to begin at the beginning. The story is sad, but short."

"I'd love to hear it. We're not due at the theater till eight-thirty."

"We're not due at all," said Brian hesitantly.

"Oh, but we are! Don't you remember? We're going to have a leisurely drink, and dinner at that little French place you discovered, then if it isn't raining, *and* it isn't, we'll walk across town to the theater. Afterward ——"

"I gave the tickets to my secretary."

He looked so crestfallen, so apologetic, that her annoyance vanished in a rush of affection. She swallowed, then said, "I'm

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VERY BIG ON FLAVOR

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sorry. I'll be all right in a minute. It's just that I've never been stood up for a bird before, and I'm not sure what to say."

"You are right to be angry," said Aziz, "but please direct your anger at me, not Brian. The fault is mine. You see, I have an apartment on Central Park South, and because I am homesick like all expatriates, I imported a pair of caged bulbuls, to remind me of my country."

"Importation prohibited," said Brian.

"Quite true. But this I did not know and, since I am a diplomat, they passed through Customs without question. Today, while I was at the General Assembly, my manservant opened the cage to clean it." He spread his hands. "Unfortunately the window was also open."

She shook her head, confused. "And now two bulbuls are loose on the town? Is that so awful?"

"It could be," said Brian. "Believe me, it could be." His embarrassment was gone, and his voice was tense and purposeful. "Have you ever run across a starling?"

"Have I? You ought to see my office building. Every afternoon they settle there by the hundreds. The thousands."

"They eat too. Do you have any idea how much they cost the farmers of New York State alone last year? Seeds stolen, crops damaged, berries ruined? Three quarters of a million dollars."

"Oh, they're a pest, I agree. I remember back in Iowa when I was a child—well, but that's starlings. What's so terrible about two poor little Persian nightingales?"

"Tell her what *they* eat, Aziz," said Brian.

Aziz held up his brown hand. "Grapes," he said, ticking off one finger after another. "Cherries. Apricots. Peaches. They fill the peaches with picks. Picks? Pecks—thank you. At home the worry is not so great, because we have much unemployment and many men can be hired to guard the orchards." He hesitated. "As for the bulbuls being only two—Miss Averill, forgive me, but the birds are male and female, and for that reason——"

"I catch," she said. "They teach biology quite capably at Fort Madison High."

"Miss Averill, I have learned many new facts in the past hour. For example, these starlings that infest office buildings all across your great nation are descended, every one of them, from a few pairs released in Central Park in 1891." His dark eyes widened. "We may be witnessing the birth of the great bulbul invasion."

Brian said, "Where's our waiter? Laura, would you like a hamburger? That's about all we have time for."

She looked from Aziz to Brian, and her heart sank. "Well," she said, "there go the old plans."

"We'll see that play some night next week. I promise. But we've got to get those birds back." Brian's hand reached hers across the table.

"I wasn't talking about *those* plans," she said. "I didn't wear this miraculous dress to dazzle the ushers." A waiter appeared at her elbow, and she took a deep breath. "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em," she said. "One hamburger here."

"Two," said Brian. "You, Aziz? . . . Three hamburgers, three coffees, and bring the check, please. . . . Now, here's the drill. The sun's already set, and in half an hour it'll be dark. . . ."

Laura sat back and closed her eyes. One little pair of stir-crazy bulbuls breaks jail, she thought, and a whole way of life goes up in smoke. He never even looked at the dress, and if any of that perfume drifted his way, he certainly didn't get the message. *The stock exchange closes at three-thirty*, she thought, *the ad agencies shut their doors at five, but I had to settle for a type who runs nighttime safaris through Central Park.*

". . . and the fire department will meet us at the Columbus Circle entrance," Brian was saying.

"Did you remember to call out the riot squad too?" Laura asked.

He was unamused. "We need ladders," he said succinctly, "and lights. Not guns." He turned back to Aziz. "We'll have to play this literally by ear. Most of our native birds stop singing when it gets dark, but I understand bulbuls keep it up all night long."

"Especially in moonlight," Aziz said. "Perhaps you noticed the moon is full?"

"*I* noticed," said Laura grimly.

"With any luck, we'll hear them, then. They won't have gone far—they're classified as sedentary—so we'll fan out and walk east toward the zoo. The pond's on that side, you remember, and they like to be near water. The sound truck's waiting at the zoo end," Brian went on. "A background of animal noises ought to add a realistic touch."

"Are we going to have music?"

"The sound truck," he explained patiently, "has a tape recording of bulbul songs from the museum files. Bulbuls are gregarious. It might attract them."

"Nightingales," she breathed. "Imagine broadcasting the melody of nightingales over Central Park. Why didn't anyone ever think of it before?"

"It wouldn't be a very popular concert. They're supposed to sound like the splash of a stream over rocks, but actually it's more like a baby being bubbled."

"To be perfectly frank," Aziz added, "the bulbul says, 'Blug.' Interminably."

New York is never completely dark. By the time they reached the southwest corner of the park the street lights were on, and the moon lighted the sky even more clearly than the city's reflected glow. Two fire trucks stood at the curb in a ring of small boys, and as they approached, Aziz carrying a wicker cage and Brian with a long net under his arm, one of the boys tore himself away from the shiny engines and skipped toward them.

"What you after, hey?" he shrilled. "You after a lion, mister? A lion got loose, hey?" He gawked at Aziz. "You the trainer? Boy, that net looks pretty weak for any tough ol' lion."

"Do we dare tell him the truth?" Laura asked. "Do you think he is big enough to take it?"

"Best policy," said Brian.

She squatted beside the boy. "We're chasing birds," she confided. "Two enormous birds, as beautiful as clouds at sunset, with golden crowns on their heads and tailfeathers like fire and rainbows."

"As a matter of fact, they're mud-colored," said Brian, "about the size of small robins."

The boy scowled at them disgustedly. "Wise guys," he said. "I hope that ol' lion claws you to pieces."

"You and me both, buster," said Laura. "You took the words right out of my mouth."

Brian joined the firemen. "We'll work along the south edge first," he said. "You move up the street beside us, but no lights till we give you a yell. O.K.?"

The engine captain shrugged. "I draw my pay. Here or the station house. What's the odds? Bring in all the lights from Yankee Stadium, you won't find no birds in Central Park at night, an' you know why? Birds hibernate. They hibernate nights an' come out in the day."

There was a silence, then Brian said, "Yes—well, just follow us along anyway, will you?"

Laura and Aziz were heading down the concrete pathway when he caught up with them. "On the grass," he said. "Heels make too much noise on the walk."

She looked doubtfully at the dark turf. "My new shoes. Brian, they aren't made for steeplechasing."

"Take them off, then. We have to listen for that song."

She glared at him. "What do we do when we hear it? Join hands and dance barefoot over hill and dale?"

"We turn around," he said. "We turn a complete circle to get a fix on the direction. When we've pinpointed them, I'll use my flashlight, and if that doesn't find them, we'll call the firemen."

"What makes you think they'll sit still for you?"

"They're quite tame, Aziz tells me. S-sh!" He stopped. "What's that?"

Laura held her breath and listened. The drone of traffic filled the air, and at first it seemed impossible that bird song could compete with New York on a busy evening. Then she heard it. Somewhere in the darkness a liquid murmur rose and fell, a soft cadence of vowels interspersed with little clucking noises. She touched Brian's hand. "Over there to the left," she whispered to him. "By that bench there."

Slowly he raised his arm, and when it reached the horizontal, he snapped on the light.

"Hey!" cried an indignant voice. "What's 'a big idea?"

Two forms rose as one from the bench.

"Peepin' Tom," the voice thundered. "I oughtta hang one on ——"

"Consider the source, Leroy," said a woman. "They aren't worth you should dirty your hands. Honestly, some people!"

"And now 'Rhapsody in Blue'!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Sorry," Brian mumbled. He stepped back quickly, his heel gouging deep into Laura's instep.

"Oww!" she yelled. She hopped one-legged across the grass. "Why don't you look where you're going?"

"For heaven's sake, hush. Do you want to scare the bulbuls away?"

"I couldn't care less if they flew back to Arabia," she cried, rubbing her ankle. "If this is how you like to spend your evenings, I'm glad I found out in time. Hiking through the fields like—like ——"

"An eagle scout?" Aziz suggested.

She stopped skipping and began to giggle. "All right," she said, testing her weight on the injured foot. "It isn't broken and I'm sorry I got mad. Lead on, Dan'l Boone."

At the end of a half hour they had crossed the park, one halting step at a time. Twice they heard faint rippling sounds, and they stopped, turning like dancers in a slow pirouette; but the first turned out to be the snore of a ragged sleeper, and the second time the beam of Brian's flashlight showed only a decrepit and suspicious cat.

"That's that," said Brian when they passed the rim of the pond and reached the Fifth Avenue fence. "I didn't really expect anything right off the bat, anyway."

"Are we calling it quits?" she asked hopefully.

"Of course not. We'll let the sound truck take over for a few minutes then we'll move up about fifty yards and start back again." He cupped his hands and called, "Sound! Let 'er roll!"

From the shadows at the street corner came a muffled squawk, and a gravelly voice rose to full amplification. "Friendly, fearless, foursquare," it rumbled, "your choice and mine, the people's champion—McGonagle!"

The loud-speaker gave another cough and stopped; and in the appalled silence that followed, an unmechanized voice that sounded strangely weak by contrast said, "Sorry, Mac. Wrong tape."

Laura doubled over, laughing noiselessly. Before she could straighten, the squawking began again, and a tremendous "blug!" pulsated from the sound truck. "Blug!" it roared, like some primeval war chant. "Blug, blug, blug!"

"Oh, no!" she gasped. Tears of laughter welled from her eyes. Smearing the mascara with her knuckles, she stepped back, teetered, waved her arms wildly and disappeared into the pond with a splash that was barely audible over the sound truck's reverberating barrage.

As she struggled to the surface, she thought calmly, *I hope I drown. That ought to teach him a lesson.* Then she realized the lesson would be even more pointedly hers, and, blowing a fine spray high into the air, she called, "Help!"

Her foot scraped bottom, and with another gurgling cry she stood up. The water, she discovered, barely reached her waist. Pushing the wet and straggly hair from her eyes, she looked at her ruined dress and the pointed toe of one shoe bobbing away just out of reach. *My first instinct was right*, she thought. *Maybe if I lie down quietly, I really can drown. If this is the way my magic evening ends, I might as well make it permanent.*

Dimly, as from another world, she heard Brian shout, "Laura!" then, closer at hand, "Lights! Hey, lights!"

"Lights!" echoed another voice. The bright beam wavered toward her, circled, then swung full in her face, blinding her.

The hand that seized her arm was strong, and the voice that urged her to take it easy was gentle, but her misery cut far too deep to respond to comfort. *The first time in my life I've ever been in the spotlight*, she thought, *and I look like a discarded*

(*Continued on Page 74*)

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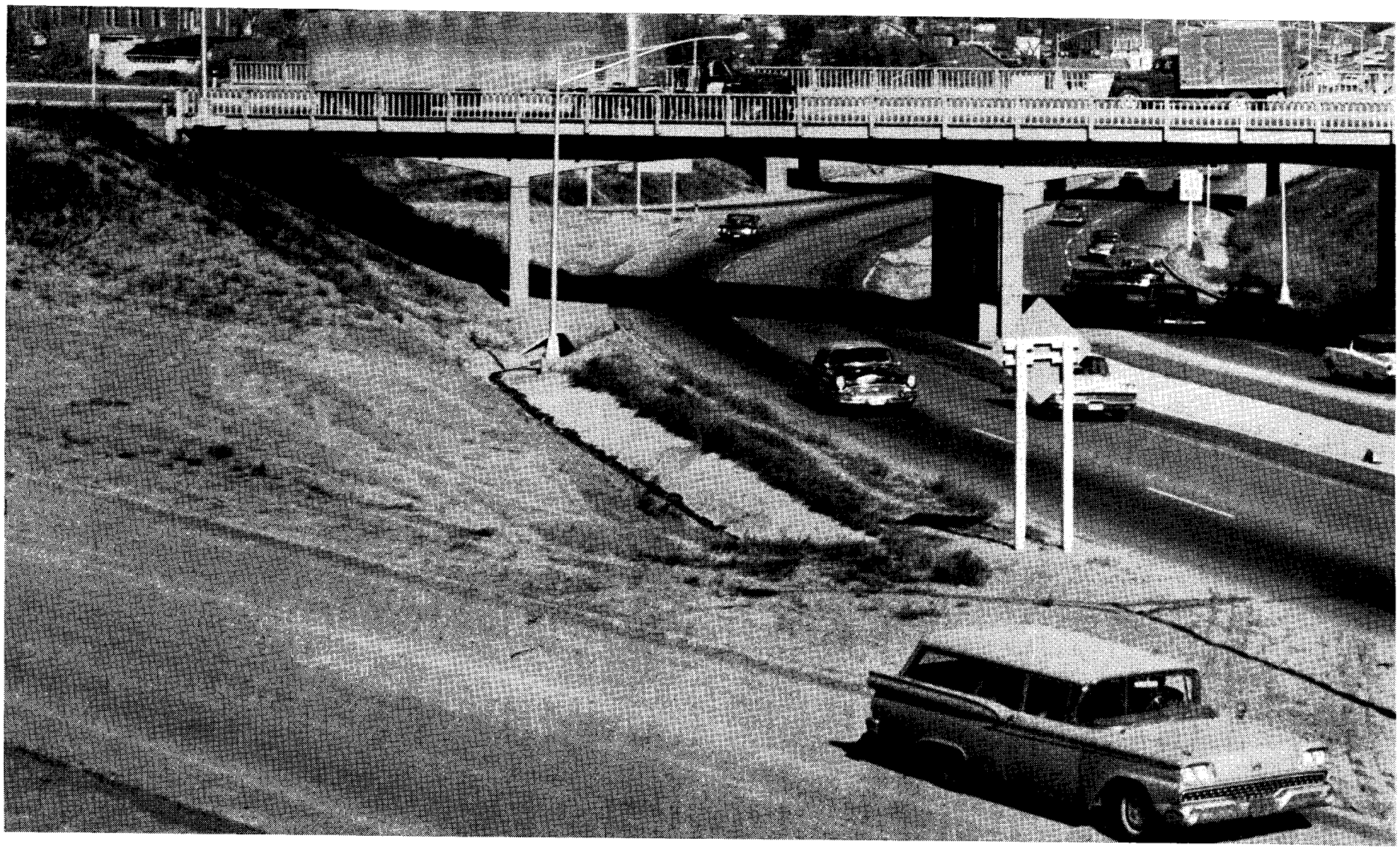

"THIS NEW HIGHWAY IS THE BIGGEST

A new 9-mile stretch of freeway is providing a powerful economic boost for Pueblo, Colorado. Jobs have been created. Tax revenues have increased. Industrial development has been accelerated. It is one more example of how the entire country will benefit from our vast new network of modern freeways running coast to coast—the National System of Interstate and Defense Highways.

July 1, 1959, marked the fulfillment of a 10-year-old dream for the citizens of Pueblo. On that day a new freeway, linking North Pueblo to South Pueblo, was opened to general traffic.

The reaction of the city's residents, according to Phil Hudspeth, a member of the city council: "People felt it was the biggest thing that's happened to Pueblo in 20 years."

A year later enthusiasm for the new freeway was even greater as people saw the important role it was playing in creating more jobs, raising the tax base of the community and providing new incentive for industrial development. Says Mr. Charles (Tommy) Thompson, Manager of the Chamber of Commerce, "The freeway has helped us sell Pueblo to industry by offering fast, adequate transportation. It is helping to make Pueblo the city everyone hoped it would be and has opened the door to greater development in the future."

Just as in Pueblo, other communities large and small alike, are now reaping the benefits of our great Interstate Highway program. But the total job is far from being completed. 16,000 miles of new highways must be started—and 14,500 more miles must be completed—before we can safely accommodate the millions of additional automobiles and trucks that will travel our roads by the year 1975.

Only when the total network of broad, safe modern highways is completed can we save 4000 lives, one million traffic accidents and $2.1 billion in operating, accident and time losses every year.

Seeing that this vital work goes on to meet the needs of our nation is a job for all of us. After all, if we don't do it . . . who will?

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"Shipping schedules are more predictable," says Jay Martin, Vice Pres., Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. "The freeway enables trucks to get in and out of the plant faster. Travel time for employees to and from work has been cut by as much as two-thirds."

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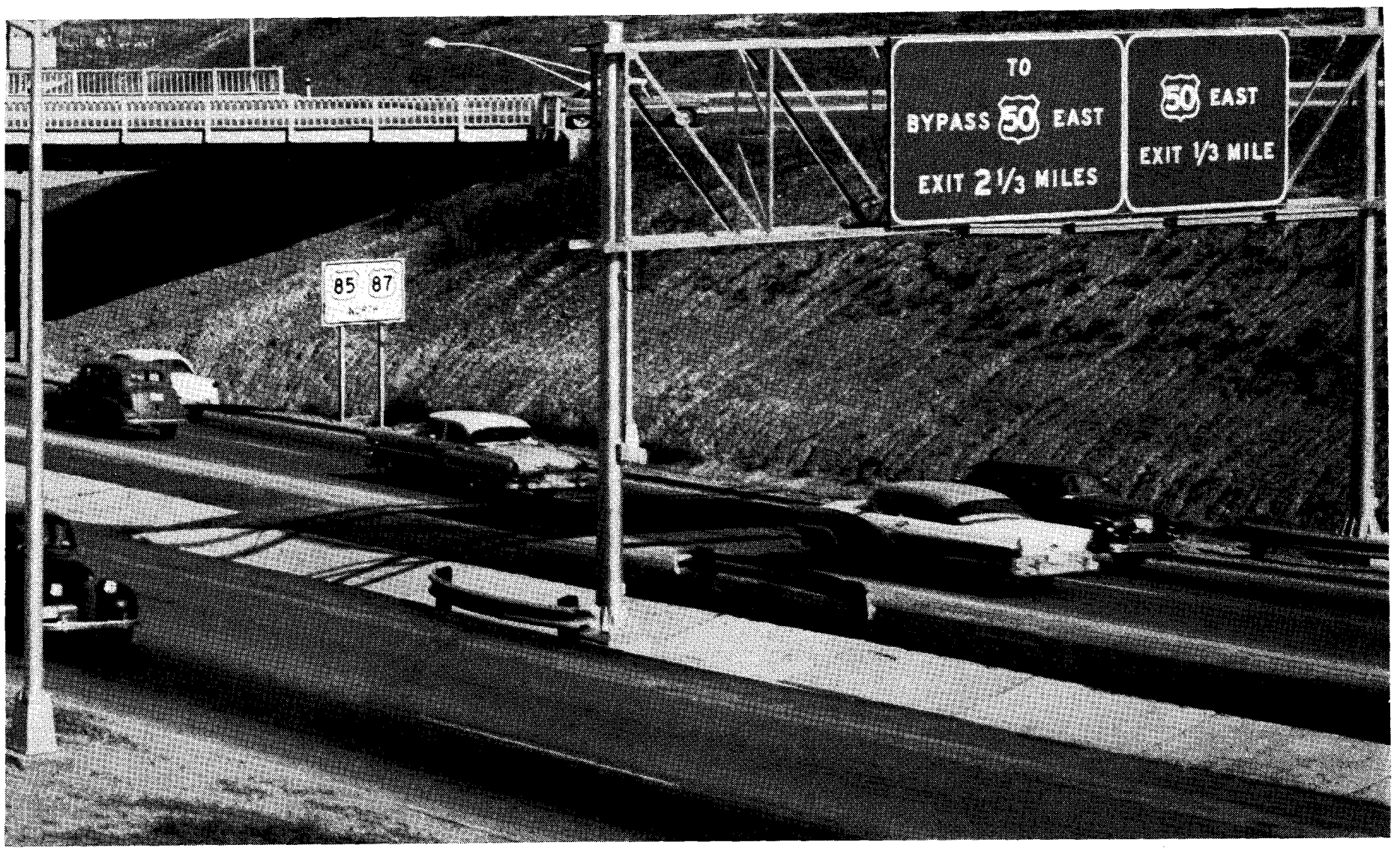
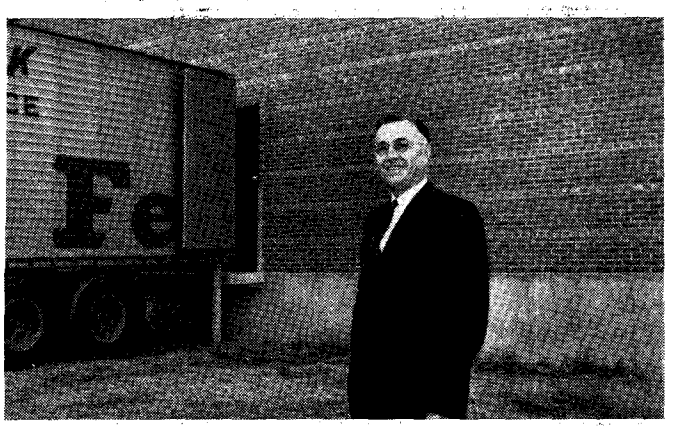


THING THAT'S HAPPENED IN 20 YEARS"

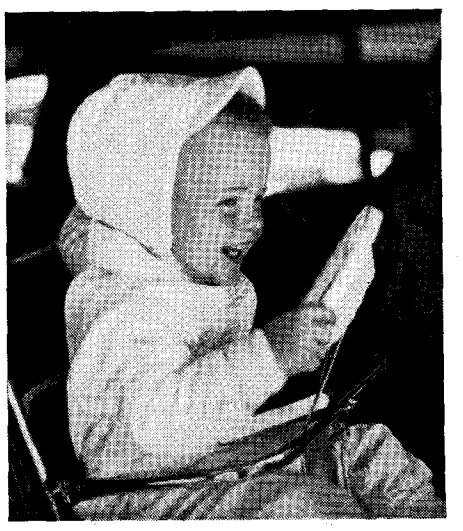
"New building has been encouraged," reports George Fellows, City Manager. "Construction of the freeway through an older section of Pueblo helped eliminate many 'worn-out' unattractive structures and increase the land values."

"Major reason for building our new industrial park," says J. Marlowe Jensen, Traffic Manager of the Denver & Rio Grande R. R., "was the new freeway. It now provides a central dispersal point for industrial traffic."



"Built our new warehouse here because of the freeway," states Howard Butler, Sales Manager, Bowman Biscuit Co. "We have fast transportation via our trucks and actually save money because of the faster deliveries."

"Raised the tax base of the community," says Earl Beardsley, General Manager, Rio Grande Land Co. "The present industrial site lay dormant for 12 years before building the new freeway. Now it brings in new taxes as well as new business."



But we're going to need more than highways. Growing symbol of our exploding population, Robert is 16 months old. When he is 16 our nation will need . . . tens of thousands more miles of new roads • 25 million new homes • rehabilitation of many metropolitan areas • over a 50% increase in our present supply of water • double the number of acceptable hospital beds • 60% more classroom facilities • more than double our electric power • 30% more lumber and 50% more pulpwood • over 100 million additional farm acres under soil conservation • thousands of water-retention structures • 50% more mineral ores • twice our present oil supply.

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(*Continued from Page 70*) *mop. The first time Brian's ever held me, and if he gets one good look, it's bound to be the last.*

"I would like to die, please," she said with dignity.

"Sure," he answered. "I know how it is. You'll feel better when you get into some dry clothes."

"I'm not interested in feeling better. I never want to feel better as long as I live."

"It's the shock." His voice was understanding.

Her feet were on the concrete path now, moving toward the lights of Fifth Avenue. "Will you kindly take your great paw off my arm?" she asked.

His hand dropped. "Look, Laura, if I could leave now, I would. But I'll put you in a cab at the corner, and you'll be home in no time. I'll phone you tomorrow."

"Can't you get it through your thick head that I simply don't want to see you again? Ever." She marched forward, unmindful of the pebbles that bit into her bare soles.

"Laura, I feel sort of responsible for this, and I ——"

"You don't feel responsible for anything but your darned old birds," she said. "Good-by."

Through her tears she saw another form appear, and she felt the warmth of a coat fall over her bare shoulders.

"He is impossible," said Aziz, "but, my dear Miss Averill, all men are impossible. It is better to learn this before marriage than after."

"He's s-stupid," she choked.

"Undeniably."

"Selfish too."

"Beyond doubt."

"And blind."

"As a bat," Aziz agreed. "A brilliant description of the human male. Unfortunately there is no choice. The human male is all you have."

They had almost reached the park gate now, and she turned to look sadly at this hawklike stranger with the snow-white turban. "But the awful part," she said, "the very worst part of all, is that he doesn't know a thing about birds."

"Ah, no." Aziz shook his head. "Your resentment is understandable, but now you go too far."

"Oh, I do, do I? *He* went too far when he hired that ridiculous sound truck. Do you think any self-respecting bulbul would warm up to that blaring low-fi? He calls himself a curator, but I bet he never heard of trilling for birds."

"Nor, I confess, have I."

"Every child in Iowa knows *that.* You can call mourning doves, cardinals, orioles—anything. You sit quietly on the lawn with a palmful of seeds, and you go like this." She held out her hand, and gave a low, staccato whistle. The trill grew higher, then faded into silence. "Sometimes it takes hours," she said, "but not when the birds are hungry. Anyway, kids have all the time in the world."

Aziz stared at her. "Do that again."

"Why?"

"The peasants in my country," he said dreamily, "they use the very same call, only, of course, they wish to catch the birds and eat them. Miss Averill, for a homesick man this is more beautiful than a symphony. Please, once more."

"Peasants know it, but not curators," she said. "Curators are fools." She stood still and lifted her face, and again the melodious whistle soared over the parched grass and concrete paths, higher than before, then broke into a cascade of descending minors. With her head thrown back and her arms outstretched, she never heard the faint rushing flutter of wings, and only when she felt the tickle of tiny claws did she see the small brown forms gripping her wrist.

"Amina," Aziz breathed. "Akbar."

"Put them in the cage," she said gently. "The poor things must be starved. Central Park is no place for grapes."

"Lights!" shouted Brian from the shadows behind them. The brilliant white beam pierced the darkness, crawled toward her and climbed her soggy dress toward her straight and dripping hair.

"Oh, put it out!" she cried irritably. She began to shiver. "We've got your bulbuls, and I hope you'll all be very happy together."

"What do you mean, you've got them? I just heard them singing."

"That was Miss Averill," said Aziz. "She called them, and they came." He held up the wicker cage, his voice soft with wonder. "Listen to them blug! Brian, you are a lucky man."

"Boy, that *is* luck. I was afraid we'd have to spend the night here."

Aziz looked at Laura. "Stupid?" he suggested.

"Oh, undeniably."

"Blind too?"

"As a bat," she agreed.

"But he will learn. Husbands are not difficult to train."

"M'm," she said. "Every child in Iowa knows that."

"Wait a minute," said Brian. "*You* caught them, Laura? How?"

"It would take years to explain."

"But you have all the time in the world," said Aziz. . . . "Brian, Miss Averill is cold. It would seem only courteous if you placed your arms about her."

"Here?" he asked. "In public?"

"Oh, go ahead, you idiot," she said. "In New York nobody ever notices."

THE END

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It's made from an old family recipe, unchanged in 100 years. A recipe that calls for selected cuts of choice, nutritious young pork*—hams, shoulders, loins—and a special, delicate seasoning of herbs and spices gathered from the far corners of the world.

Tomorrow, treat your family to Jones Dairy Farm Sausage. You'll agree there's nothing else like it! Whenever you shop, look for the "picture package" of Jones Dairy Farm Sausage at your favorite market.

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The Elusive Neutron (Continued from Page 22)

atom, its nucleus presents an even greater conceptual problem, for in extent the nucleus is only about one ten-thousandth the size of the whole atom. It is the nucleus which will provide the stage for much of the action to be described in this article.

Scientists who must enter the subatomic world constantly in their daily work learn to adjust their thinking to the world of the very small. As they do so, they gradually come to sense atoms and their constituent particles as though they were directly experienced. This perception of the atomic world is possible because mere smallness alone does not constitute an essential difference; the change is quantitative and not qualitative. This feeling of kinship with small objects is symbolized by a unit of nuclear size adopted, half in jest, by early researchers in the microcosmic world within the atom. To these physicists the nucleus of an atom was a concept that loomed "as big as a barn"; the measurement "barn," representing the cross-section area of an atomic nucleus, is still sometimes used as a unit of nuclear scale.

Though we can learn to visualize their size, we fail utterly when we witness the actions of atomic particles. For this involves not only another order of magnitude but qualitative differences as well. The laws governing the actions of atomic particles are completely alien to the everyday world. They are of two kinds—quantum mechanics governs the behavior of particles that are very small, and relativity applies to particles that are moving very fast. As these small particles move through a wide range of velocities, the full complement of strange behavior is encountered.

To illustrate this wide-ranging behavior, let us consider the application of quantum mechanics in the subatomic field. Normally we have no difficulty in distinguishing between a large particle of matter, such as a rolling marble, and a wave, spreading in all directions on a pond. The subatomic particles that are subject to quantum mechanics, however, act as both a particle and a wave. Each particle can act as if it is well localized, as a particle should; yet at the same time it can exhibit a wave length that increases as the particle moves more slowly. Man has not yet learned how to visualize an entity which shows concentration in space, as does a particle, and yet simultaneously spreads over large distances as a wave does. But in spite of our failure to visualize these things, they are demonstrable—small particles *are* waves and particles at the same time. We accept these complex laws of subatomic behavior as true, though we can neither understand nor visualize them through analogy with the phenomena of our everyday world.

The other laws at variance with common sense are those of relativity. These laws always involve one speed that is a fixed constant in nature, the 186,000 miles per second at which light moves. Relativity does not enter appreciably into our ordinary life, for speeds so far attained by man are insignificant relative to that of light. For subatomic particles, however, such speeds are common, and the strange principles of relativity emerge clearly, almost shockingly. As its speed increases, the weight of a particle grows, slowly at first, then enormously as its speed approaches that of light. Unquestionably the most striking property of relativity is the equivalence of matter itself to energy, the amount of energy involving again the fundamental constant, the speed of light. Expressed simply by the well-known Einstein equation, the relation is: $E = mc^2$. This equation, simple in appearance, yet distilling so much complex theory, gives the amount of energy (E) equivalent to the mass (m). Because the velocity of light (c) is such a large number—and its square, of course, is much larger yet—the amount of energy equivalent to a small amount of mass is prodigious. Einstein's equation indicates, for instance, that the energy resulting from the conversion of one pound of matter would equal that obtained by conventional power sources from 200,000,000 gallons of gasoline or 1,000,000 tons of coal!

What is the place and the role of the neutron among the so-called "fundamental particles" of matter? In structure the neutron is very much like the proton, the positively charged particle which forms the nucleus of the hydrogen atom. In fact, if the neutron is isolated in a vacuum so that it never comes into contact with any matter, the neutron will disappear of its own accord, and its place will be taken by a proton and an electron. This process takes place so slowly—in approximately twelve minutes—that for the purposes of nuclear experimentation this spontaneous transformation can be ignored, for the time scale of experiments involves thousandths of a second or less. The essential difference between the neutron and the proton is that the neutron, as its name suggests, is neutral, bearing no electrical charge. This apparently trivial difference is the source of the astonishing diversity of the neutron's accomplishments.

This lack of electrical charge which distinguishes the neutron is vital because essentially all other components of matter are electrically charged; protons are positive, most electrons are negative and, on a larger scale, atoms are made up of positive nuclei surrounded by negative electrons. If the positively charged protons were shot into solid matter as probes, they would quickly be brought to rest by the repulsive forces of the other protons in matter—for like charges repel each other. The uncharged neutrons, on the other hand, pass easily into the innermost regions of the atoms which constitute matter, being unimpeded by the electrical charges of the constituents. Of equal importance is the fact that the neutron can penetrate matter at low-particle velocities, enabling it to reveal to the observer the most striking properties of the subatomic world.

As the neutron penetrates solid matter, slipping easily through the electric fields of the atoms, its behavior at various velocities dramatically illustrates the strange laws of quantum mechanics and relativity which govern the world of the quick and the small. The two-sided nature of the neutron—its capacity for being either or both a particle and a wave—is best revealed at slow speeds. (It should be noted that a "slow" speed in neutron physics may be in the order of 1700 miles per hour and a "long" journey for a neutron might entail a transit of twelve inches of solid matter.) Having a definite mass and velocity, a slow neutron is expected to behave as a proper particle; surprisingly, it at the same time shows characteristics that are undeniably wavelike. The size of the wave, or the wave length of the neutron, varies inversely with its velocity, becoming larger as the speed of the neutron decreases. Thus we are forced to accept, common sense to the contrary, a penetrating particle with a size that increases indefinitely as its velocity decreases. As the neutron's speed drops, it becomes more and more like a light wave and less and less like a moving speck of matter.

The discovery that certain specially prepared metal surfaces would reflect neutrons as a mirror reflects light proved that slow neutrons are as truly waves as they are particles. For, in the act of reflecting from the highly polished surface, a neutron does not collide with a single atom of the surface; instead, as a very extended wave, it reflects from *all* the atoms in the entire surface, numbering many billions. But even as we observe the neutron in its wavelike motion, it can instantaneously change, behave as a typical particle, and further confound our common sense. Leaving the mirror, the reflected neutrons are detected by a gas-filled Geiger counter in which each neutron interacts with a single target nucleus of the gas, thus signaling the neutron's arrival. The neutron has collapsed from an extended wave capable of covering an entire mirror to a localized particle absorbed within a single nucleus!

The neutron's behavior also illustrates, simply and clearly, the central fact of relativity—the direct conversion of mass into energy. Unaffected by the negative electric charges of the electrons, neutrons pass through the shell of the atom and at times approach the central nucleus. Neutrons also penetrate the nucleus, unhindered by its positive electric charge. When such a penetration results in the stopping of a neutron in a nucleus, the process is called a neutron capture. When the neutron is captured by a nucleus, a large amount of energy is released—energy resulting from the disappearance of some of the excess mass added to the nucleus when the neutron is captured.

An example of this energy-producing process is found in the capture of a slow neutron by the nucleus of the metal aluminum 27, which in its stable form contains thirteen protons and fourteen neutrons. The additional (captured) neutron produces aluminum 28 with an unstable nucleus—a nucleus which spontaneously disintegrates with the emission of energy—containing thirteen protons and fifteen neutrons.

Though some neutron captures produce relatively modest amounts of energy others are self-perpetuating and result in awesome releases of energy. Such is the case in the fission process associated with neutron capture by the heavier elements, such as uranium 235. As the wave length or size of a neutron increases as its speed decreases, it is understandable that a very slow—and therefore large—neutron has the best chance of meeting and entering the nucleus as the neutron penetrates the atomic structure. When a slow neutron enters the U 235 atom and penetrates the nucleus, a tremendous agitation is produced which results in the explosive splitting of the nucleus into two approximately equal parts. The two parts weigh less than the original uranium atom, the vanished mass appearing as motion or kinetic energy involved in the separation of the severed parts. The same splitting process produces several additional free neutrons—we can understand them to be "boiled" off the two fragments of the original nucleus as they rush apart—which form the links of the "chain" which continues the splitting process with other U 235 nuclei. The emission of these additional neutrons poses no problem in a U 235 nucleus, which contains 143 neutrons and ninety-two protons.

The power implicit in the conversion of mass to energy is emphasized when we realize that, although only about a tenth of a per cent of the mass of the uranium atom disappears in the process, it is sufficient to produce amounts of energy entirely unknown in the preatomic age, and millions of times greater than that produced by conventional high explosives. Actually two facets of the world of the very small are vital to the fission process—the triggering of the reaction resulting from the large wave length of the slow-moving neutron, a typical effect of quantum mechanics; and the enormous amount of energy that appears as a product of the relationship $E = mc^2$, the core of the relativity theory.

With this general understanding of the process through which neutrons are emitted or "liberated" through the fission of uranium nuclei in a reactor, it is time for us to examine the method by which these neutrons are controlled and put to various uses as research tools.

Neutrons can be produced for research, experimentation or industrial uses in several ways. One method, used mainly to produce a small supply of neutrons for experimental purposes, is to accelerate a charged particle such as a proton in a nuclear accelerator—a machine which speeds up the particle in a directed line of flight, investing it with tremendous energy. When the energized particle reaches sufficient speed it strikes a target nucleus in solid material placed in the proton's flight path. The proton is absorbed by the target nucleus, a process that excites the nucleus so that a neutron is emitted.

A more plentiful source of neutrons is the chain-reacting nuclear pile. This device uses the previously described fission process as the source of neutrons and sustains the chain reaction by means of moderating material which surrounds the fissionable fuel elements. The moderating material, generally highly purified graphite or water, serves to slow down the swiftly moving neutrons that are emitted in the fission process so that they may be

"The merger is off!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Thieves I Have Known

(Continued from Page 21)

"Dear God," she blurted. "I don't know what got into me. I've been sick lately. I must be out of my mind—just an impulse ——"

"You've never taken anything before?" I asked.

"No! No! Never! This is the first time."

I knew she was lying. She meant this was the first time she had been caught.

"Oh, please believe me," she sobbed. "I didn't know what I was doing. I've had a charge account here for years. I've always paid. My husband is very well known—the disgrace would kill him. Please give me another chance."

"What is your name?"

She told me. It was a name I had heard before. Her husband was a bank executive. I made a fast check at the credit department and learned she had an A-1 rating. She probably had a fine home in some exclusive residential district. If she was like the others, she had a boy in high school, or a daughter in college. She would be a regular churchgoer, and active in the P.T.A. She would not think of herself as a thief. She was just outsmarting the store, as though it were a game—cleverly getting something for nothing. I have arrested hundreds like her. These housewives were and are stealing us blind, and they never expect to get caught.

I opened my desk drawer and pulled out a mimeographed form—a stock confession used by all department stores. There are hundreds of them on file in each San Francisco store where I worked, and some of the names would shock you—a popular police sergeant, a Superior Court judge's wife, an heiress, an Army colonel, the daughter of a high-ranking police official, a prominent clubwoman.

I handed my prisoner a pen. "Sign here," I said.

She scrawled her name on the confession and gazed at me, red-eyed. "You can go now," I said. "But if you ever steal anything here again, I'll have you booked, and I will also release this confession."

She dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief, muttered an embarrassed thanks and went out. It was a routine morning and a routine case. I sat there thinking that I would almost rather slug it out with a professional thief. I might get a twisted arm or a fractured skull, but when I trapped them they were sent away for two or three years, and the stores were that much ahead. I put the woman's confession into my files. I was fairly certain that she would never steal in our store again. Unfortunately we do not have a central information file on shoplifters in San Francisco. The woman could go down the street to another big store, and there they would not know about her. And in any case she would be very careful the next time—careful not to get caught.

For the last fifteen years, first as a detective in some of the large San Francisco department stores, and now on a new assignment in Salem, Oregon, I have lived in the strange world of the shoplifters—those bold and often arrogant thieves who, according to our Retail Credit Association figures, steal hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of merchandise every year.

I have arrested more than 4000 men and women, most of whom, I'm sorry to say, went free. Many offered me bribes. Some tried to kill me. Some attacked me so violently that I had to have hospital treatment. I was threatened so often by phone and mail that I kept my gun handy on the bedside table at home. I still do. I am not complaining about these dangers. They are the hazards of the job.

But what troubles me is this: With all this tempting merchandise so handy on the counters and shelves of our stores and supermarkets—and poor protection—I am convinced we are turning into a nation of thieves. I have sadly concluded that nine out of ten persons are dishonest.

It is relatively easy to steal in stores, and the profits outweigh the risk. In California, at least, you can steal up to $200 worth of merchandise and your crime is only a misdemeanor. Moreover, unless you are a professional shoplifter with a record of previous convictions or are known to have been arrested for shoplifting before, you will probably not be prosecuted. The stores get your signed confession, raise their prices to balance the losses, and you are turned loose to steal again.

Grandmotherly "Elizabeth Conway" (above, in court), a professional shoplifter with many aliases, once attacked store detective Dorothy Crowe with tooth and nail—literally—in an attempt to avoid arrest.

We don't get much help, alas, from the police and the courts. In San Francisco, as any store detective knows, stolen goods are easily fenced. These fences operated more or less openly during the years I worked in San Francisco.

I recall once following a man who had just stolen a portable-radio set. He had a two-block start on me, but I saw him go into a downtown tavern where the bartender specialized in handling stolen goods. The thief had just been handed some money for the set, and the moment I walked in he recognized me and darted out a back door. I ran after him, but he was too fast for me.

I returned to the tavern and showed my badge to the bartender. "I'll take that radio," I said.

He shrugged and handed it across the bar. "Lady," he said, "I didn't know this was hot."

"You're a liar," I said.

I tucked the radio under my arm and stormed out. There are a dozen such places handling hot goods every day, and I have retrieved many stolen items by tailing the thieves to these known fences. There was a time when I wanted to prosecute some of these bartenders and tavern owners, but I was told by my superiors, "Forget it. The D.A.'s office doesn't want to be bothered with this petty stuff." I had no choice. I had to keep my mouth shut and look the other way.

Also the public does not know, for instance, that the daughter of a former high-ranking San Francisco police official was a confirmed shoplifter, but she was never prosecuted. Nor was the public told about my own experience with a certain elderly police sergeant.

I was in the hardware department of my store early one morning when I saw him standing in front of a counter, looking at some expensive tools. As I watched, incredulous, he slipped some of the tools into his overcoat pocket, casually lighted a cigarette and strolled toward the exit. I followed him to the street and got around in front of him.

I was afraid, frankly. I didn't know what he might do. My hand was shaking when I let him see the badge, and I asked him to step back into the store. His ruddy face turned a smoke gray and his eyes were glazed. "Just a moment," he said with an effort. "I have to stand a moment."

"All right," I said.

I thought he was having a heart attack. We stood there wordlessly for two or three minutes, then re-entered the store through a back entrance. He sat on a wooden crate, asking for water, and I gave it to him. I was sure he had been stealing things for years, and now he was in shock, numbed and nauseated, face to face with disaster. I took the stolen tools out of his pocket and said angrily, "You're a cop. You get paid to prevent crimes."

"Don't lecture me," he said listlessly. "Go ahead and book me."

I phoned a store executive for instructions.

"Let him go," he said.

"But the man's a thief," I protested.

"Let him go," he repeated. "It isn't worth all the grief with the police, to say nothing of the unpleasant publicity."

So I had to turn him loose. I wanted to book him, scandal or not, and he knew it. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that around police headquarters and the district attorney's office they talk about Dorothy Crowe and say, "She's so damn tough she wants to give 'em all the gas chamber. She'd pinch her own mother."

These are cruel words. But I am not really tough or bitter at all. I am only cynical, and unhappily I have reached a point where I trust no one. Even my husband, Cecil Crowe, who was once a store detective himself, says gloomily, "Sometimes I don't think you even trust me."

I was hired to do a job, and I have done it. Perhaps I have done it too well.

My career began years ago in Portland when, unmarried and restless, I wanted something to do. I took a part-time job with a private detective agency owned by friends of mine, and spent six months tailing philandering husbands. I quit the job when my family moved to San Francisco, and for a long time I didn't work at all.

On an impulse one morning I walked into the White House, one of San Francisco's oldest and largest department stores, and applied for a job as a store detective. No one questioned my qualifications—and they were practically negligible—and I was put to work at once by the late Albert White, the chief security officer.

I was struck by the odd fact—and there has since been no improvement in most of the stores—that there was no training class or even a break-in period. I began my assignment with only the barest instructions: "Watch out for customers carrying bags, briefcases, boxes, rolled umbrellas, large books that might be hollowed out, or folded newspapers. Be suspicious of people who drape coats over the counter while examining merchandise, or who seem to be concentrating on the employees, or customers, rather than on the goods. Beware of people with baby carriages, violin cases, oversize coats or big plaster casts on their arms."

I said kiddingly, "You've covered a lot of people. Aren't there any honest customers?"

"I doubt it," White said tartly.

"How about the employees?"

"They steal too," he said grimly. "And it's damn near impossible to catch 'em at it."

"What about the salespeople?" I asked. "Do I let them know who I am?"

"You won't have to," he said. "They'll have you pegged in no time at all. They won't like you, and they'll never be your friends."

At the time I thought Al White was old and crusty and perhaps a little embittered by the daily disillusionment of the job, but (Continued on Page 80)

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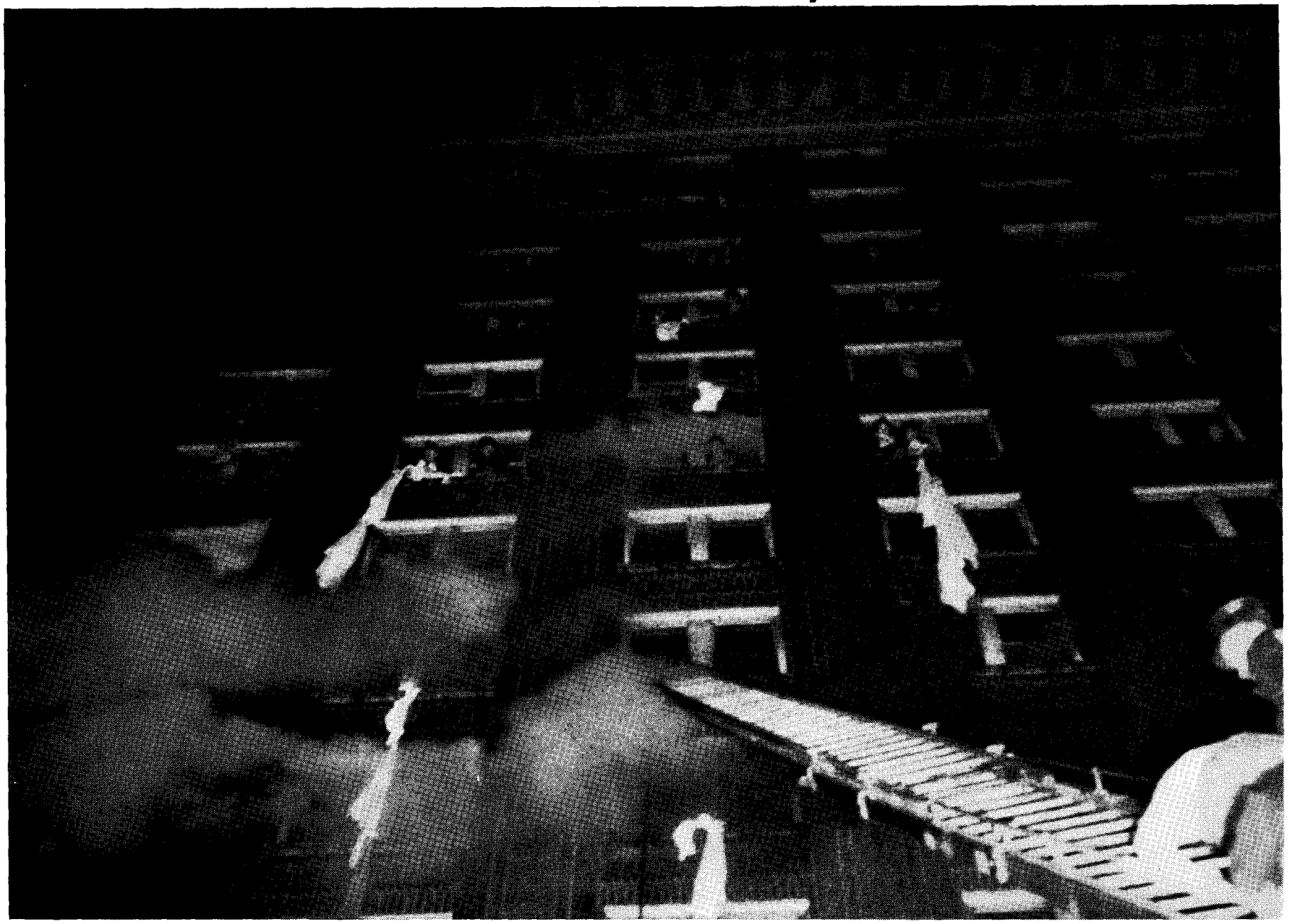

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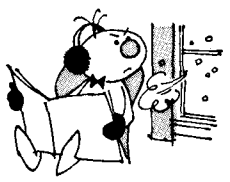

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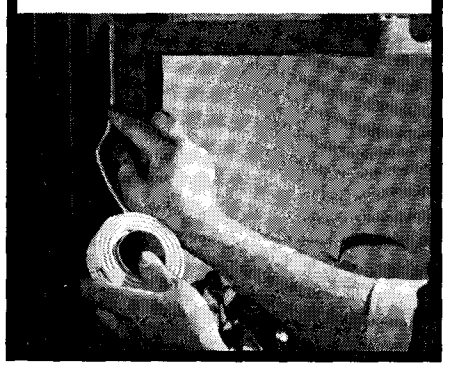

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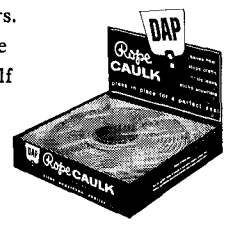

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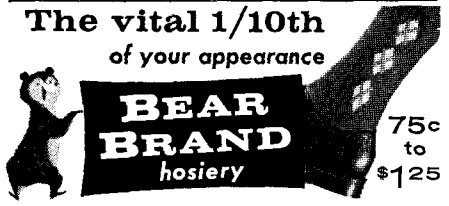

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(*Continued from Page 78*) I soon concluded that, if anything, he had understated the facts.

I didn't know what to expect or how to spot a thief. Also, I was fearful of making a mistake because I had heard or read about innocent women being picked up on suspicion and then suing the stores for false arrest. I learned later that such mistakes are very rare indeed, but during my apprentice period I was willing to give any suspect the benefit of the doubt.

About a week after I started I was on the main floor when I saw a middle-aged woman looking at a small pile of expensive handkerchiefs. The clerk was busy with another customer, and the gray-haired patron laid a large brown bag on top of the handkerchiefs. She picked up the handbag—it had folds like an accordion—and walked away. I stared at the counter and suddenly realized that the whole pile of handkerchiefs had disappeared. I hadn't actually seen her touch them, but I was sure they were in that bag.

I rushed across the room and yelled at the clerk, "Did you just sell a bunch of handkerchiefs to a woman with gray hair?"

"No," she said. "Is something wrong?"

"I'll say!"

I raced out the Post Street exit just in time to see the woman melting into the crowd. I caught up with her, spun her around and showed her my badge. "You're coming back to the store," I said.

"You lay a hand on me and I'll kill you!" she said.

I grabbed her arm—I had had no judo training at that time—and started dragging her toward the store. She probably outweighed me by sixty pounds, and suddenly she picked me up bodily and threw me into the traffic stream. One car missed me by inches, but a second one, tires screeching as the driver tried to stop, hit me with its bumper and knocked me back toward the curb.

I scrambled to my feet, dazed and bleeding, and looked around wildly for the woman. Two men were holding her, and she was cursing and flailing her arms, and in a moment, helped by a traffic policeman who had come running when he saw the gathering crowd, we got her back to the store.

This murderous woman turned out to be Mrs. Grace Moore, a notorious old-time shoplifter with a long criminal record. She was found guilty on what we call a 488—a penal-code section which covers petty theft with a prior conviction—and she went back to prison.

It had been a violent baptism for me, but I learned something about booster bags.

The professional thief rarely goes into a store without special equipment, and the booster is the most commonly used. One kind of booster may be a pair of loose and capacious bloomers, usually worn by women under their skirts. Some thieves have blouses, girdles, skirts or coats with special slits through which they can drop articles into the bloomers.

The booster box is another old method. It may be a large box, gift-wrapped with ribbons and bearing another store's label. It can be a leather attaché case, a violin case, or a very large purse, or a bag like those carried by doctors. All of them have ingenious sliding doors or hidden panels which the thief can control while the box sits on a counter near or over a pile of goods.

It is obviously impossible to watch or follow every customer carrying a box or a bag. But after a year or two of watching the professionals work I developed a sort of sixth sense in spotting those who were using booster boxes or other equipment.

I was working the ready-to-wear department one morning—this is the vulnerable department in most stores and the one where losses run highest—when I saw a woman who looked familiar. I was sure I had seen a mug shot of her, but I couldn't think of her name. She was wearing a loose overcoat, and she looked unusually heavy around the waist. The average observer would have said she was pregnant, but I suspected the fullness was caused by a booster bag under her skirt.

I saw her take two or three dresses into a fitting room, and when she came out I made a quick check with the salesclerk. There was one missing, and I went after her. She was just ahead of me at the parking-lot exit, and she climbed into her car and started the engine.

I made a jump into the back seat and told her who I was. The seat was piled high with stolen articles—she had obviously made two or three forays into the store that morning—and I said, "Turn off the motor."

She suddenly put the car in gear and stepped on the gas. I was thrown back against the seat as the car leaped, and by the time I regained my balance we were speeding out a one-way street. "Stop this car, you fool!" I cried.

"If you think I'm gonna take another rap, you're crazy!" she said.

"*Another* rap?"

"Quit kidding," she said. "You know me."

I stared at the tense, white face reflected in the rearview mirror, and now I knew. "Oh, yes," I said. "You're Irma—Irma Bayreuther. And if I could remember the number on your make sheet, I'd tell you that too."

"You're not going to tell anybody anything," she said. "I'm gonna bust up this wagon with you and me in it."

The car wove in and out of traffic, picking up speed, and by the time we got to the Westlake district, a vast tract of houses near the ocean shore, she was doing at least sixty-five. Any other time, I told myself grimly, there would be five traffic cops on our tail, but there wasn't a squad car or a motorcycle in sight. Half a mile ahead, lumbering along the wide street, was a huge truck and trailer, and Irma swung in behind, yelling that she intended to crash into it.

There was no time to cry out, or pray, or wrest the wheel from her hand, or anything else. I flung myself to the floor, and there was a wild swerve and a screeching of tires, and when I pulled myself up to the seat I could feel the car slowing down. Irma was sobbing loudly, and she stopped the car on a side street.

"I can't do it," she said. "I'd just as soon knock you off, but I haven't got the guts to kill myself." She turned around and looked at me with cold eyes. "Look," she said, "give me a break and you can have the car and my diamond ring and a couple of thousand bucks."

"No, thanks," I said. "Maybe the court will give you a break, but my job doesn't cover that. Now let's be sensible and go back to the store."

"You want to drive?" she asked.

"No, I'd rather know where your hands are."

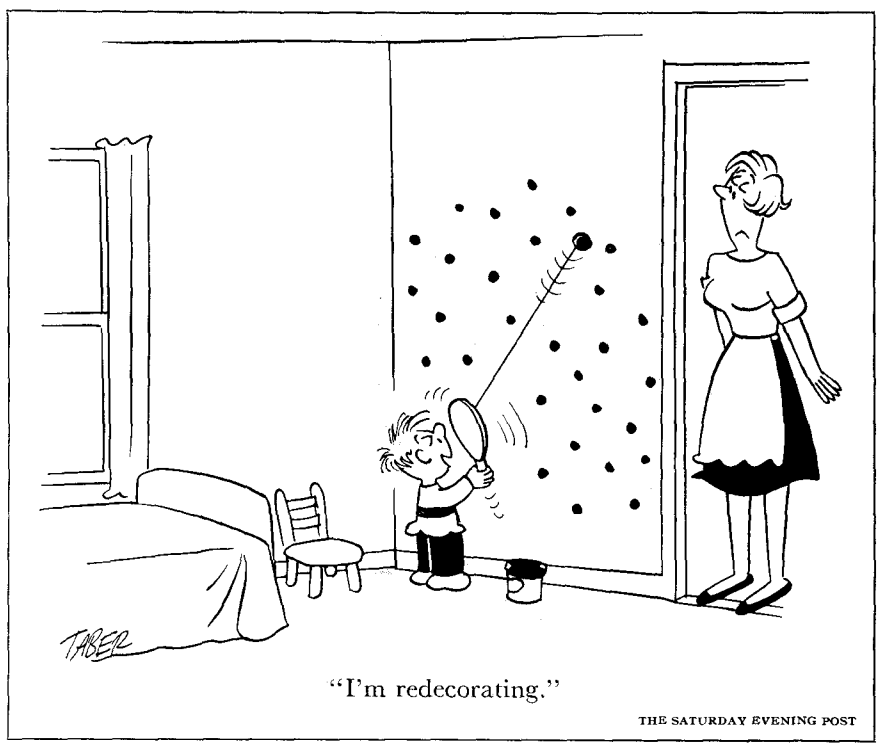
She sat there quietly for a moment, finally put the car in gear and started downtown. At the store I called in a policeman and signed a formal complaint. Irma got five years at Corona, the California women's prison, and as I left the courtroom that last day she lifted her handcuffed wrists and said, "I made a big mistake letting you talk me into going back. I'll square that up someday, baby." It was after that that I got a gun. I went to the police shooting range, and I learned how to use it. Irma eventually got a parole, and I waited. But I never saw her again.

As the years passed I moved from one store to another. I left some of them because my face was too familiar to employees and shoplifters alike. I signed on at some of the others, especially the larger ones because they offered me more money.

During those years—when I wondered why I had picked such a rough business—I had many encounters with professional thieves, as well as some skilled amateurs. I arrested a number of San Francisco firemen and a lot of women who turned out to be the wives of policemen. In most cases I was allowed to book only repeated offenders or known crooks with a record.

I remember catching one widely known thief named Henry Bonham. He was a drug addict and a suspected peddler. But when I called in the police to book him, I was told that the Federal narcotics authorities had said, "We don't want him locked up. We need him on the loose. He's a stool pigeon for us."

The man was released. A week later I drove out to one of our suburban



"I'm redecorating."

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branches—it was the first time I had been there in months—and saw the Government's pet stoolie loading up his car with cameras, clothing and other stolen things. I tipped off the store manager, and we grabbed our brazen thief. This time Bonham went to San Quentin.

There was another shoplifter who cracked my head open with my own handcuffs, and I went to St. Mary's Hospital with a brain concussion. I completely lost my memory for a while, but I was able to go back to work. The man who hit me jumped his $4000 bail and was missing for a year. When he was caught and brought to trial, a certain police inspector testified that this belligerent thief had never been in trouble before, and he asked the court to dismiss the charge. The judge let him go.

I had the tough luck to get involved in a brawl with the notorious Elizabeth Conway, a veteran pickpocket with many aliases. Her criminal record shows more than 100 arrests in some fifty cities—from Boston to Miami, from Seattle to San Diego. She had served time in a half dozen prisons and was known to police everywhere, not only as a shoplifter but also as a purse snatcher whose thefts rarely netted her less than $300 a day.

Like all the other detectives in my business, I had seen her picture and had heard the legends about her incredible strength—incredible because she was small and slender and no longer young.

When I first saw her she looked like any other middle-aged grandmother—gray-haired, prim, pleasant, harmless.

She picked up a customer's purse, calmly stuffed it into a shopping bag and walked toward the elevator. I came up behind her and said quietly, "Mrs. Conway, would you please come along to my office?"

She spun around so fast I was caught flat-footed. Her heavy bag swished through the air like a fighter's roundhouse swing and knocked me down, and she was on me like a wildcat, biting my arm, clawing at my eyes and kicking at my shins. Before I got her handcuffed—and it struck me as ironic that not one of a dozen onlookers came to my rescue—she had ripped off my coat, broken the handle on my own bag, torn off my hat and most of my dress and had hacked away at me with my own shoes. I turned her over to the police department and went to the hospital to get emergency treatment for bites and cuts.

Seven years later—after she had served county-jail terms in several other states—I nabbed her again in San Francisco. Her attorney—a noted criminal lawyer with high fees—told the court that Mrs. Conway suffered from kleptomania and ought to be in a hospital instead of a jail. Fortunately the judge understood that true kleptomaniacs, people who compulsively steal things they can't use, are rare indeed. Mrs. Conway was a thief and nothing else. He sent her to Corona, and I hope I never see her again. She might break my neck the next time.

The professional thieves have never been our main problem. We know their names and faces and how they work—and sooner or later they end up in jail.

But it is the amateur shoplifter who is currently causing staggering losses in stores and supermarkets, and most store detectives agree that there is no real solution until the stores and the courts begin to get tough. Inventory losses through shoplifting and employee theft have run as high as 2.4 per cent of the total retail annual sales in some San Francisco department stores. This does not include losses from bad checks, fraudulent uses of charge accounts or other crimes.

My personal records show that 83 per cent of the shoplifters I arrested were housewives or juveniles, and in most cases the housewives could afford to pay for the merchandise. Of all the thousands of thieves I have arrested, only about 4 per cent were actually taken to court and convicted, and most of those were men or women with criminal records.

As one glaring example of the prevailing attitude, I recall one recent case in which I was asked to check on a certain department from which expensive merchandise was disappearing almost every day. The buyer there was not only one of the best-paid women executives in the retail field, but had been with the store nine years. She said she was furious about the increasing thefts, and asked me to concentrate on that department.

I spent eight long months on that assignment, and I finally satisfied myself that I knew the identity of the mysterious thief.

I saw her walking out one evening with an expensive blouse, unwrapped, over one arm. By the time she reached the exit to the street, the blouse had gone into her handbag, and I arrested her on the sidewalk. I asked her to drive me to her Nob Hill apartment, and there, weeping hysterically, she showed me closet and bureaus filled with thousands of dollars' worth of stolen goods. As you may have guessed, the thief was the high-salaried woman executive, and she had been systematically looting her own and other departments. I wanted to prosecute her, of course, because I felt that such a conviction might have a sobering effect on other thieving employees, but the management not only wanted to avoid unpleasant publicity but also felt that the personal disgrace was punishment enough. She was permitted to resign, and she left the city.

Even when I get the amateurs into court, the judges are inclined to be soft. I picked up five such women one day and booked them because I thought it was about time to let the public know we were fed up. To my amazement and chagrin, the judge not only put all five on probation, but sent them to a nearby theater to see the picture *The Ten Commandments*. He told them to write a 200-word essay on the eighth commandment: "Thou shalt not steal."

A 200-day stay in the county jail might have been more effective.

Occasionally, especially in recent years, the store detectives in the San Francisco Bay area got together to combat the alarming increase in thefts, and we exchanged confidential information about the newest preventive techniques. Some stores in other cities have installed huge overhead mirrors which give detectives a sweeping view of vulnerable departments. There are closed-circuit television systems with hidden cameras and one-way mirrors through which customers can be watched.

But these and other scientific aids are virtually useless. It strikes me as sheer irony that a big store will catch hundreds of housewife shoplifters, get their confessions and then let them go because they are charge-account customers who always paid their bills, and who will probably continue to use their charge plates or credit cards. Shoplifting pays, you can be sure of that, even if you have the bad luck to get caught.

The only answer as far as I'm concerned—and this is why police officers and store executives call me "that hard-boiled Dorothy Crowe"—is a determined crackdown. To me shoplifting is a serious crime—whether the thief is a crooked police sergeant or a banker's wife or a trusted employee in a store. And I'm for putting them in jail. THE END

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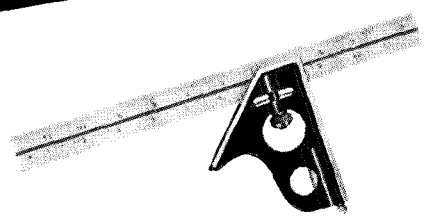

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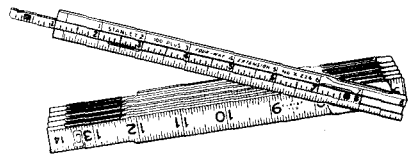

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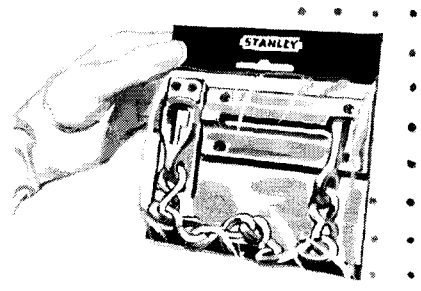

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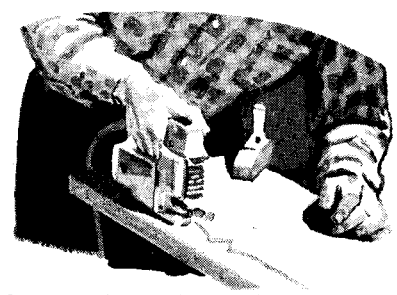

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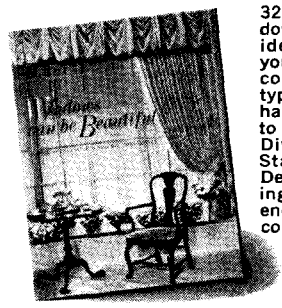

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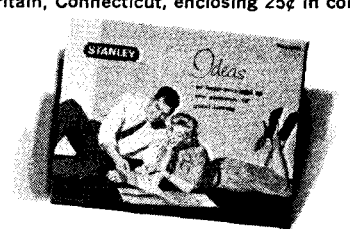

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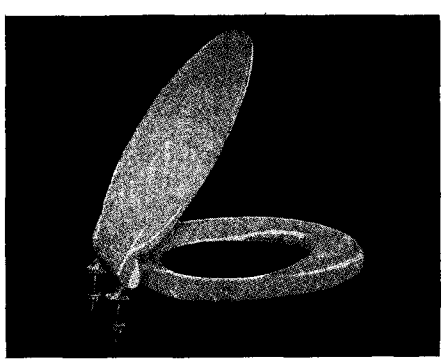

Church

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The Huntress (Continued from Page 29)

longer be John-and-Linda even to sentimental wishful thinkers. It wasn't even John and Edythe. It was simply Poor John.

There was nothing specifically wrong with Edythe, but there was absolutely nothing right about her either. Mousie Chandler had been to school with her someplace near Baltimore and tried to explain rather than defend her to the gang having lunch at Horne's.

"Well, you shouldn't underestimate Edythe," Mousie said. "I know she gives the impression of being shallow and frivolous and scatterbrained. She is frivolous and scatterbrained, but she really isn't shallow. . . ."

Bobbie and Linda looked magnificent at their wedding. John was at the church with Edythe. She giggled during the ceremony, and Mousie Chandler, who was one of Linda's bridesmaids, said John glared black as death at her. "As if he were choking," she said. "Poor John!"

Edythe settled down to become a social myth and a horrible example. Her hair never seemed to be in place and her skirts were never quite the correct length. She didn't have a bad shape when you caught her at the pool at Longue Vue, but her bathing suits were far from smart. And you didn't see her much at Longue Vue or anywhere, for John had drifted away from the gang. Mousie said it was because he was too proud to stand pity. Others thought he couldn't stand seeing Linda, Mrs. Bobbie Evans, still so beautiful, so much in command of everything.

There were less-dramatic reasons too. John's mother died not long after his marriage, and there was even less Cooper money left. John sold the big old place in Sewickley and bought a smaller house in Fox Chapel. He was not reduced to poverty, but his job at the steel company had become a real job and not a method of passing the day.

John was good at his job. It probably wasn't hard for him to keep his nose to the grindstone with nothing but Edythe to come home to. Though that may be unfair since Ben Cooper, John's first son, came along early in 1938, the cutest baby you ever saw and a blessing that he looked all Cooper from fontanel to pink toes, nary a trace of Edythe.

But the continuing charm of the other children—Sally in 1940 and Jack in 1944—and all John's success at his work only made Edythe's dizziness and general uselessness more glaring. She never could fit into a crowd which had known, which still knew and admired Linda.

When there was bridge at Edythe's house, the cards shuffled like wet graham crackers and the food probably *was* wet graham crackers. She managed a missionary drive for the church once and got the books so confused that old Mr. Webber, the eldest elder, who'd never donated more than five dollars to anything, had to cough up five hundred dollars to avoid a scandal in what Edythe called "the bosoms of the church." John did find the missing checks and money afterward, and the drive was actually oversubscribed, which was a real bit of luck for the missionaries.

Being an intelligent man, John must have guessed what everyone thought about Edythe, but he never let on by so much as a brave smile. Poor John was the kind of stock that keeps a bargain without whimpering and maybe bends over backward to keep a bad one. He was an attentive and generous husband, overgenerous, a lot of people felt, because they knew that money must be a problem to him. But he got ahead in business: on leave from his job to an important Washington assignment during the war; after the war back to the heir apparency of the steel company.

The Coopers saw Bobbie and Linda socially, but no more than was necessary. Bobbie had been successful, too, though he didn't match John's pace, and after all he didn't need to, with all the Stuart money. He and Linda settled down to being social leaders, and Linda managed to look a little more beautiful each year.

And then came the hairpin turn, the smashed Jaguar and Linda, mourning alone and lovely.

Everyone held his or her breath.

"Don't think Linda couldn't have got John back any time, if she'd tried," Mousie Gordon, who had been Mousie Chandler, said between bites of a chicken sandwich at a luncheon table at Le Mont. "Now you know she could've, but she isn't that kind of girl. But now—well, it would be a blessing, I think. Poor John."

Linda Evans felt more wretched than she had ever dreamed Bobbie's death could move her to feeling. What she felt was a bone-deep loss with a sense of waste to it, not so much sorrow for handsome, ambitious Bobbie, but for the lost years that had been brought into high relief by his death.

She knew what people were thinking; it was what she had been thinking herself. It was up to her to save Poor John, dear John, to undo the wrong she had done, but she trembled at the decision as at the brink of a cold stream.

There was no one who would blame her or John; she could be sure of that. It might be rough on Edythe at first, but Linda and John between them could make a settlement handsome enough to soothe her, to send her back to Cleveland or anywhere. And Linda felt capable of capturing the affection of the children, anxious even, since she and Bobbie had had none of their own. It would be good for them to have a mother they need not be ashamed of.

Linda would have to wait, she knew. But what was a decent six months or so after the more than twenty years gone by? Years of watching while Poor John struggled without the help and understanding of the kind of wife a man needed to get ahead. Of course, he *had* done wonders. . . .

Alloy steels and regular steels had different sales departments at Smith & MacIsaacs, where John and Bobbie both worked. Bobbie had been head of the alloy division, while John was just another good salesman in the regular branch. So when old Mr. Lovejoy, the company president, talked about putting in a single sales manager for both branches after the head of the regular steels had gone with Carnegie-Illinois, it looked like the perfect chance for Bobbie. For Linda knew how to help her husband, not just the Stuart-family contacts but also the little dinners for Reuben Lovejoy.

She was almost sick when Bobbie came home with the news that Poor John had won the job. "What did you do?" she asked Bobbie. "You must have done something, something wrong. Lord knows I had everything set for you."

Bobbie said something about damned Pittsburghers sticking together, and Linda got angry at him. They had their first real fight, and Bobbie went off to get drunk.

Linda dragooned her uncle, Donald Murkland, into a lunch the next day to find out what had happened. He was a director of S. & M. and must have been in on the decision. But jolly old Uncle Donald would tell her no more than that Bobbie had certainly been considered for the job, but there were factors in a large company which outsiders and even some insiders couldn't understand.

He didn't tell her of the long board meeting where Bobbie and John were weighed one against the other.

"I'm behind John Cooper," Mr. Lovejoy said finally. "I think we're agreed that he and Evans are equal in ability, so we have to look at the thing in terms of incentive.

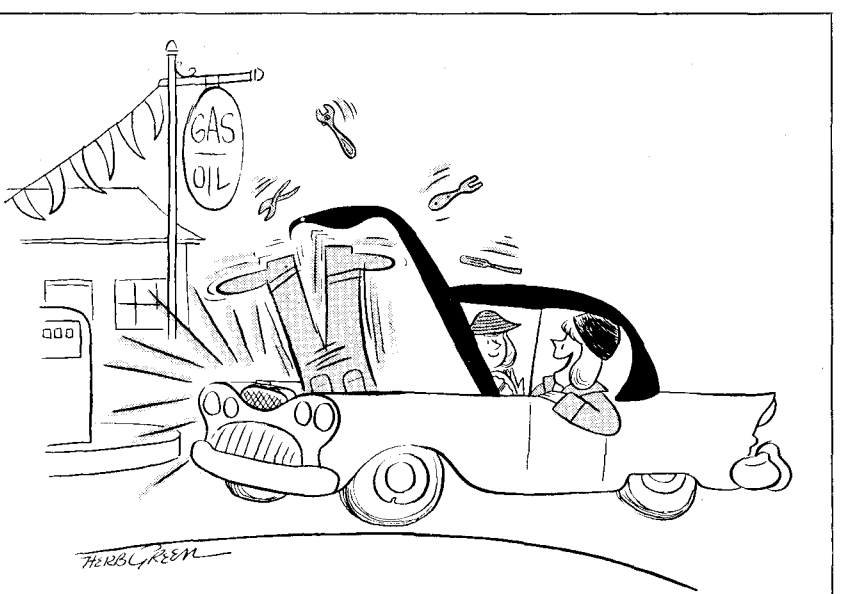
"Now, I believe Poor John'll work just a little harder. With that wife of his, I think he feels every chance he gets is his big chance. Bobbie, with Linda behind him, will have plenty of other opportunities. And also, the money can't mean as much to Bobbie.

"Bobbie will take the job as his just reward and work hard at it; Poor John will take it as a miracle and have every other independent steel company sitting up nights worrying about us."

Most of the directors nodded. Uncle Donald Murkland found himself nodding agreement too.

After the surprise was over, Linda was almost as pleased as anyone with John's good luck, though she agreed with Bobbie's decision some months later to move to Funk Furnaces. The job at Funk wasn't particularly better, but it got him away from being subordinate to John and assured him steady advancement, since Funk was owned to a large degree by various branches of Linda's family.

Poor John's rise continued to be meteoric. When he was made a vice president only a year after the new sales job, a leading business magazine ran his photograph



"Well, at least the horn is working O.K."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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with a brief biography in a series on NATIONAL BUSINESS LEADERS OF THE FUTURE. "With his vivacious wife Edythe (the former Edythe Dallow Warren of Cleveland) John Cooper lives in fashionable Fox Chapel. Mrs. Cooper makes no claim to being a 'career wife.' 'I just try to give Johnny a home to relax in when he's pooped,' she said. . . ."

And what a home! Linda always said to herself when she reread the story from the clipping she had carefully saved. The rare times she had been there, it made her shudder. The Teddy bear you found in the best living-room chair was not something left by one of the children; it was Edythe's own, as were the Siamese cats that hurtled down on guests from bookcases crammed not merely with books but with stuffed animals, plated baby shoes and brass souvenirs from Atlantic City. "Johnny took me there for the metallurgists' convention," Edythe would beam in explanation.

The handicaps Poor John had!

The war years had been the best for Linda. Bobbie, rejected by all armed services because of a bum ear, kept busy and important, with Funk Furnaces going full blast and money just pouring in.

Poor John and Edythe had disappeared into Washington. John had an importantly hush-hush Pentagon job which started with the eagles of a full colonel and left him at the war's end with a major general's two stars.

The only jarring note for Linda turned up at one of her own business-with-pleasure parties. It came from a portly major in procurement, of whom Bobbie had told her to be especially thoughtful.

"Know some folks in Washington you prolly know," the major said, tapping Linda's knee for emphasis. "General Cooper and his frau. Johnny and Edie."

"Why, we know them well," Linda said, keeping in check a nagging feeling of annoyance. "How are they?"

"Great, great," the major said. "Old Johnny's mighty highly thought of. And they don't come any better'n Edie. Runs the farm they rent like clockwork, and always has a laugh for the brass at the end of a hard day."

The thought that Edythe might have changed, though nice for John's sake, was one Linda could not accept. The major was a boob and a bore, the kind of man who *would* think Edythe ideal. She put the conversation in the back of her head. Even buried, the suspicion of change harried her till after V-J Day, till after Edythe and John came back to Pittsburgh and civilian life, and Edythe proved herself to be the same old Edythe still.

Linda could have sighed with relief.

Despite Edythe, it was obvious that Poor John was riding as high as ever. He was executive vice president now, and old Mr. Lovejoy was ready to move on to chairman of the board and let John assume the presidency. Bobbie Evans started drinking a little too much.

Bobbie had probably been drinking a little too much when the Jag went off the road, Linda thought. But she thought of Bobbie less and less. It was five months since his death, and she went to a quiet party now and then. Linda was glad that the period of probation she had elected was almost finished. Alone as often as she was, she found herself making plans—for doing the house over the way she knew from memory that John would like, of a quiet wedding and then a really alone-together honeymoon at someplace smart, but out of season.

Linda was at a party in Sewickley, being polite, but discouraging to a young man not too long out of Yale, when Reuben Lovejoy tapped her on the arm. "You look wonderful, Linda," Mr. Lovejoy said.

The young man disappeared, and Mr. Lovejoy lowered himself into the vacant chair. "We're all pretty upset about Poor John, I suppose you know," he said.

Linda didn't take time to mask her concern. "But I don't know," she said. "I hadn't heard a thing."

"He's leaving us," Mr. Lovejoy said. "You know he could have anything he wanted at S. and M., but this is too big; I can't stand in his way."

"But what is it?" Linda snapped.

"This new consolidation, Chem-Electric, that's just been formed," Mr. Lovejoy said with maddening deliberation. "Offices in New York or Wilmington. Biggest thing since Charley Schwab helped put together U.S. Steel. Everything from fertilizer to atomic power. They want John for president, and he's going to take it. Maybe it hasn't been in the papers yet."

"But why? How?" Linda was close to tears of exasperation.

"His wartime experience, I suppose," Mr. Lovejoy said. "You know he was in on that atomic planning. Got to know people in all different fields in Washington. Makes me feel a little proud to have given him his start."

Linda left Mr. Lovejoy without apology or explanation. She drove home with her mind whirling like a cyclotron.

Poor John would be moving away, and time was crowding on her now, and what could she do? She couldn't just call him up and ask him to see her and pour her heart out! What if he laughed? But she'd risk it. Now was the time Poor John needed his Linda most. She would call John, and damn the consequences.

After Linda dialed there seemed to be an eternity of buzzing before the phone was answered by Dublin, the Coopers' houseman.

"Why, no, Mrs. Evans," Dublin said. "Mr. Cooper isn't in. Matter of fact, he and Mrs. Cooper's not even in town. They decided to run away for a month's vacation before the new job."

"Don't hang up, Dublin," she said sharply. "Where did they go?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Evans." Dublin was firmly respectful. "I got particular orders not to tell anyone where they went."

"But that must just be for reporters and things," Linda said impatiently. "I simply must know, Dublin."

"I'm sorry, ma'am," Dublin said. "You're probably right, but Mr. Cooper said not to tell *anybody*."

Linda would not be balked, though it would serve John right to have married a wife he was so ashamed of that he had to hide his vacation whereabouts even from the friends who could save him—even from the one friend.

Linda had never made use of backstairs intrigue before. *God willing, I never will again,* she thought, and rang for Clifton, her chauffeur.

"I want you to find out something for me, Clifton," Linda spoke directly.

"Yes, ma'am," Clifton said.

"I want you to find out from the Coopers' Dublin just where Mr. and Mrs. Cooper have gone on their vacation," Linda said. "I don't care how you find out, but I have to know, and I have to know quickly. It's worth five hundred dollars to me, Clifton, but find out fast. Tonight, if you can."

"But I'm not sure ——" Clifton tried to protest.

"Find out, Clifton," Linda said. "And if you ever let anybody know I asked you to, I'll cut your throat."

Two days later Linda was off for Colorado Springs. She never asked Clifton how he had extracted the information from the loyal Dublin, but she paid him his five hundred dollars, with an extra hundred as a bonus for promptness. She

A Journal Exclusive!

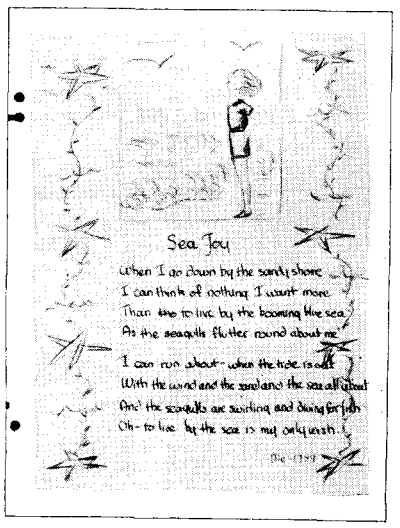
Jacqueline Kennedy

First Years of the First Lady

an exclusive look into her private picture albums

No one who knew her as a baby ever imagined this placid child would grow up to be the Thirty-first First Lady of the Land . . . or a tomboy who did her level best to keep up with the boys. As a precocious child, she foresaw the future for herself as the Circus Queen who, though admired by the world's biggies, married "The Man on the Flying Trapeze."

In this intimate article, you'll meet her parents and her grandfather . . . paramount influences in her life . . . visit her schoolroom where she was known as the "very worst girl in school" . . . ride with her as she 'wins' national horse show honors . . . see how she developed her strong characteristics of independence and courage.


Sea Joy
When I go down by the sandy shore
I can think of nothing I want more
Than live to live by the booming blue sea
As the seagulls flutter round about me
I can run about when the tide is out
With the wind and the sand and the sea all about
And the seagulls are squalling and diving for fish
Oh—to live by the sea is my only wish.

Poem written by Jacqueline Bouvier at 10. The verses to show that, as child, horses were not her sole interest.

ALSO

★ Another in the Journal's series *How America Spends Its Money:* "We're borrowing against our future."

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★ HOW GOOD ARE MANUFACTURED HOUSES?

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

February Issue

NOW ON SALE

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flew to Denver, where a rented car awaited her, and did the last lap on her own. She was dusty and tired when she drove up to the hotel, but happy that her goal was in sight.

Linda took a slow, luxurious bath and, dressing, found pleasure in the well-cared-for slimness of her long body, the clear, still-all-but-unlined beauty of her face. At forty-three she knew herself to be more desirable than most other women of any age, and the knowledge gave her confidence and strength as she put on a pale-blue wool-jersey cocktail dress, not flamboyant, yet not the sterile primness of mourning. She applied a bright mouth and went down to the cocktail lounge.

The couple she almost bumped into going through the glass door were John and someone she at first could not believe to be Edythe. But the image that had just had time to fix itself in her mind *was* Edythe. Linda knew, moving hazily toward a table, that it was no one else.

One blessing was, they hadn't seen *her;* for this was an Edythe she had never thought to see. An Edythe as well tailored as herself, her soft brown hair groomed to perfection, her carriage erect and lithe, the fine body only rarely revealed at the pool wearing the clothes that were meant for it, the face no longer blank but bright and amused and flawlessly made up.

Linda gave her order to a waiter hardly knowing what drink she called for, and when the Martini came, she ordered another before she began to drink it.

Some horrible mistake had been made, she wasn't sure how. She was sure only that she'd better rush back to Pittsburgh by the next plane and try to forget what she had seen. Get away before she ran into Poor John, Poor John my foot, and this other Edythe.

"Edythe swore it was you, and I told her she was crazy, but it is," John was saying, standing by her table with the amused and handsome woman by his side. "Can't we sit down?"

"But of course," Linda said.

John signaled a waiter as Edythe looked at Linda with a smile that was friendly and searching.

"You can say what you're thinking," Edythe said.

"I don't understand," Linda said. "I don't understand at all." She felt she was asking for help.

"You're surprised to find me looking human?" Edythe suggested.

"You look wonderful. I congratulate you." Linda couldn't keep her voice from breaking slightly.

"Edythe said it must be a shock," John said, his smile reassuring.

"So sudden and all," Edythe said. "But you see it really isn't sudden. I haven't been a frump for a long time, Linda. Possibly I never was quite so much of a one as you and your friends thought, but—it's a long story, but you're part of it, and I owe it to you to tell you now."

Linda forced her body to relax, though her thoughts refused to come under control. *It's a dream,* she thought, *I'll be all right in a minute; it will all go away.*

"It was when I first met John in Cleveland," Edythe's voice was going on, and it was not a dream. "I fell very much in love with him."

"And I with Edie," John interrupted.

"But he told me about you, Linda, and I'd heard about you anyway," Edythe said. "About how beautiful you were and how you had the whole world on a string, and I was scared to death.

"I believed John loved me, and I knew you were engaged to Bobbie, but I still knew when I went to Pittsburgh I'd be in some kind of competition with you whether I wanted it or not.

"We got married on a Thursday and went back to Pittsburgh by stages—stages of meeting relatives of John on the way. I was trying and trying to make a good impression, and I got more and more jittery. I blew up finally during a visit to an ancient Cooper aunt in Tarentum. I don't know what bit me, but I giggled at her, puffed cigarette smoke in her face, stepped on her cat and stumbled on the hooked rugs. She looked at me with the Great Stone Face and asked John to speak with her alone for a minute before we left. I was crying and in hysterics when he came out to the car.

"John consoled me, told me he didn't blame me for blowing up, that he loved me whatever I did. Then he mentioned why the aunt wanted to speak with him. She had planned to leave him ten thousand dollars in her will; when she took one look at me, she decided to raise the ante to twenty. With a wife like me, John would need it, she said."

Edythe looked at John with the loving communion of long marriage, and he nodded at her. "Your story, doll," he said.

"Well, I got my nerves back as we drove along, but I began to think. The more I thought, the surer I was that I couldn't hold my own in your set—I always thought of it as your set, Linda—by trying to excel in the conventional virtues. And being a boob of sorts had paid off with Aunt Cooper; perhaps it would pay off as a general policy.

"I'd always been a little bit on the nervous side, a little jittery socially—but not a frump, I insist—and the act wouldn't be too hard. For John I could be myself, my best self. For the rest of the crowd I could be whatever they wanted to think me.

"I tried to explain what I had in mind to John, but it took some time before he understood me. He was willing to humor me, though, and let me try out whatever I wanted. I started and, I suppose, in a sense I never stopped."

"I can't believe it," Linda said numbly.

"Of course you can't." Edythe was brisk. "That's why it lasted so many years. You *could* believe that John had married a sad, silly girl from Ohio, because that was what you wanted to believe. It was never news the times anyone saw me with my hair in place and my clothes in fashion; it didn't fit the picture. All you and your friends ever seemed to see was Dopey Edie, and since that was working out well for us, I didn't discourage it.

"It worked, Linda. It was good business, and it was fun too. When I knew that people were talking behind my back, it didn't worry me much because I knew they weren't really talking about *me.* You see?"

Linda nodded, fascinated in spite of herself.

"Being a clown," Edythe said, "I could get away with murder in everything, from doing what I pleased socially to forcing old Mr. Webber to shell out money for the missions."

"The crazy thing was," John pitched in, "that it was a big help to me, just as Edie'd suspected. I found I was getting my promotions because of Edie. Not because my superiors thought she was a fine executive's wife, but because her—call it unsuitability focused attention on me. If there were four men lined up for a job, three of them with average, helpful wives, I was always the one who stood out. Whatever I did, I got credit for doing something extra because Edie was considered such a drag."

"Though that finally evaporated with the rest of the act," Edythe said. "It was really important only in the first years when John was getting started. It was a bore sometimes, but actually it gave variety to marriage and a zest that may have helped us over some rough spots. When we wanted to, we could always escape for weekends and vacations, and in Washington we had almost four years of being ourselves by avoiding the home-town crowd. I think most of the people who know us now, know us the way we really are; the only holdouts are a few from your set, Linda."

"Could I have another drink?" Linda asked.

"Now we're moving to Delaware, we can forget the whole routine," John said, after summoning the waiter. "But sometimes I still miss those early days, evenings of hashing over the day's exploits, laughing at Edie's new plans for shocking people."

"The kids are all growing up," Edythe said, "and that makes a difference."

"Oh, dear," Linda said ineffectually.

"You can let your gang in on the gag if you want to," Edythe said. "Can't she, John? It's really been over for ages."

"I don't think I want to," Linda said. She was looking at John and Edythe with new eyes—John-and-Edythe instead of Edythe and Poor John—and they were, despite her shock, a pretty pleasant couple. The illusion she herself had built up for so long was crumpled completely, and surprisingly she felt better for it and freed of a bothersome compulsion. She knew it would take some time to adjust all the way, but there was a healthiness to the thought of reassessing her life on its own terms instead of always in the shadow of might-have-been. It hadn't been such a bad life after all. She could go back to Pittsburgh and be herself, a Linda living in the present, not a Linda romanticizing the events of more than two decades past.

"I think I'd rather be in on the secret with you, such as there is left of it and as long as it lasts," Linda said.

Edythe looked at her with sympathetic understanding.

"Let's all have dinner," said John. And they did.

Mousie Gordon thought Linda had never looked better than when she came back from her brief visit to Colorado Springs.

"Honestly, you look like you're in love," she said. "Go on. You can tell me."

"I am," Linda said, "with two people you'll never, never know."

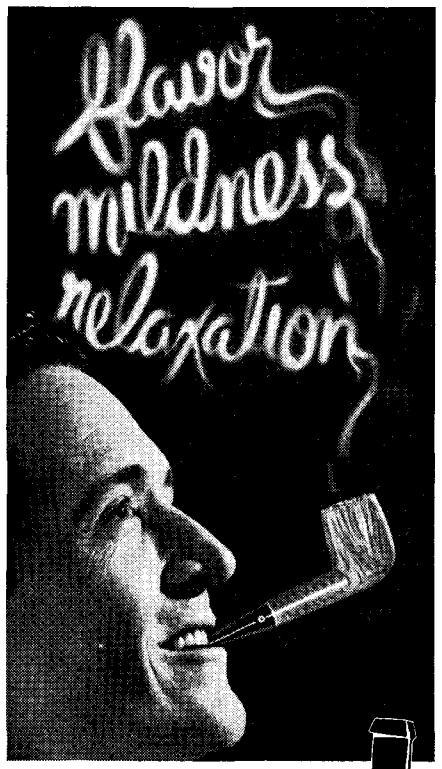
"Now that's a crazy thing to say," Mousie Gordon said. "You sound as wacky as Edythe. My Lord! Poor John!"

THE END

Charity

By Elijah L. Jacobs

One pool in the little creek
stayed deep and broad
When the rest of the stream
went dry. But winter had
sealed
The water now with a cover
that had not thawed
In the last cold, bitter week,
enough to yield
A drink for a jay. I saw on the
glassy ice
A gray opossum, gaunt beneath
his fur,
Nosing the frigid surface, once
or twice
Lifting his head to listen. I did
not stir.
He left his quest, came toward
me, shuffled past,
Snarled when I moved, and
hid in a hollow tree.
I cleared a drinking hole in the
ice, at last;
But aid is a chancy thing. I did
not see
Whether the patriarch drank,
or hid in his den
And thirsted while the water
froze again.



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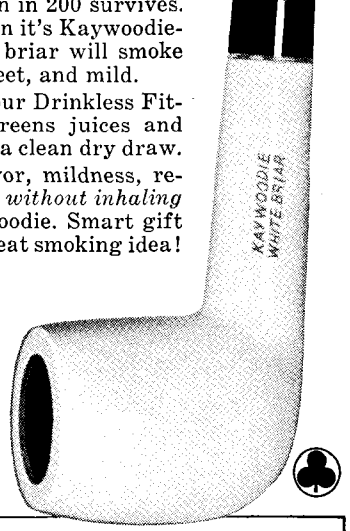

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A Road Out of the Slums

(Continued from Page 41)

In the graduating class at George Washington last summer, there were fifty recipients of academic degrees who are living proof of this. These college-bound youngsters had entered George Washington from a "problem school" that in the days before Higher Horizons was noted primarily for sending dullards and disciplinary problems on to high school. As early as March, schools like Amherst, the University of Michigan, Hampton Institute and New York University had accepted some of them. One, a Negro girl, wrote to Daniel Schreiber, co-ordinator of Higher Horizons for the board of education:

Dear Mr. Schreiber: Last month I won a four-year college scholarship to any college I wish to go to. I won it by making a speech, "Freedom Moves Forward Through Education." I represented New York and competed against girls from other states. Wish you were there.

You talk with these youngsters, as I did, and weigh their accomplishments against the background from which they came, and you are tempted to think in terms of miracles. But Higher Horizons is no miracle. It is simply a double measure of instruction in the areas where it is most needed, and a program which exposes the youngsters to something more than the ugly world of apathy, frustration and cruelty that is all many of them ever have known.

Few people who have not lived in the world of deprivation understand how unpalatable algebra can be on an empty stomach, or how difficult it is to diagram a sentence while a drunken father harasses six brothers and sisters in a dingy three-room apartment.

It is difficult for people who never have lived in a slum neighborhood to understand the simple courage that sometimes is required for a youngster to display an open interest in learning or culture.

"They would call me a sissy because I got good grades," a Puerto Rican boy told me.

"She wants to be white," was the candy-store taunt hurled at a Negro girl because she pronounced "either" as "eye-ther" and "neither" as "nye-ther."

Trim, vivacious Barbara Blondell, whose neighborhood she describes simply as "not the best," says she took a fierce ribbing when she first began to go to the opera and on other cultural jaunts arranged through the Project.

"The kids would make fun of me, use my initials and say, 'Here comes B.B.—the Big Brain.' The ones teasing me were mostly boys who already had quit school. They seemed to have a block against anything educational," explains Barbara.

"They really razzed me about the opera. Then I brought home the libretto of *The Mikado*, and some of the people in the neighborhood were fascinated. Now I've got practically the whole neighborhood going to the opera."

This young woman, whose parents were divorced when she was a first-grader, asserts confidently that her neighbors "respect me much more now—far more than if I had wilted under their teasing and accepted the anti-culture standard of the pack."

Ironically, Higher Horizons was begun because of a United States Supreme Court decision that most people seem to think applied only to the Deep South. After the 1954 ruling outlawing enforced racial separation in public schools, New York City was challenged to end what was in fact a form of segregation as rigid as anything in Dixie. Because of residential segregation, not only were Negroes and Puerto Ricans attending segregated schools, but an investigation showed that the education offered them had deteriorated steadily for twenty years or more—as evidenced by a disastrously rapid turnover of teachers, the high percentage of substitute teachers, the paucity of classes for the gifted and the aged buildings with their obsolete equipment. Beyond that, leaders of minority groups knew that New York long had operated under the "good riddance" policy that is being employed in most big cities. Under this policy, compulsory school-attendance laws are discreetly overlooked in underprivileged neighborhoods and youngsters are promoted whether they learn or not—just to get them out of the school as quickly as possible.

The board of education set up a special Commission on Integration, and New Yorkers became involved in bitter debate over proposals to rezone some school districts so as to provide a greater measure of physical desegregation. But some commission members were worried about a more fundamental problem. They were aware that the youngsters going to college from New York's public schools are not necessarily the brainiest or most gifted to pass through the classrooms. They are the youngsters with the wealthiest parents, who live in the best neighborhoods, and who inherit a tradition of higher education. Few children from neighborhoods of economic deprivation go on to college, and the percentage completing high school has been disturbingly small.

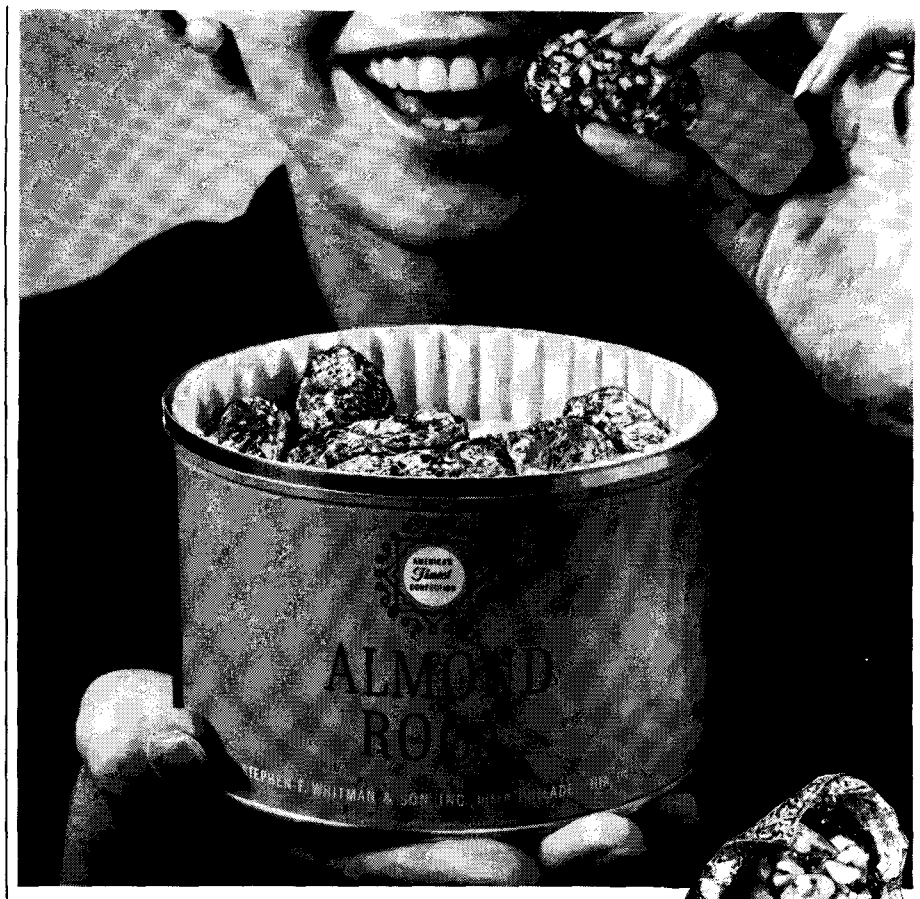
Richard L. Plaut, president of the National Scholarship Service and Fund for Negro Students, reports that the general educational picture has been so bad in minority-group neighborhoods that a child with a measured I.Q. of 105 in the third grade is likely to drop back to 95 or even 90 by the seventh grade. After a survey of the graduating classes in thirty-two northern schools in which a third of the 10,400 graduates were Negroes, Plaut and an associate reported that in terms of class standing, white students did fifteen times as well as Negroes, and that only twenty-four of the 3300 Negro students—less than one out of 100—were fully qualified for college admission. Racialists use statistics of this sort to support theories of capabilities and supremacy according to color of skin.

Henry Hillson, the principal at George Washington high, explained the situation at his school:

"Our enrollment has been multiracial for years, but I'd be lying if I told you that our Negro students have been truly integrated. Negroes coming in from academically inferior junior high schools in substandard neighborhoods have been testing an average of twenty I. Q. points behind whites from better schools and neighborhoods, and three to four years behind them in reading.

"We could integrate our students in the band or on athletic teams, but not in the classroom. You just can't teach a group in which there is that much difference in background and ability and do justice to anyone. So it is obvious that merely to give these Negro youngsters the same education as whites, even in the same school, is not the answer. These deprived children need more."

Hillson was quick to assert, however, that "talk of racial inferiority is trash—pure nonsense. When kids come from the kind of community Harlem is, where the



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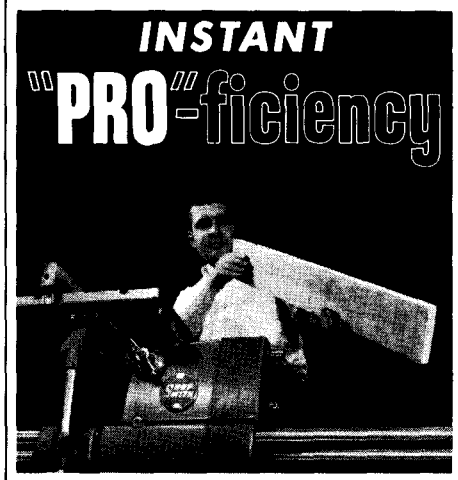

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level of education is so low, where there is hostility between adults and children, where family conversation is about matters that are so routine, where parents have no appreciation of achievement, it is inevitable that instead of a child's experiences' becoming enriched they get poorer."

It was obvious that the schools couldn't change Harlem very rapidly. Could they change its youngsters? Could they inspire these children to lift their horizons beyond Harlem?

Dr. Morris Krugman, director of the city's Division of Educational and Vocational Guidance, argued that the schools ought to try, and he spelled out a pilot project. Dr. J. Wayne Wrightstone, director of the Bureau of Educational Research, Plaut, and several others were equally enthusiastic. They recommended that the board of education "sponsor jointly a demonstration project in early identification and intensified continued guidance of able students" from underprivileged neighborhoods. In March, 1956, both the Commission on Integration and the board of education gave their approval.

Guidance was not a brand-new idea, of course, for the New York schools already had such a program. But New York had only one full-time counselor for each 1200 students, a glaringly inadequate situation similar to that existing in most other big cities. And virtually no one was taking the trouble to talk to parents or ministers, or to visit homes and try to solve student problems at their source. This the project aimed to correct.

As in most other cities, New York schoolmen had more ideas than money. But the National Scholarship Service and Fund for Negro Students and the College Entrance Examination Board agreed to share the initial cost, and a search was begun for the right pilot school. Educators wanted a junior-high school with an interracial student body of boys and girls from lower-class neighborhoods, with an outstanding principal and counselor and with access to a good academic high school.

It was agreed that fifty-year-old Daniel Schreiber was the right principal and that his Manhattanville Junior High School (J.H.S. 43), at 129th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, more than met the requirements. Its student body of about 1500 was 45 per cent Negro, 40 per cent Puerto Rican and 15 per cent White and others. Many of the youngsters were illegitimate; an appalling number came from broken homes; some, of course, were from solid lower-middle-class homes. But almost all bore some mark of that curious tangle of pathos that is the ghetto. Of one graduating class of 470, a mere eighteen wound up in full-time college attendance. In short, J.H.S. 43 was part of "the blackboard jungle." Several "43" teen-agers were involved in the 1957 gang wars in which an innocent polio victim, fifteen-year-old Michael Farmer, was stabbed to death. The "umbrella man" of the horrible New York murders in the summer of 1959 was a former "43" student.

From J.H.S. 43, project students would go to George Washington, a high school that was built as a showplace in 1924 when it catered so exclusively to the elite that it became known as "the country club." Some 85 per cent of its graduates once went on to Harvard, Amherst and similar institutions. Time and migration had made it a melting pot, and now its 5000 students represent fifty nationalities, about 30 per cent of them American Negroes and 10 per cent Puerto Ricans.

Some observers concluded that looking for "lost potential" at J.H.S. 43 was like digging for gold in a sawdust pit, but in the fall of 1956 the project team moved ahead boldly. Full-time counselors were added to provide one for every three hundred and seventy-five students; funds were provided for a part-time psychiatrist, psychologist and social worker. Extra teachers were assigned to remedial arithmetic and reading, to foreign languages and one to the area of "educational and cultural enrichment." Arrangements also were made for a Puerto Rican co-ordinator and an attendance-and-behavior counselor.

Then the staff selected 717 pupils—about half the student body—who showed signs of undeveloped potential. These would be project students for the rest of their stay at "43," and then for three years at George Washington High and other schools.

The first weeks of the experiment were eye openers, more so for the experts than for the students. Counselors learned that many pupils could not read because they came from homes where no one had ever bought a book. Many students had entered school not knowing how to hold a book right side up, or whether to turn the pages left to right, or vice versa. A surprisingly large number simply had trouble seeing—and no one apparently had cared enough to suggest or provide eye examinations that would have revealed this.

Social workers discovered appalling family problems. One girl was walking three blocks each morning to get milk from the refrigerator of a friend because the relative with whom she and her mother lived decided during a spat that they could not store food in the relative's refrigerator. Many students had never seen a ball game, a college campus, Times Square, a Broadway play—or anything else outside their own squalid world.

Teachers donated their time to take youngsters to the opera, the theater, to Brookhaven Laboratory and to such campuses as those of Hofstra, Yale, Rutgers and Columbia—at the project's expense if free tickets or transportation could not be arranged. Often the shy, terribly insecure students had to be coaxed to attend cultural events. Occasionally a parent wanted to know, "What the hell's so important about seeing a Broadway play?" and a social worker would have to convince the parent that the child needed to see that play more than the parent needed a helper in his corner store.

Counselors and social workers fought a constant battle against the poverty-nurtured attitude of parents that a boy ought to get out and get a job at sixteen instead of "loafing and wasting his time in some school."

Fifteen-year-old Sarah Rodriguez, whose family came to New York from Ecuador in 1946, speaks eloquently of the "culture trips" and her realization that she need not go through life being ashamed of her family's financial status, or of the neighborhood in which she lives.

"My neighborhood always had a bad reputation," Sarah said. "Just about any time you could hear of someone getting a rock thrown at his head. But if I had my choice now, I'd still choose that neighborhood because I like living among all kinds of human beings. That's what helps you to grow up. You really learn the difference between good and bad when you live in an area where you have a choice.

"I had been living in a nutshell. I didn't know anything about the world around me because I'd never bothered to explore anything but my own little circle. The project has taken me places I never could have dreamed of going on my own."

Sarah says her father, a sewing-machine salesman with a family of six to support, never could have afforded to send her and her brother—who was graduated in June as one of the top three students at George Washington—to the cultural and educational activities that the project put within their reach.

When the first project group was graduated to George Washington in 1957, Hillson made sure that the cultural and academic "lag" of these children did not become an excuse for setting up segregated classes within a desegregated school. Two of the things the Negro and Puerto Rican youngsters needed to learn, Hillson knew, was that they *could* do good schoolwork, and that the fact that they had failed in the past had nothing to do with their ethnic background.

So project youngsters were matched with white students from other junior high schools—boys and girls who exhibited the same level of ability, and had the same cultural and economic handicaps. This would be the real test of what special help could do, and it would provide some valid clues as to whether training rather than biology was responsible for the lack of achievement.

"He certainly seems affectionate enough."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The fantastic success of Higher Horizons can be demonstrated in a hundred ways. Perhaps nothing is more revealing than a comparison of a pre-project class that went from Manhattanville to George Washington in 1953 with the classes that have made the transition since the project began. Of the 105 students in the 1953 group, only five passed all their academic courses in their first year at George Washington. Only two had averages of 80 per cent or better. Of the 148 students in the first project class in 1957, thirty-eight passed all their majors, eighteen averaging 80 per cent or better. Of 111 students in the 1958 group, forty-three passed all their academic courses, sixteen scoring over 80 per cent. Of 101 students in the 1959 group, fifty-eight passed all their majors, twenty-eight with averages of 80 per cent or higher.

One of the most startling things of all is what the project staff discovered about the intelligence of their charges. Educators long have assumed that I.Q. scores are a steady indication of native ability—that is, that a child with an I.Q. of 100 in the fourth grade will score 100 in the eleventh grade, barring some abnormal pattern in his development.

But look at what happened to 105 project students. In February, 1956, just thirty-two of these youngsters scored 100 or above and only seven had I.Q.'s above 120. The median I.Q. for the group was 92.9. These 1956 tests were given as a normal part of the school program. The results were cited as evidence of the need for such a project. When retested last May, sixty of these youngsters scored 100 or above and fourteen were at 120 or above. The median score had risen almost ten points to 102.2. The rise in I.Q. leads New York School Superintendent John Theobald to conclude that "We just didn't know how to measure the potential, the intelligence, of these deprived youngsters."

More incredible, perhaps, than any other development has been the effect of the project on school discipline. In the subway elevator at 191st and St. Nicholas an olive-skinned teen-ager may sing, "Sweet marijuana, sweet marijuana, birds need seed and I need weed, sweet marijuana." But inside George Washington there is order and a sense of purpose. Hillson says students from J.H.S. 43 once were a disciplinary headache, and that 80 per cent of the troublemakers were Negroes and Puerto Ricans.

"Since the project began, we haven't had a single student from '43' involved in a disciplinary problem," he reports.

This becomes credible when you hear Hector Motroni explain that "The project is like a big net under which we all are brothers. We understand each other's problems. One member helps the other. We are all very sad now because José, a very smart boy who had to work from five to twelve P.M. every school day, finally had to quit school this year."

Higher Horizons also tries to guide to useful lives the 75 per cent who do not go to college. Prior to the project, youngsters who couldn't pass their academic courses were practically ignored. If advanced algebra, chemistry or English so disillusioned a lad that he decided to drop out of school, so what, if he was past sixteen? He was just one more "knucklehead" to whom teachers wouldn't have to devote precious time.

Now the laggards are shifted to programs in which they can continue to learn and retain a sense of achievement. George Washington is operating two special courses designed primarily to prepare the youngsters enrolled in them to secure and hold a job that will enable them to maintain their self-respect and to stay off the public relief rolls.

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It is significant, Hillson says, that 25 per cent of the first project group will go to college. Just as significant, perhaps more so, he asserts, is the fact that of all the project students to enter George Washington, only about 25 per cent will have dropped out or transferred before graduation. This compares with a rate of about 50 per cent for Manhattanville students not in the project and a senior-high-school dropout rate of almost 40 per cent for the city as a whole.

As Hillson and I stood in the corridor of George Washington, talking about the project, he nodded his head occasionally as students passed by.

"Hello, Mr. Hillson," smiled a Puerto Rican lad. I was told that this boy originally had scored 77 on an I.Q. test. He had a tremendous language handicap and had been put in the "F" category, the lowest level of the project. An English teacher gave him special help, starting with the rudiments of the language. The day I saw him he was in the "C" group, the highest level of the project, and his counselor said he "is reading *Billy Budd* and making every effort to understand it."

A Negro boy stopped to ask Hillson if he could chat with him later. Hillson explained that this lad had extremely irresponsible parents, but he had been taken in by aunt and uncle. Now the lad had deserted a street gang in which he was a "big shot" before he got involved in Higher Horizons.

"I thank God for this project," said Hillson, "for it would be a pity to waste these youngsters. I am constantly amazed at the strength of human beings—that these youngsters can overcome so much."

But it must be reiterated that Higher Horizons is working no miracles. The 25 per cent who went to college this year are at least a 500 per cent increase over pre-project classes. But that still leaves 75 per cent of the youngsters at a level of achievement far below what the educators had hoped for. In fact, some have continued to slide backward. Mrs. Helen Powers, a social worker, says that in some instances there are ignorance and indifference "which almost certainly could have been prevented had we gotten to these youngsters earlier."

But Higher Horizons got a big vote of confidence last year when the school board extended it to the third and seventh grades in forty-four additional schools at an annual cost of about $850,000. About $500,000 of this was provided from local funds, and another $350,000 was received under the National Defense Education Act. Both the board of education and the city Board of Estimate approved an additional $300,000 for this year when the program was expanded to include the third, fourth, seventh and eighth grades in sixty-three schools. Schreiber says the plan is to continue adding grades each year until elementary and junior high schools are blanketed, and then to go to work on the high schools.

Hillson says that he is delighted to see the project operating as early as the third grade because "we can get some of these youngsters before it is too late." He adds, however, that of the roughly 190,000 senior-high-school students in New York City, 100,000 could be helped immensely by the project if an extra $250 a year per pupil were available—this would total an extra $25,000,000 a year, or 5 per cent of the New York school budget—to give them the kind of help that project youngsters are receiving at George Washington.

Other big cities are watching with the knowledge that New York's problem is their problem. Negroes and Puerto Ricans make up 70 per cent of Manhattan's elementary-school enrollment. Negroes comprise a whopping majority of the school population of Washington, D.C. In Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles and other cities the city fathers are taking new looks at the education offered the "culturally deprived"—Spanish Americans in this city, American Indians in that one, mountaineer whites in another—who make up the heart of some cities abandoned by middle-class suburban dwellers.

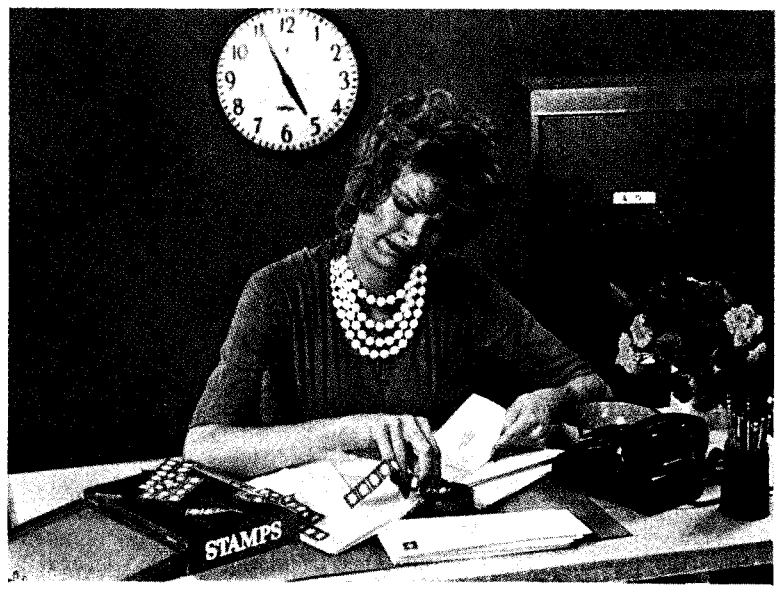
New York School Superintendent Theobald conceals his pride poorly as he talks about the trail that Higher Horizons is blazing.

"The exciting thing is that the job *can* be done, not how cheaply it can be done," he says. "People had better remember that, for better or worse, what happens to the United States tomorrow depends on what we do with school children today. More than half of our kids are below middle class.

"History shows that the strength of today has come out of the immigrant group of yesterday.

"If we cast youngsters aside as if they have no ability, or under a get-'em-out-of-school-as-fast-as-you-can philosophy, we are going to have a weak nation. If we lift these youngsters to their potential, we are going to have a strong nation. It's as simple as that." THE END

Nothing improves a girl's appearance faster, it seems, than a man's.
F. G. KERNAN



A girl like me, I said, deserves a postage meter!

"I'm useful. I'm busy. I spend hours on the phone every day. I do oodles of odd jobs around here. I'm too bright to waste time sticking stamps, sealing envelopes. And I'm too well paid.

"That's what I told the boss. Okay, he said. So we got a postage meter. Golly! Why didn't I pipe up ages ago?"

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How do you buy postage? Go to the nearest postoffice. They set the meter for as much as you want to buy, a little or a lot. Postage in the meter can't be stuck together, swiped, borrowed, burned up, or blown away! Also, it's automatically accounted for! And metered mail takes less time in the postoffice, can often make earlier planes and trains.

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The Man Who Couldn't Kill

(Continued from Page 37)

connect up with it. I'd rather," he said softly, "you didn't come on the place, on account I got a lot of secrets like traps and such lying around that I don't want anybody to see."

"Yes, sir!" the foreman said. "I reckon I can understand that. We'll sure do what you want, Mick, but did you put in a pressure-reduction valve somewhere?"

"A what?"

"A pressure-reduction valve," the foreman said. "This here water will come down from the mountains with more damn pressure than a skyrocket, and if you ain't got the valve in, it will take you right up in the air."

"Well, now," Mick said, and studied a while. "You got one with you?" he asked.

"Why, sure. We got 'em in the truck back on the highway."

"You leave me one," Mick said. "Leave me one here by the gate, and I'll put it in back near the house."

"O.K.," the foreman said. "Anything you want, Mick. We'll put in a cutoff here ——"

"I already put in a cutoff," Mick interrupted him. "I put it in right by the kitchen door."

"O.K.," the foreman said. "Good. Only don't forget about that blamed pressure-reduction valve too. The water gets turned on pretty soon now."

"Be right handy," Mick said. "I got all the fixtures in the house and lines run to the barn and the ca——" He caught himself quickly, spat and went on, "The barn and stuff. Thank you, boys."

He flipped a hand, climbed back into the car and left.

"You all find his pipe and hook up to it," the foreman said after they'd watched him out of sight. "I'll go out and get that valve. And remember what he said about the trespassin'."

"We ain't liable to forget it," one of the men said. "Not with a tough cooky like him."

Mick had a pleasant ride to town. The thought of how much easier his life was going to be with running water on the place was engaging, and spring was far enough along so that there was a decorative amount of greenery, but not too much; the swamp maples were frosted with red and the shadbush with white, birds were flying busily around and a mild sun was out to take the chill off the salubrious air.

The village was jumping, for a lot of people came in on Wednesday to do their shopping and relax, and he attracted a flattering amount of attention as he drove down Main Street. Matrons smiled benignly at him as the guardian of their husbands' continuing prosperity; pretty girls—who had all tried their wiles on him without success—nodded a little less benignly; little boys pointed him out to one another, and men paused in their talk and raised hands of greeting and respect. He bowed to the right and to the left as he drove along, nicely warmed by all this approbation, finally came to McGonigle's Tavern and Grill, parked his car and went in.

The sawdust on the floor was deep and soft, the dim, cool interior of the place was soothing in a pleasant masculine way, and the bar was lined with friends. They were talking about him, and didn't see him at first.

"Must have been the fight of the century."

"Man, it sure must. I ain't ever seen that cat, but ——"

"I saw him. Like to scared me right out of my pants, he did."

"Go on, then."

"Yeah, go on."

"Well, now. A while back I went down to look at the ewes in the night, I did, and it was full moon. I heard some runnin' and blattin' and there he was among 'em. Whew! Bouncin' around like a rubber ball, I tell you. Blamed if he didn't look as big as a steer, and his eyes were shootin' sparks, and he landed on a ewe and rolled her over slick as a whistle, and then he saw me. Great balls of fire, he took a step and opened his mouth and spat, and I got out of there. I run all the way to the house, and my wife says I was whoopin' at every jump."

"Great day!"

"And Mick handled him all by himself!"

"Great day!"

"Howdy, boys," Mick said.

The men at the bar whirled as one and gathered around him, slapping his back and shaking hands with him.

"Hi, Mick!"

"Here he is hisself!"

"Great day, it's Mick! All covered up with scratches from the battle!"

"You sure fixed him, boy! Lemme buy you a drink."

"Lemme!"

"Look, I was first. Hey, Mick ——"

"Damn it, it was me saw the cat. I'll buy ——"

"Gents, gents," the bartender said loudly into the rising uproar. "They's plenty. You can take turns if you want."

"O.K., O.K., let's start on the left. What'll it be, Mick?"

"Well," Mick said modestly, "I'll take a shot or two, if you all insist. Ought to buy the first one, though."

"You can't buy a thing today, boy."

"No, sir. Anybody carried us through the winter the way you did and then put the business on Old One Eye can't spend a nickel today. Wasn't for you, Mick, them varmints would have pure ruined us. Set 'em up, George."

The bartender hurried along the bar, and when he was finished with his task, somebody said, "Here's to Mick. Get it down, boys, and Mick can start about the scuffle with Old One Eye."

The glasses rose and fell as one, and everybody turned toward the hero.

"Come on, Mick. Tell us about the scuffle."

"Set 'em up again, George."

The bartender bustled along the bar, the glasses rose and fell again.

"Can't fly on two wings, George."

"Come on, Mick."

"Well," Mick said, wiping his mouth with the back of a big hand, "you know where Edge-Up Mountain comes down by the creek? Right there, that was the place he made up his mind to take his stand. I'd been running him for three days and nights, he couldn't shake me loose, and he was desperate. He. . . ."

The bartender bustled up and down; Mick went on, soft-voiced, hypnotic, graphic in his gestures, painting in such words the wild and woeful scene that the company was utterly transported and stood in wide-eyed fascination listening to him.

Considerably later somebody happened to look at his watch, and the mundane world with its waiting wives, children and other tribulations moved in again. The party reluctantly ran down, and Mick, after being saluted, congratulated and patted warmly on the back, found himself standing alone before a staggering amount of glassware with Ozzie Macomber, the mayor. They looked at each other, grinned and shook their swimming heads.

"Well, now," Mick said. "Whew!"

"You're sure right," said the mayor. "What time did he say it was?" He fumbled around, found his watch and looked at it. He blinked, and looked again. "Holy Lazarus!" he said. "His must have stopped. I got three hours later than him." He stared at Mick. "Oh, me," he said. "Annie's gonna have ants in her bustle for sure."

Mick had heard this kind of thing innumerable times before and, having managed to side-step matrimonial slavery himself, felt a little superior. He didn't say anything and tried to look sympathetic.

"Oh, me," Ozzie said again, and looked mightily downcast. He stared at the floor for a time, suddenly brightened and looked up. "I got it," he said. "You got to come home to dinner with me. That'll stall it off for a while."

"Don't seem right somehow," Mick said. "Annie won't know I'm coming, she'll have to set an extra place, and maybe she's cooked something there won't be enough of."

"Don't worry about that," Ozzie said. "Worry about me. Look, we been pals for a long time, and I need help. Besides, I sign the bounty checks for all the varmints you do in. I never ask for skins or ears or any of that junk to stink up the office, do I? I know if you say you got 'em out of circulation, then, by gum, they're out of circulation. It would be different if you were working for the state or some blamed game commission."

"Well," Mick said. "They never come back to bother anybody, do they?"

"No," the mayor said. "But like I said, I need help."

"Well," Mick said, "looking at it that way—all right, I'll do it. But we better walk."

"Yeah," the mayor said. "Maybe a little exercise will do us good at that."

They set out a bit unsteadily, giving each other a friendly hand once in a while; by the time they reached Ozzie's house their condition had improved. They went up on the front porch, and Ozzie opened the door and eased Mick in first. Ozzie's wife was near the door and facing it; as it opened she took a deep breath with which to express herself, saw Mick and for a moment got a little pop-eyed from interior pressure. Then, with an effort, she exhaled and managed to smile.

"Why, Mick," she said. "It's been so long since we've seen you. You'll stay for dinner, of course. Now I want you to meet my niece from Wisconsin. Harriet, Miss Morgan, this is Mr. Thomas, our famous friend. I think you know James, Mick."

Mick knew James very well, and long since could have dispensed with him; James was the valley's rich playboy, and no bargain no matter how you looked at it. His glance drifted noncommittally over James, came solidly to rest on Harriet and stayed there. Harriet was just the right height, width and thickness everywhere; her eyes, hair, coloring and entire demeanor were shattering. He was shot down in flames, he never knew what hit him, and stood staring at the girl.

"Oh, yes," James said into the silence. "Our well-known bounty hunter, the terror of our little furred and feathered friends. How many have you knocked over this week, Mick?"

A shocked look came over the girl's face, and she made a little gesture of protest and withdrawal that stabbed Mick to the heart and unsettled him completely. "I didn't kill any of ——" he blurted out before he caught himself. He stood there opening and closing his mouth, trapped, desperate, teetering on the ragged edge of catastrophe, ruin and the end of his enviable position in the valley.

You be the Judge

By GERALD I. RALYA

Jake parked his car by the corner drugstore in violation of parking regulations and went inside. Two fire engines collided at the intersection. One swerved into Jake's car and threw it up onto the sidewalk, where it struck and injured George. George later sued Jake.

"If Jake's car hadn't been parked illegally where it was," George's lawyer argued, "my client never would have been injured at all."

"I had nothing to do with the accident between the two fire engines," Jake replied. "Illegal parking is one thing, hurting George is another."

If you were the judge, would you penalize Jake?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Jake was exonerated. The court said that, while he parked illegally, he could not be expected to foresee a freakish collision between fire engines. Therefore his action did not contribute to George's injury.

Based on a 1929 Massachusetts case.

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"You didn't?" James said, looking at him as a snake looks at a mouse it has decided to put on the menu for dinner. "You didn't, huh? Ah, so, as we used to say in Japan. Well, well."

Mick, goaded beyond bearing, clenched his fists and took a step toward him, but Ozzie's wife hadn't lived thirty-two years for nothing. She gave the girl a quick look and moved in on James.

"It has been so nice to see you, James," she said, and together she and the girl swept him out of the room and onto the porch.

Ozzie quickly moved over to Mick. "Softest-hearted girl in Wisconsin," he hissed. "Now just take it easy, and we'll play down this business of you catching the varmints. What did you mean you didn't kill any ——"

Mick had recovered in a measure by that time. "I didn't mean anything," he snapped. "I had to say something, didn't I?"

"Yeah, you're right, but what are you going to do now? She's bound to hear."

"Look, like you say, we've been pals for a long time. I helped you, and now you help me. You get out after dinner and tell everybody not to tell her about me and the varmints. She's not to know it. You *got* to."

The mayor stared at him. "Great day!" he said. "You mean it's got you?"

Mick looked harassed and idiotically delighted at the same time. "Yeah," he said. "It must have." There were footsteps on the porch. "Look," he said, with an expression like a little boy's at his first sight of the loot on Christmas morning. "Here she comes now."

Mick drove home, eventually, dodging stars all the way, zoomed through his gate and drew up at the house. As soon as the engine stopped, the evening calm was assailed by a chorus the like of which must have been familiar to Noah on the ark at feeding time. There were hungry moans, barks, chirrings and entreating catlike sounds; they brought him down to earth with a thump. "Oh, me," he said to himself, realizing to the full the fix he was in. "Oh, my."

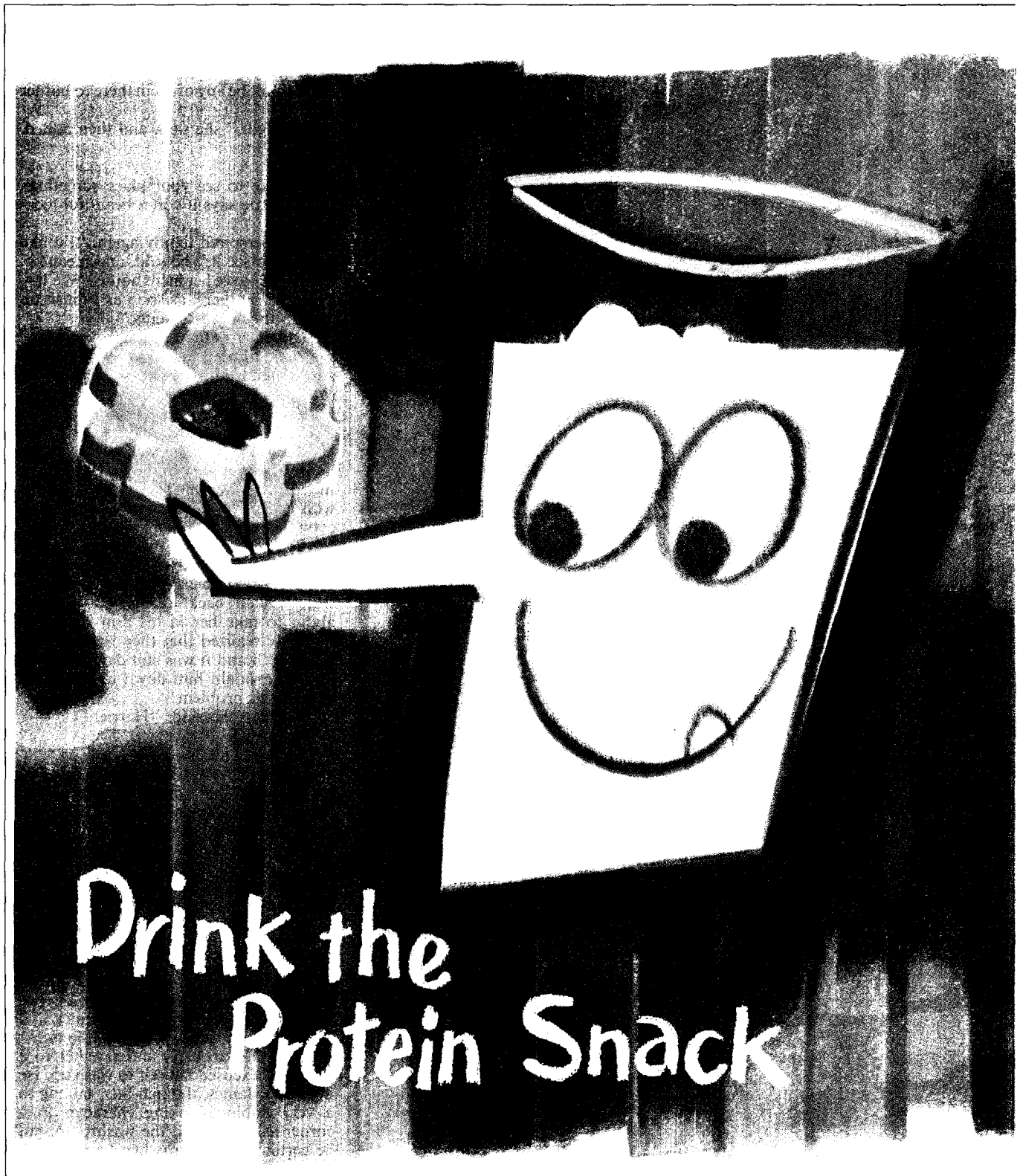
He got out of the car and went around to the barn, turned on the lights and went in. The place was full of big cages, most of them full: There were foxes which had robbed chicken roosts, a coyote that had somehow got into the country, a few weasels, a whole tribe of raccoons which had fallen into confusion between the bounty of the wayside and some farmer's corn, fruit trees or hen houses, a few possums, a couple of black snakes which had developed an unfortunate fondness for eggs, ground hogs which had formerly thrived in somebody's garden, mice which had girdled fruit trees, an old bear which had knocked over beehives, made off with garbage cans and carried away fat shoats and, last but not least, Old One Eye himself.

All of these creatures, most of which crowded up to the bars to welcome him and beg for food, were popularly supposed to be long since deprived of life and beyond further mischief. They were the living testimony that he was hollow sham, too soft-hearted to kill anything, despite his stirring tales of grievous hand-to-hand combats and fine reputation as a hard and bloodthirsty citizen, the nemesis of all varmints.

He had been happy with them; he was fond of them, and they realized it and loved him in return. If the valley knew the truth, he would be a laughingstock instead of a hero, for the valley looked upon varmints as the old plainsmen had looked upon Indians: The only good one was a dead one. If he told the girl the truth, she might love him too, but sooner or later, and inadvertently, she would reveal the truth to somebody, and ruin would descend upon him. It was a fearful situation, and at the moment he didn't know how to cope with it.

He stood bemused with gloomy meditations until the rising uproar grew so loud that he couldn't ignore it. He let the old bear out; it licked his hand, danced clumsily around him and followed him to the big refrigerator where he gave it a bottle of root beer. He got a honeycomb out and carried it back to the bear's cage; the beast followed him and went quietly back into the cage again. Next he let out Old One Eye. That fearsome beast came out with a fluid bound, flattened its ears and rubbed against his legs like a kitten. It stayed with him while he fed and watered the entire menagerie, was fed itself and accompanied him to the house. They went upstairs; Old One Eye bounded up on the bed and sat watching him with its head cocked to one side as he got into his pajamas. He turned out the light and climbed into bed. Old One Eye curled up against his back, purred like a two-man saw for a while and fell asleep. It wasn't that easy for Mick; his problem bedeviled him, but he tried not to thrash around and disturb his friend.

A strange double life began for Mick, and he had trouble trying to avoid a split personality. The public, well briefed by the mayor, greeted him with conspiratorial smiles when they encountered him out with Harriet, and several of them were always ready with a phrase or two that held a double meaning. There wasn't any malice in it; they were just amused by what they considered an entertaining



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situation, and they wanted to share the joke with him. It was no joke to Mick, and it became less of a joke when she began to look at him questioningly.

"What do they mean, Mick?" she asked finally. "Do they mean more than they say? It almost seems as though they do sometimes."

Mick cursed to himself and perspired lightly under his collar. "It's just sort of their way, I guess," he said. "They're a little different from the people in Wisconsin."

"It's as though they had some sort of private joke that I don't know about."

"Maybe it's because you're a stranger," Mick said. "Shall we go somewhere and dance tonight? There's a good place about twenty miles down the road, and there won't be any of them there to bother you."

"All right," she said, and then added, "Mick?"

"Yes?"

"I'd like to see your place sometime. Uncle Ozzie says it's in a beautiful location."

Mick perspired lightly again. "I'd like for you to see it," he said, and meant it. He longed to see her in his house. "We'll—I'll take you there, as soon as I finish up some—ah—improvements."

"I don't care about the improvements," she said, turning a look upon him that almost reduced his bones to jelly. "Besides, I won't be here too much longer. I'll have to go home."

The implication that she was ready for his question, that she wanted to see his house and even stay in it forever, hung in the air, and he didn't know what to do with it. There was a great roaring in his ears; he was the happiest man in the world and the most miserable; he had everything and nothing. He grew pale and clenched his teeth, he walked away and then walked back again; he was just about to take her in his arms when he suddenly realized that they were on Ozzie's porch and it was still daylight. This quickly brought him down to earth and back to his problem.

"Harriet," he said. "Harriet, I ——"

"Yes, Mick?"

"Let's go and dance."

She looked at him a little strangely and then smiled. "All right," she said, "let's."

They walked down to his car, he helped her in, and they set out. It was a rather silent ride. Harriet looked at the scenery; Mick stole looks at her and went hot and cold in turns. He wanted her more than anything in this world or the next; he had to settle the thing, and he still couldn't bring himself to tell her the truth. Presently they had a blowout. Mick had to change the tire, and got back into the car dirty, rumpled and even more upset. The rest of the ride was also rather quiet, and presently they came to the roadhouse.

He took Harriet in and saw her to a table and excused himself to wash up. He didn't see James, the rich boy, talking to a very dubious-looking character in a corner as he went to the washroom, but he certainly saw him when he returned. James was talking to Harriet very seriously and making gestures, and as he went on Harriet looked more and more shocked. Mick went up to them; James greeted him with a triumphant smile, and Harriet turned and regarded him for a long moment with an expression of mingled shock, unbelief and then rage. Fire lighted her eyes, and she seemed to grow four inches.

"So!" she said in a fury. "You do kill animals! You pretend to be sweet and kindhearted, butter wouldn't melt in your lying mouth, and all the time you're putting on an act and have the whole valley laughing at me! I don't understand the people, you tell me, they're different from the people in Wisconsin, they don't mean anything with their snide smiles and their clever remarks." Tears of rage appeared in her eyes, and she dashed them furiously away. "Oh, you cheap, murdering, imitation Don Juan, I could—I could ——" Speech failed her, she stamped her foot and turned a look more baleful than Old One Eye's on him.

"Oh!" she said, finding her voice again. "Oh, Mick! That you could do this to me! If it hadn't been for James ——" Suddenly she burst into tears.

Mick had been standing with his mouth open, lost, bewildered and overborne before this flood of female eloquence, but he surfaced at the mention of James. "Ah, yes," he said. "James." He turned, put his left hand gently on James's shoulder and arranged James for the best exposure.

"Take your hand off me, Lothario," James said, "or you'll regret it. I know a few more things about you."

Mick didn't say anything; he made another small adjustment, and then with his right he laid James away in the bass drum. He blew on his knuckles and turned to comfort Harriet. She was staring wide-eyed at him.

"Come on, Harriet," he said. "I'll take you home. There's something I want to say to ——"

"Indeed!" she said, and it was revealed to him that she was furious again. "You've said everything you're ever going to say to me. I didn't want to believe it, but this—bestial behavior proves everything. I wouldn't go home with you if you were the last man on earth. I'm going home with James."

She turned and ran over to James; Mick, who knew when he was licked, turned to leave. There was quite a crowd gathered; he bore down on them, they got out of the way hastily, and he walked out.

When Mick reached his house, the usual chorus started up, but he was too far gone in despair to hear it. He went into the living room, sat down and dropped his head into his hands; the chorus finally died sadly away. He sat thus for a long, long time in bleak and awful misery, and then, as from a great distance, he heard a lot of words. He paid them no mind, for no words would help him, and then a hand began to shake him so hard that his teeth rattled. He looked up and was somewhat startled to see Ozzie standing over him. The mayor was wild-eyed and distraught.

On to the Moon

By Isabelle Bryans Longfellow

Only the young believe it,
Who wore space helmets from the cradle
Naturally as cowboy hats.
We are the awed, bewildered, their earth-eyed elders,
Whose hey-diddle cow, once prattled over the moon,
Never left pasture.
Gasping at headlines, we read them twice and still
Hear nonsense tales.
But not the young;
Before they questioned it their myth came true.

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"Mick! Mick!" Ozzie was saying. "Get up, man, and get started. Head for the hills while you got a chance."

"The hills? What hills? What for? What ——"

"They're after you!" Ozzie shouted. "That James has told everybody he sent a spy out to your barn, and the spy told him you're keepin' all them varmints alive out here, you never did away with a one of 'em, and you're just keepin' 'em here to turn loose on the country when you get ready to shake us down." He dropped his voice. "Mick," he entreated. "Mick! You're my pal. I don't believe it. You wouldn't do that to me. Tell me you wouldn't, Mick, and take off. They must be almost here." He tried to push Mick toward the door.

Mick wouldn't push; with everything in ruins around him he wasn't going anywhere. "Ozzie," he said, "you know me better than to think I'd put a shakedown on anybody. I might have kept ——"

He was interrupted by a fearful clamor from outside the house; cars roared to a stop, people shouted and cursed, they thundered across the porch and burst in the door. Mick just had time to see Harriet, who must have come with Ozzie, against the wall on the other side of the room and staring at him when the mob, carrying shotguns and baseball bats and led by James, rolled into the room.

"There he is!" James shouted. "There's the big hero, the lying so-and-so who's going to shake us down!"

"Lynch him!" somebody shouted.

"Ride him on a rail!"

"Get the tar and feathers out!"

"Come on!"

The crowd rolled forward, but Ozzie jumped out in front of it. "Hey!" Ozzie shouted. "Wait! I'm still mayor in these parts, and I aim to see that this is done legal. Nobody ever believed what James had to say before, but Mick's different. Give Mick a chance to speak for himself."

A momentary silence greeted this suggestion, and then a low, concerted mutter. While it was going on there was a sort of subterranean rumble; the floor trembled slightly beneath their feet, but nobody noticed it except Mick, who remembered then that the pressure-reduction valve was still lying by his gate.

Until that moment he hadn't known what he was going to do, and until he had caught the quick glimpse of Harriet he hadn't cared very much. He stepped forward.

"If James says they're out there." he said, "why don't you all go out and see for yourselves?"

James moved through the crowd to lead them out, and as they turned to follow him Mick ran out through the kitchen, hoping all the spigots in the house were turned off. There was a spigot beside the cutoff valve from which he'd run a hose to the barn; he turned both the valve and the spigot on and ran back to the living-room window. The yard light was on, and he could see the hose running across the yard swelling like a balloon; it swelled majestically until it looked like a gorged anaconda, and just as James reached it. it let go. James disappeared in a sort of upside-down Niagara Falls, the crowd scattered wildly in all directions and a small section of the barn wall blew out in spray and brought Old One Eye with it. Old One Eye was wet, discommoded, mad and looking for trouble; he took off after the crowd, and Mick ran back through the kitchen again and closed the cutoff valve and went out into the yard.

Old One Eye had most of the crowd backed up against the barn and was swearing unmelodiously at them. Mick put his hand on the cat's head to calm it down and said, "All of you are trespassing, but I'm not going to do anything about it if you go peaceable. I didn't kill these animals because I like them, and it's harder to catch them than shoot them anyhow. I never aimed to shake anybody down, and I'll give the animals to a zoo if you'd rather. Most of them, that is. Now, I'd be beholden to you if you'd all scatter out and find James and take him home. Come on, One Eye."

He turned and, with the cat rubbing its wet fur against his leg, went back into the house.

The mayor was standing just inside the door and backed hurriedly away from Old One Eye. "Keep that thing away from me," he said. "I—I heard your speech. You sure handled 'em, boy. You handled 'em good, and I reckon you'll be more famous now than you were before. Catchin' things like that there alive, now. . . . Tell Harriet I'll wait for her in the car."

"Well, now," Mick said. "Shucks. I should have settled it before. But I got to thank you, Ozzie, for saving my hide. You go ahead home. I'll bring Harriet in presently and see you at McGonigle's tomorrow afternoon."

"Yeah," the mayor said. "I reckon you better plan on stayin' for dinner, just in case. Good night, now."

He went out, and Mick wandered about until he found Harriet in the kitchen. She was looking at the calendar and turned and smiled at him as he came in.

"Why do you have all the Wednesdays crossed off?" she asked.

"Why," Mick said, "it's to remind me not to go to town."

"You came to town and met me on a Wednesday."

"Well, now," Mick said. "I guess I did at that, imitation Don Juan that I am."

"Go find an eraser," she said, "and we'll rub the crosses out. But you might kiss me first."

"Yes, ma'am," he said, and started across the room. The cat, which had been sitting beside him, started too; he paused. "Sit down, One Eye," he said. "You might as well get used to it." Then he started across the room again.

Frank Lloyd Wright: Defiant Genius (Continued from Page 38)

Now for a brief time it looked as though Wright's architectural practice would be restored, as he set to work for a stimulating client, the Rev. Dr. William Norman Guthrie, rector of a church in New York City called St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie. This clergyman earned Wright's respect by his progressive approach to the responsibilities of a pastorate. Holding that all religions are essentially one, Doctor Guthrie enlivened the services with Greek folk dancing, American Indian chants and other ceremonials not usually encountered in the Episcopalian order of worship. He also established a "Body and Soul Clinic," planning to minister simultaneously to physical and spiritual ills. For some reason, Doctor Guthrie lost the unanimous support of his vestry; but it was the depression of 1929 that was blamed for adding St. Mark's apartment tower to Taliesin's pile of unexecuted plans.

Since Wright had no completed tall structure to his credit, the disappointment was especially severe. Wright could scarcely be blamed if at this point he had abandoned a profession that seemed to have abandoned him, for in the period from 1924 to 1931, not a single profitable commission came to the man who for almost a third of a century had been recognized as one of the foremost creative artists of the world.

But turning from his vocation was the one tragedy that would never overtake Frank Lloyd Wright; and he decided that if he was no longer to advance his calling by serving clients, he would do it by training students. He had always kept young associates around him—why not set up as educator on a more or less systematic plan? Accordingly, in August, 1932, Wright announced the Taliesin Fellowship, in which acceptable trainees would work as apprentices in learning "essential architecture" against a background of "philosophy, sculpture, painting, music and the industrial crafts."

Wright stated that "a fair division of labor in maintaining all branches of work will fall to the share of each member. The right to reject any applicant at any time is reserved—either before or after being finally received into the Fellowship. The Fellowship, however, is not on trial. The apprentice is. A personal testimonial, only, will be given to each worker at the end of his or her apprenticeship. . . . The farm and garden will be so managed to employ the help of the apprenticeship that a substantial portion of the living of members may come from their own labor on the grounds, thus enabling apprentice fees to remain as low as possible."

The fees, set at $600 a year, later were raised to $1100, with many remissions granted by Wright in cases of need. Apprentices immediately began to come to Taliesin, and some 1500 of them have entered the Fellowship since its founding. They stayed for periods varying from two hours to more than twenty years. They came from all over the world; in a typical year, Taliesin had residents from Hawaii, China, Canada, Egypt, Greece, India, Italy, Holland, Japan, Mexico and Venezuela, as well as from the United States.

The manifesto with which Wright started this project promised wholesome exercise in plenty for the Taliesin apprentices, and the day's work left them so tired they did not mind the fading of the electric lights to rest the ancient generator, at half past eight each evening. Building activities included not only the rehabilitation of the Hillside school buildings, where they studied and slept, but continual altering and adding at the main house. The sound of builders at work was soothing to Wright's ears, and apprentices noticed that he could take his afternoon nap in perfect composure with saws and hammers going all around him, but any cessation of the noise would wake him as though an alarm clock had gone off at his ear.

The share-the-work feature of Fellowship life was soon extended to include all domestic services for Mr. and Mrs. Wright. This followed a suggestion by Olgivanna, who pointed out that "servants were vulgar and had no place at Taliesin." As a result, the apprentices learned to set tables, serve dinners and get up at two A.M. to start fires in the kitchen. It was also made possible for Fellowship members to meet Wright's visitors from the outside world, as well as wait on them, the work schedules determining the role the apprentice would play. In this connection a difficulty arose when one of the apprentices, who also happened to be an Italian prince, was serving a turn as butler. When told that one of his countrymen had come to dinner, he peered out at the caller and then refused to go on. He explained, "It wouldn't be right for me to wait on that fellow—he's only a marquis."

The nobleman was not so disgruntled as a student who had come from Thailand and was known as "the old school Thai." After six weeks of sawing green timber, he inquired, "When do we start on organic architecture?" He was told, "You've been absorbing it ever since you got here." The Thai immediately went to his room, packed his bag and left Taliesin. This was one case of a student's rejecting the basic Fellowship idea. But in general Wright sold his doctrine of "adding tired to tired" not only to the apprentices but to the wives of those who were married. He said to a young woman who arrived with her Paris-trained husband during the first hard winter of the Fellowship, "My dear, I'll make an architect's wife of you—but it won't be easy; you'll have to work as you've never worked before."

"But, Mr. Wright, I have a little baby," said the girl.

"Get someone to take care of the baby," said Wright. Whether or not he meant the suggestion seriously, the young mother hired a village woman to look after the child and worked for Frank Lloyd Wright.

Apprentices who lived in the Fellowship through the winters of its early life speak of the period as Revolutionary War veterans might recall Valley Forge, or marines a boot camp. Some remember eating an unusual number of boiled turnips, while others can only recollect how the generator would freeze and fail to function even through the short period before the lights officially went out. During one such emergency an apprentice said he had read somewhere that heat was stored in compost heaps, haystacks and dunghills, and he suggested insulating the generator with manure. The book proved to be right, and this measure prevented freezing throughout an especially trying cold spell.

"Don't tell Mr. Wright how it was done," said the resourceful apprentice. "He'll claim he invented it."

But whatever claims Wright might have made about the generator, every apprentice understood how strongly the master was rooted into the house and land. When Taliesin stopped growing, Wright said, "The pencil will fall from these fingers." What Wright was getting at and hoping to bring alive in the minds of the apprentices was a dedication to unity in life and work. He would expound this philosophy at any odd moment, as well as in the discussions that traditionally followed Sunday breakfast. His message was that an architect must be equally strong in body and character, and that he had to know life, both by studying and living it. Wright said it took a long time to develop his kind of architect; and when apprentices asked if they were making progress, he would answer, "If you weren't making progress, you wouldn't be here. You can't pull yourself up by the roots to see if you're growing."

To keep Taliesin growing, Wright needed local and transient labor, in addition to the amateur efforts of the apprentices. The (Continued on Page 95)

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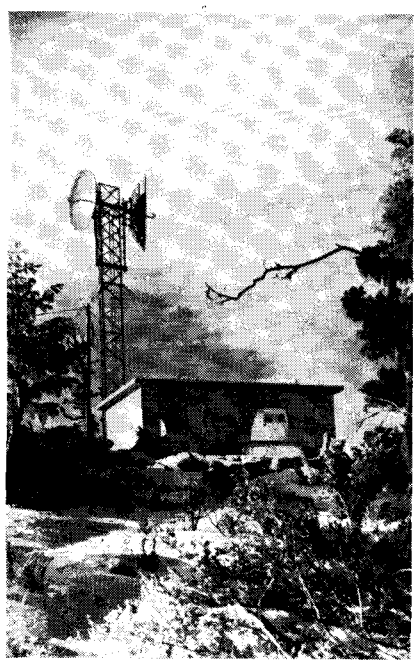

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(*Continued from Page 93*) financial Indian clubs were still whizzing through the air, and now and then Wright missed one as it descended. For a while he was able to hire men for board and lodging, plus four dollars a day, of which twenty-five dollars a month was to be drawn in cash as the work progressed, with the balance to be paid later "out of the funds of the Fellowship."

This scheme was successful enough until the appearance of the Works Progress Administration; the labor force then went to Uncle Sam, not nearly so exacting a boss as Frank Lloyd Wright. The question lingers as to whether Wright settled all accounts around Spring Green. Some of the drinkers in the town's six barrooms say, "Old Frank—he finally paid everybody off." Others avoid the subject; and there are admirers of Wright, among the Taliesin alumni, who merely remark that new money always carried an immediate suggestion of new possibilities to him, so that he found it hard to apply funds to matters past and gone. "Sometimes new income was just too fascinatingly available for Mr. Wright," is the way these people put it.

The well-known rapidity with which Wright could not only spend money when he had it but work up financial momentum that carried him out the other side of solvency, caused his wife to make a penetrating observation. The occasion was a talk with a group of apprentices about some plan for the future. One million dollars, Wright estimated, would be his fee. "Oh, Frank," cried Olgivanna, "I couldn't bear to be in debt for a million dollars!"

Wright's most regrettable dispute over money occurred in early Fellowship days when a man named C. R. Sechrest said that Wright owed him $282 and refused to pay. Coming up behind Wright on a Madison street, he knocked the architect down and kicked him in the face, breaking his nose. Wiry and game at sixty-three, Wright got up and wrestled his man into the gutter, covered him with blood from the broken nose and seemed to have the upper hand when bystanders stopped the fight.

That night several apprentices went to Sechrest's house and struck him with a whip, or so he complained next day in swearing warrants against them. Sechrest said he escaped injury only by standing off the Taliesin party with a butcher knife. The judge fined the apprentices from fifty to a hundred dollars and postponed hearing on Wright's countercharges of "assault with intent to maim." Next week a letter came to Taliesin, signed by "The Vigilantes" and demanding a payment of $5282 on the threat of cutting Wright's fingers off. The writers could not be found, and next month the charges against Sechrest were dismissed.

So Frank Lloyd Wright lived on, with admiring youth around him. He astonished the more perceptive of these disciples by the way he could detach his mind from his troubles, freeing it to explain large basic ideas of art and life—his version of truth, against the world. These young people saw something indestructible in the master, a rock that would remain after the tide ran out; and their faith was justified when at long last, the tide began to turn. Wright's fortunes improved as there slowly came in sight his great final period of numerous clients, large commissions and new recognition. The point at which the bad luck turned good cannot be pinned down, but it may well have been the moment when a young man named Edgar Kaufmann Jr. walked down from Taliesin to the Hillside buildings as a newly accepted member of the Fellowship.

This young man was later to become an authority on art and architecture and would edit books about Wright's work. But when he entered the Fellowship, Edgar Kaufmann found the master a tired man, his head grown gray, his back stooped at the drawing board, his career at full stop. The force that Kaufmann brought to bear on this inertia was the suggestion to his father, a Pittsburgh department-store owner, that Wright should design his week-end retreat at Bear Run, near Connellsville, Pennsylvania.

The result was Falling Water, one of the most famous modern houses in the world. Completed in 1936, the house was a natural continuation of the site, with concrete porches cantilevered over the mountain stream from which the estate takes its name. At about the time that Falling Water was finished, Alexander Woollcott wrote that if he were so rationed in the use of the word "genius" that he might apply it to only one man, he would be compelled to reserve it for Frank Lloyd Wright. The same remark would have fitted the Kaufmann house and the word "masterpiece."

Now came one of the most important commissions of Wright's career, the administration building for S. C. Johnson and Son, makers of wax products in Racine, Wisconsin. Herbert F. Johnson, head of the company founded by his grandfather, put aside plans by another architect after talking to Wright. When Johnson's letter of commission arrived at Taliesin, along with a $1000 advance, the apprentices working in the fields were startled to see the master lean out of his study window, flourishing a check.

"It's all right, boys," cried Wright, "we got the job!"

The Johnson Administration Building, one of the nation's great sights, was completed by 1939. Along the way, the Johnson people and the citizens of Racine found Wright a vigorous, salty and often entertaining man who was obviously giving them his best. The look of unbreakable endurance—which he had worn so long—was altered now to an air of optimism and authority. Old friends thought he actually looked taller, climbing around the scaffolds on the Johnson job as nimbly as any young workman.

Wright's finest day on this project came as climax to a dispute with the building-license authorities. He planned to support the roof of the main workroom on twenty-four concrete shafts that looked like giant water-lily pads with slender stems. The officials feared these were too thin to hold up their calculated loads of six tons each, and it was announced that Wright would publicly test a sample column. The general interest Wright had roused was shown at this demonstration by the gathering of so many spectators that the police had to put up barricades.

Wright gave a tremendous show, directing a crane as it dropped ton after ton of scrap metal on the wide top of the slender shaft. Sixty tons were piled on before the column crumpled, establishing the factor of safety at almost ten to one. Since four to one is generally accepted in static construction, everybody was happy—the officials for the generous exceeding of requirements, Wright for the confounding of those who had doubted him, and his clients for the good publicity.

When the building was opened, 30,000 people went through in the first two days, and since then many thousands more have experienced the strange but stimulating feelings that come from walking through this great sealed structure. To some people, the oddly exhilarating interior spaces and forms are the visual equivalent of two or three dry Martinis; and all are struck by such unforgettable Wrightian oddities as the chairs that gently urge the sitter out of the seat with their inwardly leaning hinged backs, or shoot from under him on wheels; the round bird-cage elevator from which passengers may survey the main floor as they rise; and the huge "*Santa Maria*" desk in the advertising department, so called because of pooplike structures at each end. It is interesting to note that the company manual for tourist guides tells them to handle the question "What construction faults, if any, have been found?" by replying, "High maintenance costs."

Another good contract resulting in a remarkable structure was the house Wingspread, built for Herbert Johnson and his bride in a fold of land at Wind Point, a few miles north of Racine. Until the work was three quarters finished, a white dove frequented the site, then flew away and did not return. An old stonemason said this meant, "The young lady will never live in this house." The prediction came true; Mrs. Johnson died before Wingspread was completed. Today the mansion is maintained by the Johnson Foundation as a meeting place for boards, committees and discussion groups.

Soon after the work in Racine a college president came to Wright's door. Dr. Ludd M. Spivey, of obscure Florida Southern College, introduced himself by saying, "Mr. Wright, I have no money—but if you'll do me some plans, I'll give you money when I get some." Perhaps Doctor Spivey did not know that Wright had once said, "If I had unlimited wealth, I would use it in buying up and closing colleges and universities." But Wright decided to design an entirely new center of learning for Doctor Spivey. The educator raised money in satisfactory amounts—Wright's fee at last was more than $100,000. Needless to say, Florida Southern is no longer obscure.

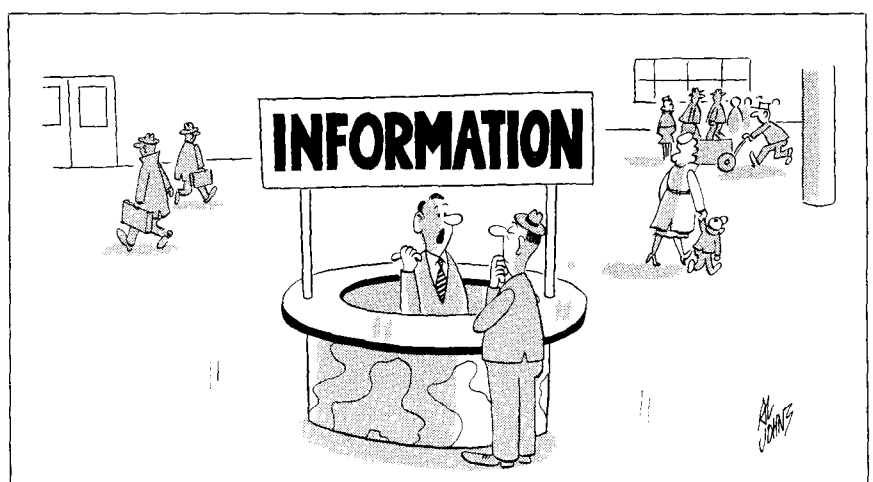
What might be called the rediscovery of Frank Lloyd Wright now took on the aspect of a bandwagon, with people climbing aboard at every street corner. Some of this was due to the late Howard Myers, publisher of *Architectural Forum*, who had respected Wright for years and decided in 1938 that the time had come to devote an issue of the magazine to his work. Next came the news weeklies, passing the word throughout the land to the nonprofessional public. The daily papers followed, no longer featuring accounts of sensational troubles, but recognizing Wright as a maker of copy, eagerly interviewing him wherever he went and filling many columns with his opinions and ideas. In 1939 the Royal Institute of British Architects gave Wright their medal, which he called "the best I ever got—real guinea gold," as though he could still find his way to the pawnshop if it became necessary.

The 1940's brought a procession of honors—the Masters of Four Arts exhibition at Harvard's Fogg Museum, that presented Wright along with Maillol, Picasso and Stravinsky; an exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art; and another entire issue of *Architectural Forum*. But Wright was not pleased to reflect that many people thought he had *now* arrived—he whose work was first published in 1900, and recognized abroad by 1909.

The matter of foreign recognition was especially odd. Wright had been a strong influence in Europe, and presumably his work lay at the roots of something now called the "international style." But if this was true, Wright was not very happy about it. To say the least, Wright and the newer moderns looked at life in different ways; in general, he saw their product as inhuman, bureaucratic and "boxy."

A more acceptable recognition came when the American Institute of Architects, over internal opposition, conferred its highest award on Wright at the 1949 convention in Houston. In receiving this gold medal, Wright followed such men as Charles Follen McKim, Bertram Goodhue, Louis Sullivan, George B. Post—of the Wisconsin state capitol—and Sir Edwin Landseer Lutyens, who not only designed the city of New Delhi but added a phrase to the language by saying that certain houses in London had "Queen Anne fronts and Mary Ann backs." Wright never equaled this, the best humorous remark yet recorded by an architect, but he had a try at it when friends were driving him around Houston and the towering Shamrock Hotel came in sight. Wright said, "I can see the sham, but where's the rock?"

The A. I. A. award was a truce rather than a permanent cessation of hostilities in Wright's long verbal war against the organization. On their part, many of those who honored him at Houston believed that Wright was his own best client. In support of this they pointed not only to Taliesin in southern Wisconsin but to Wright's winter residence and workplace near Scottsdale, Arizona. The architect discovered the great American desert in the late 1920's when he was disappointed in the construction of a winter resort by the exhaustion of the promoter's funds. As his practice began to come back in the 1930's, Wright returned to Arizona and bought land on Maricopa Mesa, under McDowell Peak. Here he raised the astounding walls of Taliesin West. The world offers no visual experience comparable to that of coming on this camp, rising from the desert in a diamond-clear Arizona evening. Wright said these buildings in stone and canvas were "pole-and-boulder Gothic," but he was proud of them, as he revealed in a remark he made



"A small section of the counter lifts up and I slide under. Do you have any other questions?"

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to his friend, Charles Laughton, after showing him the wonders of the place. The actor said, "It's magnificent, Frank."

"Yes," said Wright. "I have given Arizona a voice."

But whether in Arizona or Wisconsin, Wright cut a triumphant figure in the closing years, as though to contradict another gifted Midwesterner, F. Scott Fitzgerald, who had remarked that in American lives there were no third acts. Wright's third act was long and happy, its hero busy at the work he was born to do and surrounded by freely expressed affection and respect. The three great events on the Taliesin calendars were Christmas, Easter and Wright's birthday. The latter was celebrated by carefully rehearsed entertainments, with music and dancing and by laying before the master the "birthday boxes" containing projects prepared by the apprentices in honor of the day. The boxes themselves were works of art, designed and built for this single purpose.

Wright returned all this good will in good measure; he "made people be at their best," as his friend Mrs. Lloyd Lewis saw it. But his unfailing appeal was to the young, even when he did not know them, as could be noticed when troops of Italian adolescents followed him through the streets of Florence and Rome, begging for his autograph. These young people sensed, as did their counterparts in America, that here was one unalterably on their side against the authorities.

Wright's youthfulness of spirit may explain why he suggested that the high-school students of America should be appointed to select the nation's public buildings, deciding on plans by vote. He brought out this idea as part of his blast against the Air Force Academy, which struck him as a collection of factories that had mistakenly wandered into Colorado. But Wright seldom saw a building that he cared to look at twice—the Metropolitan Museum was "a Protestant barn," the Radio City complex "the crime of crimes against humanity," the clean-cut Seagram Building on Park Avenue "a whisky bottle on a card table," the University of Mexico "a good place for a trainload of dynamite," and the United Nations Secretariat "a gravestone."

Occasionally Wright would admit that some of his verbal mortar shells were merely the advertising needed in a competitive trade. After all, H. H. Richardson himself had said the first principle of architecture was, "Get the job." Nevertheless, Wright once charged a publicity man of his acquaintance with dealing in charlatanry. The publicity man replied, "I have heard that a genius and a charlatan can be combined in one person."

"I wouldn't fight you on that," said Wright.

He was equally candid with a client, the writer Arch Oboler, to whom he said ,"All you need do to become a grand old man is live long enough." He paused and then continued, "I am a grand old man."

And after a television appearance with Carl Sandburg, Wright remarked, "We'd better get out of here, Carl—before somebody starts telling the truth."

As Wright approached and entered his ninth decade, his work took on the dazzling quality of a fireworks display. "I shake them out of my sleeve," he would say, pointing to the drawings spread on the wide tables at the Taliesins. Or he would tap his forehead, with a twinkling look in his eye, and say, "Plenty more up in the attic—plenty more."

Among the startling luminosities of the final period was the Meeting House for the Unitarians of Madison, Wisconsin, with a great folded roof, to represent hands in prayer, and a most puzzling prow of wood and glass, aimed out over the lake. Then there is the Price Tower in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, a descendant of the aborted tower for St. Marks-in-the-Bouwerie; the Sol Friedman house in Connecticut, in round rough stone like a Welsh castle; another circular house for David Wright, the architect's son, in Scottsdale; the massive concrete theater in Dallas, the Wrightian-Byzantine Greek church in Milwaukee; and the synagogue of steel and glass in suburban Philadelphia, which could not be constructed until the rabbi settled a point with his trustees by saying, "We pray the way Mr. Wright *says* we pray."

The fabulous center of culture for King Faisal of Iraq, a $10,000,000 project, had to be abandoned when the client was murdered by a revolutionary mob. Another large project, the Monona Terrace on the Madison lake front, had a strange history. The proposal was first postponed while the voters considered in public referendum whether Wright should be retained. They agreed to that by a good majority, but before work could start, the state legislature passed a law limiting the dimensions of such structures in a manner that was obviously intended to keep Wright's terrace in the realm of fantasy. Later the Wright faction prevailed, the law was rescinded, and Madison now seems destined to have a unique though expensive stretch of shore front, with terraces, pavilions and hanging gardens.

The controversy over Lake Monona Terrace suggested that while Wright might be deferred to throughout the country and the world, he was still on probation around the old home town. At any rate, that was the way he felt in 1955 when the Wisconsin Supreme Court backed the county tax collectors in saying "Taliesin is not an educational institution within the meaning of the law," and Wright therefore owed $18,000 in back taxes. "Very well," said Wright, "I'll tear the whole place down and leave the land idle. Let them tax that."

Among those who rallied to Wright's side at this time was Cary Caraway, a Chicago architect who had been in the Taliesin Fellowship. Knowing Wright well, Caraway could see that he was serious about destroying Taliesin and leaving Wisconsin. Thinking it over, Caraway waked at three o'clock one morning with an idea—why not hold a banquet, where people could gather to reassure Frank Lloyd Wright of his place in Wisconsin, and raise all or part of the tax money for him as a solid token of regard? Helped by many volunteers, Caraway went to work, and the dinner was held on a cold night in Madison. Wright got a standing ovation and a check for $10,000. He said he was overwhelmed and added, "I never would have known how high I stand in the esteem of my friends and neighbors in Wisconsin but for the decision of the Supreme Court."

He stayed in Wisconsin and experienced further gratification the following year in his other home town—Chicago—when friends, architects and leading citizens turned out to celebrate Frank Lloyd Wright Day. At this time Wright unveiled the plans for Mile High Illinois, a building to point into the sky like a sword, 528 stories high. Working sideways on a table twenty-six feet long, he prepared the largest of his drawings for this project. It is also the only plan by Wright that is frightening. The promoter withdrew when he saw how far Wright had carried his original suggestion, which was merely for a television tower some 1200 feet tall. But Mile High Illinois is possible from an engineering point of view. All it needs is a builder with $30,000,000 to invest.

The most widely discussed of all Wright's later buildings, of course, is the Guggenheim Museum on Fifth Avenue in New York. Early in 1959 Wright spent an exhilarating day showing a visitor through this then partially completed work. Its 7000 tons of concrete had been poured, and the gently rising ramp inside was finished. Workmen and foremen showed high respect for Wright—and also a sort of amused affection, smiling at his cane and at the flattened, wide-brimmed object that he called a "cantilevered hat."

Walking down Fifth Avenue later, Wright ran into a group of college girls who demanded his autograph. A businessman stopped him and asked for the privilege of shaking his hand. An architectural student ran up and asked Wright to pose for a photograph, which he did, with the grace of long experience. "Nature is the thing, young man," said Wright. "I spell that with a capital 'N.' I know in all my heart that Nature is all the body of God we're ever going to see. I pay reverence to it." Then Wright stepped into a taxi for the ride to his New York home of many years, Suite 223 at the Plaza Hotel. "Wait till I tell the wife Frank Lloyd Wright was in my cab!" cried the driver. "She thinks you can do no wrong."

Wright smiled benignly and said, "That's notoriety. But it isn't fame. Do I have fame, I wonder?"

Three months later a lady came with some timidity to Taliesin West. She was Louise Elliott Rago, a teacher of art in the Wheatley School at East Williston, Long Island. Escorted by Dr. Harry Wood, head of the art department at Arizona State University, who was painting a portrait of Wright, Mrs. Rago hoped to get an interview for an art teachers' magazine. Wright bowed courteously, but said, "Oh, no! Not another interview!" Then it was mentioned that the lady was a teacher. Wright smiled and said, "You know, my mother was a teacher too. Come into my study."

Here, on a thronelike chair of his own design, Wright gave his last interview. As Wright talked, small birds flew in and out; his blue eyes brightened, and the interviewer felt a "warm, generous rapport."

"A creative teacher," said Wright, "is one of the finest examples of humanity." Then he said a child should begin to learn what is called art at the earliest possible age. "Put blocks in the child's hands," he said. "Let the child hold a sphere, a ball—and get a sense of the universe, a sense of God." He was thinking of the Froebel kindergarten blocks that had stayed in his own fingers all his life. He impressed Mrs. Rago as "gentle and generous, spiritual, willing to share"—and frail. But his gray suit and tie were perfect, his starched collar just right, his voice level, his hands steady. He seemed permanent.

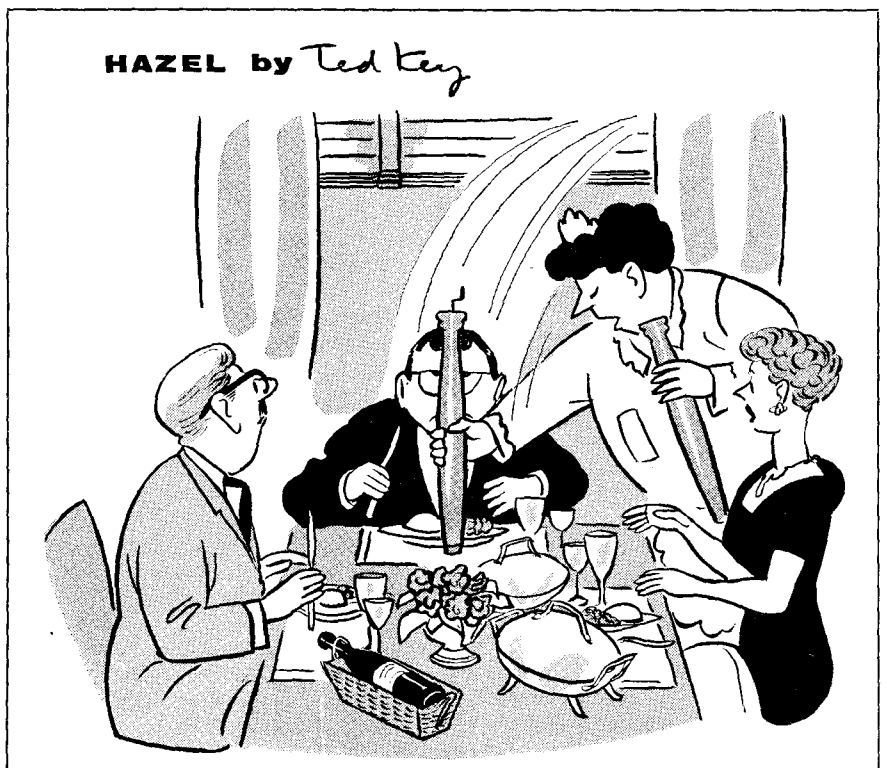
The sun was going down behind the McDowell Range when the callers left. Taliesin West had given them the impression of being out at sea. But it seemed firmly enough anchored to the members of the Fellowship when they got up next morning and went to their various tasks. Wright started work on the Donahoe project—three connected circular houses for a desert moraine. He was stricken with pain; it was so severe that his doctor took him in to St. Joseph's Hospital in Phoenix.

That was Saturday, April fourth. On Monday the surgeons operated to correct an intestinal stoppage. The old great man made a good recovery, but on Thursday, at a quarter of five in the morning, his nurse heard Wright give a sigh—and he was gone. The doctors said it must have been something like a heart attack that caused his death.

Wright was in the last months of his ninth decade when he died. But, in a sense, much of him continued to live; Mrs. Wright and her daughter Iovanna, with some of Wright's colleagues, announced they would complete his contracts and continue the educational and architectural work of the two Taliesins.

Frank Lloyd Wright was buried in the Lloyd-Jones family churchyard at Spring Green on April 12, 1959, a bright and chilly Sunday afternoon. The minister of the Madison Unitarian Church spoke a few words and read portions of the Bible that mention truth and genius. Six apprentices lowered the casket into the grave beneath the pine trees. Later the place was marked with a rough-cut slab of native stone, like that which built the walls of Taliesin. And the *Journal* of Wright's old admirers and adversaries in the American Institute of Architects, had this to say: "His place in history is secure. His continuing influence is assured. This century's architectural achievements would be unthinkable without him. He has been a teacher to us all."

This is the last in a series of five articles about Frank Lloyd Wright.—THE EDITORS



"PEPPER."

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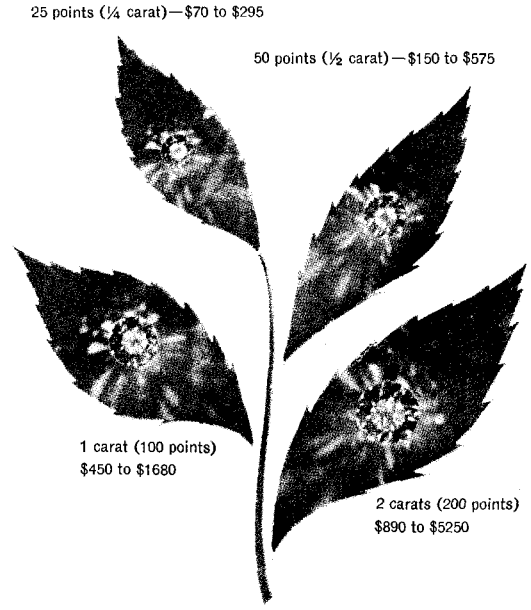
Happy girl . . . painted for the De Beers Collection by Colleen Browning

Enchanted hours

REMEMBERED IN DIAMOND LIGHTS

No other hours seem so sweet or swift or pure with happiness as those of your engagement time. And telling of your wedding promise, your engagement diamond shines in bliss, reflecting all your hopes and dreams, marking each enchanted moment.

This joyous gem was born of earth to bear the message of your love and to record your life's fulfillment through all your married years. Your ring-stone may be modest in size, but it should be chosen with care, for it will be cherished always by you and generations yet to be.



HOW TO BUY A DIAMOND

First, and most important, consult a trusted jeweler. Ask about color, clarity and cutting—for these determine a diamond's quality, contribute to its beauty and value. Choose a fine stone, and you'll always be proud of it, no matter what its size. Diamond sizes are measured by weight, in points and carats—100 points to the carat. (Exact weights shown are seldom found.) For your guidance, the price ranges given above are based on current quotations by jewelers throughout the country in October, 1960. Note that diamond prices vary widely according to the qualities being offered. Tax additional.

A diamond is forever

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I took my doctor's advice... and now

MY CONSTIPATION WORRIES ARE OVER!

Doctors recommend Milk of Magnesia —the gentle laxative-antacid that gives complete but carefree relief.

THOUSANDS of doctors—general practitioners, pediatricians, obstetricians and surgeons, coast to coast—were asked: "Do you ever recommend Milk of Magnesia for your patients?" The overwhelming majority replied: "Yes!"

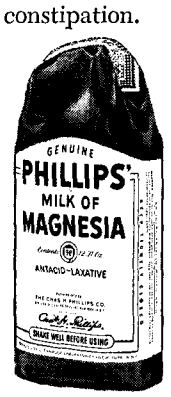
Yes, doctors consider Milk of Magnesia effective and gentle enough even for infants, maternity and surgical patients.

And no wonder!

As a laxative, Phillips' works leisurely, thoroughly but comfortably, never forces the system.

As an antacid, Phillips' relieves upset stomach, gas, heartburn and other acid distresses accompanying constipation.

No single-purpose laxative can give such complete, yet gentle relief! Ask *your* doctor! No home should be without Phillips' Milk of Magnesia!



PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

REGULAR OR MINT-FLAVORED

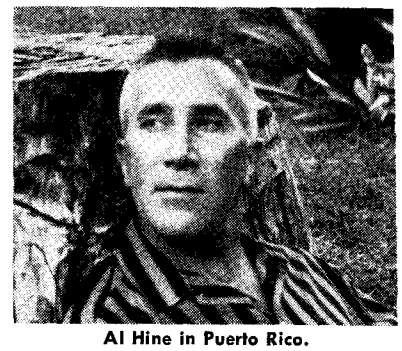
Keeping Posted

Tales of the Authors

While Perry Mason matches wits with the avaricious scoundrels in THE CASE OF THE SPURIOUS SPINSTER (page 44), his creator, the intrepid **Erle Stanley Gardner,** is exploring for Indian burial grounds in Baja California, Mexico. At last word, Gardner and party were headed south in a vehicle Gardner describes as "a cross between a scooter and a tank."

William Chamberlain recollects serving as a first lieutenant in an outfit much like CATERWAULING COMPANY (page 39), in Hawaii, in the mid-1930's. The outfit was an antiaircraft searchlight battery and its C.O. was a dyspeptic captain whose only printable nickname was "The Iron Duke." Its troops were perhaps the laziest in captivity when the Duke took over, but they soon learned to hustle, if only to duck the objects the Duke hurled at them. The Iron Duke died shortly before Pearl Harbor Day. Chamberlain went on to become a brigadier general and was retired in 1946 for physical disability, at age forty-two.

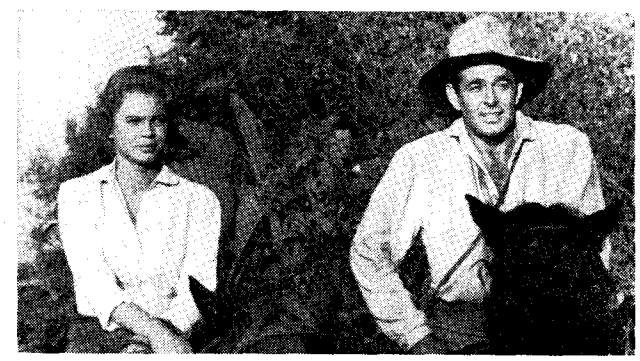
Al Hine of New Milford, Connecticut, has been submitting fiction to *The Post* since 1938. He finally turned the trick with THE HUNTRESS (page 28). In the interim he has worked as a copy writer in a Pittsburgh advertising agency, as an associate editor for our next-door neighbor, *Holiday*, and as a free-lancer. He sold us THE HUNTRESS while temporarily residing in Puerto Rico, and from this he draws a moral: "My geographical approach was wrong. To sell a story to *The Post*, run as far from Philadelphia as you can afford, and acceptance follows like magic." Not that Hine has been idle up there in Connecticut: his third novel, *Lord Love a Duck*, will be published two weeks hence by Atheneum.



Al Hine in Puerto Rico.

The Post Goes to the Movies

The Guns of Navarone.



The Fiercest Heart.

One nice thing about reading *Post* serials: there's a good chance the old familiar will turn up when you go to the movies.

Above: the forthcoming Columbia release, *The Guns of Navarone*, based on our 1956 **Alistair MacLean** serial of the same title and filmed in England and Greece. Heading the cast are Gregory Peck, David Niven and Anthony Quinn. At upper right: 20th Century-Fox's *The Fiercest Heart*, adapted from **Stuart Cloete**'s 1960 serial, JOURNEY INTO DANGER, and starring Juliet Prowse, Stuart Whitman, Raymond Massey and Olympic decathlon champion Rafer Johnson. Below, at left, is an illustration from **Will Cook**'s 1959 serial, COMANCHE CAPTIVES, and to its right is the same scene in the film version—Columbia's *Two Rode Together*, starring James Stewart and Richard Widmark.

The Post's Comanche Captives.

The movies' Two Rode Together.

The Movies Come to *The Post*

After buying the poem FULL COVERAGE (page 77) from **Madge Blake** of Pasadena, California, we discovered that although the lady's name was not familiar to us, her face certainly was. Our budding poet turned out to be "Flora MacMichael," Walter Brennan's girl friend on TV's *The Real McCoys*. (See photo.) Contributor Blake says her *Post* sale is "the most exciting thing that has happened to me since George Cukor tapped me, a complete unknown, to play in the movie, *Adam's Rib*." That was in 1948, and she played Spencer Tracy's mother. Ten years later she played a fourth-grader's mother in the TV show, *Leave It to Beaver*. (In real life she's the mother of two high-school teachers.) And if that doesn't convince you that she's not a candidate for the rocking chair, you haven't read her poem.

Printed in U. S. A.

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red Dauphines get forty miles per gallon

mauve Dauphines get forty miles per gallon

white Dauphines get forty miles per gallon

blue Dauphines get forty miles per gallon

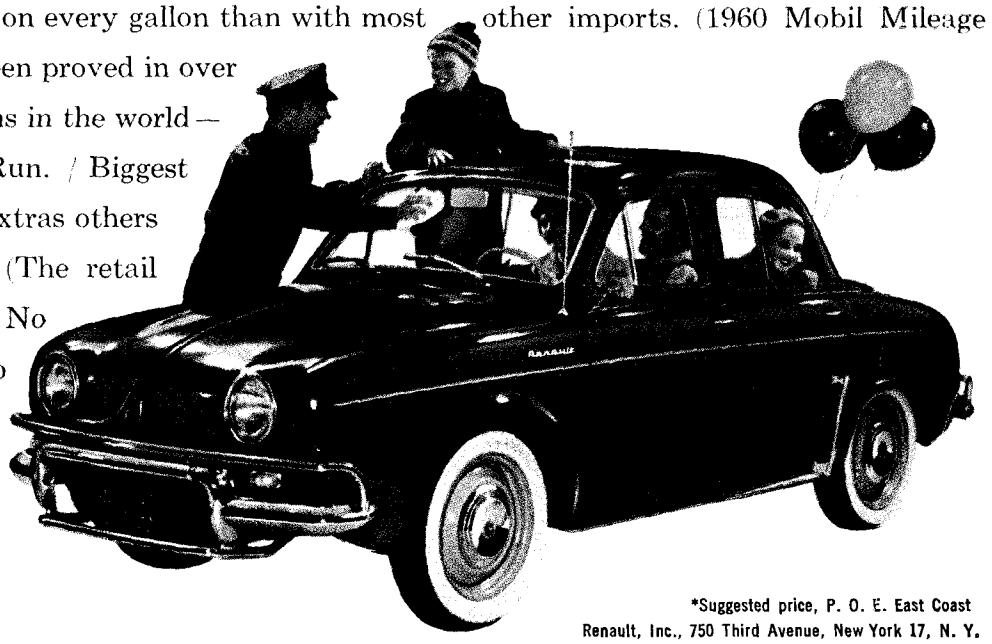
grey Dauphines get forty miles per gallon

green Dauphines get forty miles per gallon

black Dauphines get forty miles per gallon

even sun-roof Dauphines get forty miles per gallon

Economy seems to be the fad right now. Every car, dead or alive, talks it. Here's why we really mean it. / In a Dauphine you can drive anywhere for less; you actually get from 5 to 10 miles more on every gallon than with most other imports. (1960 Mobil Mileage Rally proof: 48.9 mpg!) / The Dauphine's ruggedness has been proved in over 5 years of owner-driving over some of the most gruelling runs in the world—including the U. S. Mothers' Daily Suburban Endurance Run. / Biggest dollar saver, of course, is the price. $1585* includes all the extras others charge for: deluxe heater, windshield washers, defroster. (The retail value of the Dauphine's free extras comes close to $150!) / No matter what other car you now own: we bet you can't drive to our nearest showroom as cheaply as our nearest dealer can drive to your house in a Dauphine. Call him and try it soon.



RENAULT
Dauphine
YOU GET JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE

*Suggested price, P. O. E. East Coast
Renault, Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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1022 DRAWINGS! 1022 CHANCES TO WIN!

L&M $169,000. SWEEPSTAKES

$40,000. FIRST PRIZE INCLUDES
$20,000 Westinghouse TOTAL ELECTRIC VACATION HOME
plus 1961 THUNDERBIRD HARDTOP
plus $15,000 CASH

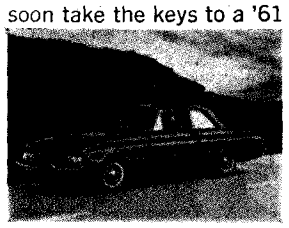
'61 THUNDERBIRD HARDTOP—to take you to and from your new vacation home in high style! This is the most exciting prestige car ever to be introduced in America. Unmistakably new, unmistakably Thunderbird . . . in luxury and sparkling performance it stands alone in the fine-car field.

$20,000 WESTINGHOUSE VACATION HOME—with built-in Westinghouse kitchen, Spacemates® laundry equipment and clean, comfortable baseboard electric heating for carefree vacation living. This beautiful Total Electric Home built on your land. Use $15,000 prize for lot if you wish.

2nd prize
A BUNDLE OF MONEY! $10,000 IN COLD CASH!

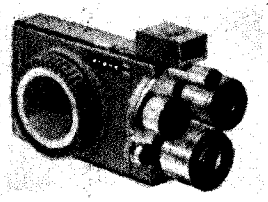
20 3rd PRIZES—'61 FALCONS

Twenty winners will soon take the keys to a '61 Falcon Tudor Sedan—the compact that does the things you expect a compact to do. Up to 30 miles on a gallon, 4,000-mile oil changes. Room for six!



1,000 4th PRIZES—ARGUS MOVIE CAMERAS

Making your own movies is easy with this famous Argus Match-Matic m3 turret model camera. No calculating or guesswork . . . the Match-Matic exposure meter does it for you. A $79.95 value.



L&M SWEEPSTAKES RULES

1. On an official entry blank, the back of an L&M wrapper, or plain sheet of paper, print your name and address and write down the following statement, filling in the correct missing word: "L&M has found the secret that _____ the flavor in a filter cigarette." Mail to L&M Sweepstakes, Box 615, New York 46, New York.
2. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, March 30, 1961, and received by April 7, 1961. Send in as many entries as you wish. Each entry must be mailed separately. All entries become the property of Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company, and none will be returned.
3. Prize winners will be selected in random drawings on or about April 21, 1961. Drawings will be conducted by D. L. Blair Corp., an independent judging organization. Its decision, with respect to all phases of the Sweepstakes, will be final. Winners will be notified by mail approximately 30 days after final drawings.
4. First prize does not include lot or landscaping for house. First prize winner may elect to take cash equivalent of house ($20,000). This election must be made within 60 days of notification. If winner chooses house a good lot must be provided within one year. No other cash equivalent prizes. Any tax or liability on any prizes will be the sole responsibility of prize winner.
5. Entries limited to residents 18 years of age, and older, of the United States and Puerto Rico. Employees and their families of D. L. Blair Corp., Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company and its advertising agencies are not eligible. Entries from Wisconsin, Florida and Virginia must be on official entry blank or plain sheet of paper only. This offer is void in any locality or state where a sweepstakes is contrary to law. Federal, State and local government regulations apply.

For a list of prize winners, send separate self-addressed 4¢ envelope to: L&M Winners List, P.O. Box 1818 G.P.O., New York 1, N.Y. Do not send this request with Sweepstakes entry blank.

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Just fill in the correct word on the dotted line below. You've heard it many times in the L&M jingle.

L&M has found the secret that

..... the FLAVOR

Flavor that lets your taste come alive—friendly flavor that never dries out your taste!

Entries must be postmarked on or before March 30, 1961, and received by April 7, 1961. Be sure to include your name and address below.

Send to: L&M Sweepstakes, Box 615, New York 46, N. Y.

NAME_____
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

Additional entry blanks available where L&M's are sold.

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